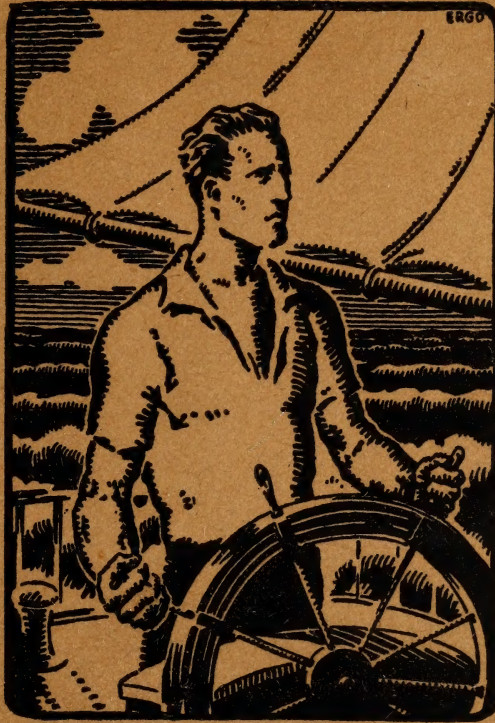


SINCE LEAVING HOME



The Story of a Great Adventure
ALBERT WEHDE

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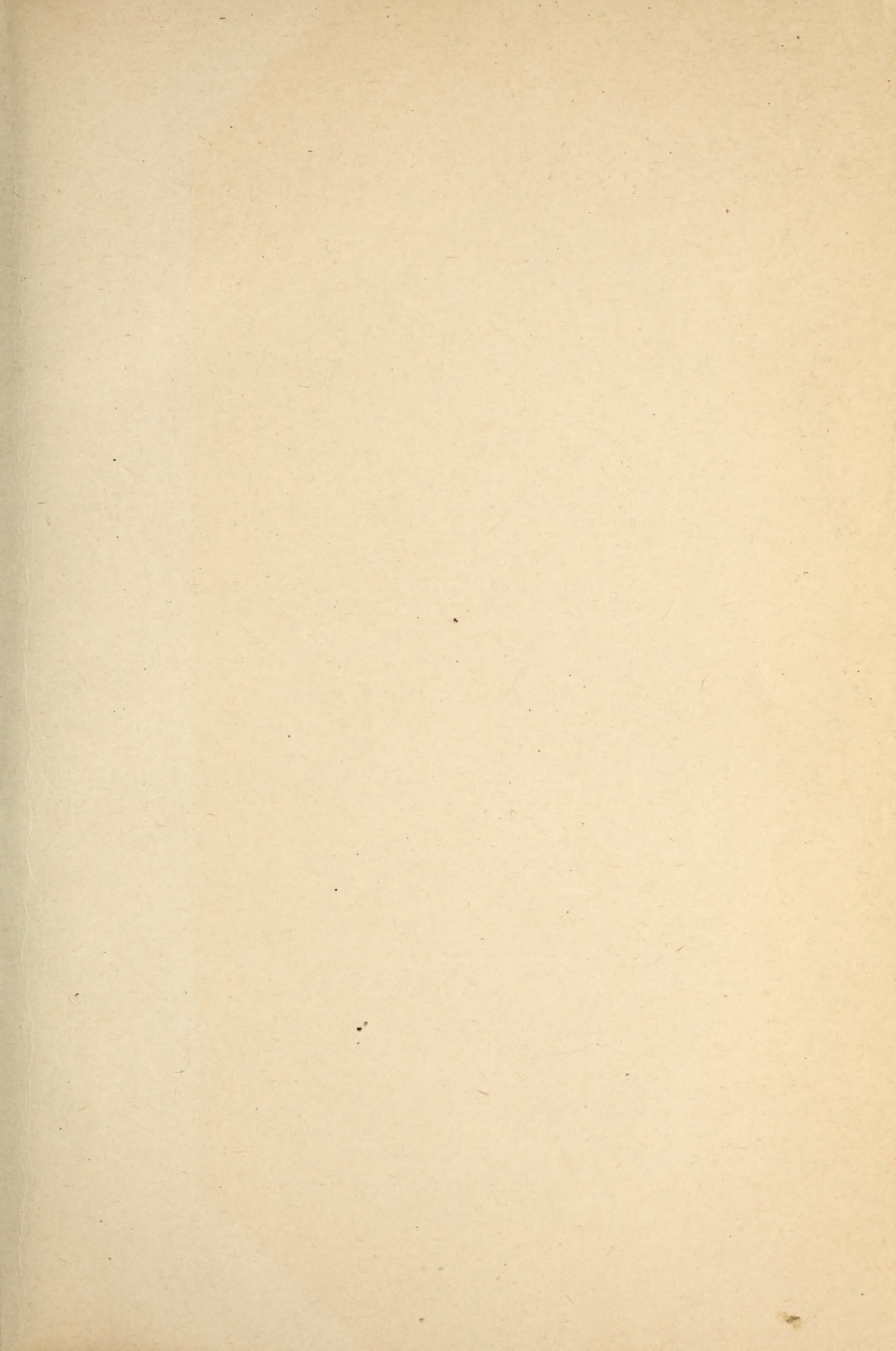
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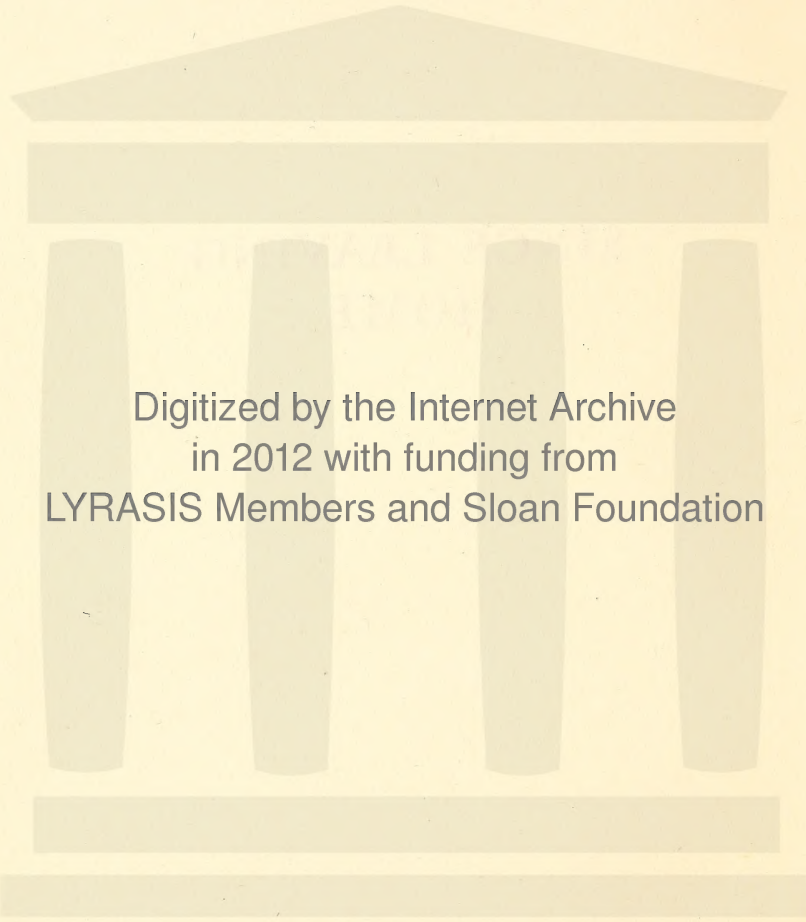


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HOME**



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SINCE LEAVING HOME

BY
ALBERT WEHDE

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DEDICATION.

THERE were men I met
along the way, in the
jungle, on the rivers and the
seas, and in prison, who gave
more than I can tell. They
asked nothing for themselves
except the chance to serve.
They ventured into the un-
charted places for a shining
dream, and few came back.
To them and to those who
follow them, this book is de-
dicated.

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Since Leaving Home

PROLOGUE

I Go in Search of the Golden Apple

AMONG the furniture in my boyhood home in Westphalia was a small cedar chest which, though of no intrinsic value, commanded my profound veneration. "*Pietaetskasten*" we called it—*chest of piety*—for it contained the keepsakes of several generations, cherished heirlooms sacred to our family's traditions.

It was not often that Father opened the old-fashioned lock, but when he did so, we children sat in awed silence eagerly viewing the many curious objects and listening to his recitals of their history.

There were century-old certificates of births, baptisms, marriages, and deaths; numerous locks of hair—flaxen curls, bristly black strands and thin gray wisps—all enclosed in yellowed envelopes inscribed in words of anti-

quoted spelling, the lettering of a long-ago time faded to ghostliness. Odors of age arose from that opened chest, blending into a strange perfume that inexplicably attaches itself to shut-up treasures which sentiment has made priceless.

Some pieces of jewelry were there. Most highly prized was an iron finger-ring, a plain band bearing the stamped legend: "*Gold gab ich fuer Eisen*"—*gold gave I for iron*. Our paternal great grand-mother laid her golden wedding ring on the Fatherland's altar when in 1812 Prussia called its sons to arms to expel Napoleon and his French hordes. The iron ring was given in appreciation for her patriotism.

There was a watch, large, ball-shaped. One of our great-grandsires had served the British in the Peninsular campaign. He carried a wounded officer to safety in the face of a devastating fire, and nursed him back to health. The watch was a gift from the officer.

But to me the most fascinating objects were less old, antedating my birth by only five or ten years. They were the announcements of the deaths in foreign lands of three uncles—Mother's brother Theodor, and Father's two

brothers William and Emil. Uncle Theodor had emigrated to America and settled in St. Louis. He helped save Missouri for the Union, enlisted in the Northern army, fought in many battles, but died from cholera. Uncles William and Emil met with more dramatic endings. William had joined one of "General" William Walker's filibustering expeditions, and was killed in a skirmish on the island of Ometepe in Lake Nicaragua. There was an aureate glamour about Walker's career for me too. By audacious maneuvers he made himself president of Nicaragua, then on being run out of the country he returned repeatedly with filibustering parties. Hard pressed finally, he took refuge on a British man-of-war. But the British surrendered him to the Hondurians, and Walker was presently executed. My Uncle Emil wandered about the seas of the Far East for a brief but fast-moving span of years, and was slain by pirates in Chinese waters.

News of the deaths of both uncles came to us from strangers. I never tired of reading their letters, full of praise for my uncles' soldierly qualities. Both men were demigods in my eyes. In their footsteps I meant to fol-

low. I would be luckier than they, more shrewd, more careful. They had been too reckless. I would go out into the wide world in search of adventure, but I meant to conquer and return triumphant, laden with riches and with hard-won trophies of battle.

Possessed by such dreams I made a poor scholar. Geography, mythology, history—so far as the latter study recounted war and battles—and drawing were the only branches in which I was not persistently at the foot of the class.

I was born in the town of Buende, which was built in the ninth century. It was the favorite place of Wittekind, the Saxon chief who for thirty years waged war against Charlemagne. But whatever had happened in those decades of siege, that village was quiet when we lived there.

My grandparents, maternal as well as paternal, were well-to-do folk and when Father and Mother joined hands for a life-journey the good townsfolk ventured many a prophecy regarding the financial outlook of the new family's future. Father operated a cigar factory with a fair measure of success. When the Danish-Prussian-Austrian war

broke out in 1864, he was not among those drafted into the army. Nevertheless he wanted to do his share for the Fatherland. He did so by continuing all hands at work in the factory, though the market steadily declined. Two years later the Prussian-Austrian war developed, and again my father kept his workers employed making up stock. Another four years brought the Franco-Prussian war, and Father's entire fortune consisted of a huge stock of cigars with few buyers for them. He decided on a bold move. Taking most of his product to the front, he established Mother in a retail store in the city of Barmen in the Rhineland. The store proved a failure, and then worse disaster followed. An accidental fire destroyed Father's entire stock. It had not been insured.

After a brief sojourn in the town of Sterkade, also in the Rhineland, we moved to Dortmund in Westphalia, where most of my boyhood was spent. Father never recovered from his financial breakdown. He entered the commission business, buying and selling provisions at wholesale, without ever making much headway. When I was fifteen lack of money compelled him to take me out of school.

He arranged for me to become a clerk in the office of a printing and lithographing establishment. I was glad enough to quit school, but office work was not to my liking. Had I been apprenticed to some craft which appealed to me I might have conquered my desire to go abroad. Lithography, jewelry-fashioning and cabinet-making were much to my taste, but the monotonous routine of a clerical job only increased my yearning to leave home and fatherland.

When after a year of misery I was fired for various delinquencies, I ran home gleefully and imparted the glad news to my parents. They were wrathful and disconsolate. I insisted on leaving home. There were many scenes before I overcame parental objections. But an orphaned cousin, Karl, also eager to seek fortune in foreign lands, added his pleas to mine, and we finally succeeded in attaining our hearts' desire.

Necessary papers were soon obtained, our trunks packed, and after bidding a brave though tearful adieu to mother, sisters, and brothers, we departed for Antwerp, to which port Father accompanied us. Here, on a rainy September morning, we boarded the steamer

Noordland, and soon our backs were turned to the past, to home and kin.

* * * * *

In the big book-case which stood in my father's study, there was one book to which I had returned time and again. It was like a crystal spring in a shady nook. There was escape for me in its pages, escape and surcease in those days when I seemed so out of tune with the world about me. It was Scheffel's novel of the middle ages, "*Ekkehart*."

One page stood out from all the others, shining like sun upon a mountain of snow. After I was dressed to depart for the mystery-land afar, on that September morning in my youth, I stole into Father's study for one more reading. . . . Just yesterday I picked up a copy of the book on a friend's table, and though I had not seen Scheffel's novel for years, I was able to turn instantly to that page; the book seemed to open automatically at those passages which lighted my path on that long-ago day:

"How buoyant with hope, how indomitable of spirit is he, who in his young days ventures along unknown paths towards an unknown destiny! The wide world is before him, the

heavens are blue, and his bosom swells with confidence, as though no matter where nor into what sod he drive his staff, it needs must take root, bring forth foliage and flowers and bear upon its branches the golden apple of fortune.

"Venture forth, youth! The time will come to you, too, when weary-footed you will crawl along in the highway's dust. Your staff will be a withered stick, your cheek paled, the children will point their fingers at you, and laughingly they will ask: 'Where is your golden apple?'"

I, too, have wandered forth, and though I have grown old, I am not yet crawling along in the highway's dust. And the children are not pointing their fingers at me, asking: *"Where is your golden apple?"*

Indeed, if they ask me for anything it is for a story.

And I have stories to tell. My staff was planted in the soil of many lands, and it did take root and it has brought forth a bountiful harvest of golden apples!

But they are not the golden apples of material success, of fortune. They are the uncultured fruitage of a hard life: reminiscences of a life of adventure, of unbelievable hard-

ships and privations. It is a sweet fruitage, nevertheless, and as I sit dreaming of the past, I live my life over in retrospect.

Schopenhauer says: "*Retrospect is like the ground-glass of a camera upon which a lens has focused an image. The forms appear condensed, the colors intensified, thus increasing the picture's beauty.*"

CHAPTER I.

We Travel Steerage on the Noordland, and a Stowaway Discloses Himself.

WE traveled steerage on the *Noordland*, and she seemed a great ship then, though I'm doubtful now about her size. Eight passengers were in our cabin, and there was a sense of great crowding throughout the whole steerage. I thought it wisdom to gather all possible information about the vast land to which we were journeying, and asked questions of every voyager who came within hearing. And information was freely given—by persons who knew no more about the United States than I did.

You could make money there easily, they assured me, and I have no doubt they fully believed their own words on that score. There was gold in America, and the most luscious of fruits, and climate, and freedom to do as one pleased. They carried their dreams on their sleeves, these travelers. They straightened up and filled their lungs with the sea-air when they spoke of the republic which had pro-

duced Washington and Lincoln, and told what they would do when the Promised Country was reached.

As the *Noordland* steamed into the open sea, we were startled by a voice emanating from beneath my bunk. Stooping to investigate, I saw a strange man who put a finger to his lips admonishing me to keep silent. In low tones he told me he was a stowaway, and asked me to find out whether the pilot was still on board. I was able to assure him that the pilot had left us.

Leaving his hiding place, the stowaway sat on a bench and told me about himself. His name was Charlie, and he had come from near Hamburg. Though he appeared young, he was an old hand at vagabondage, had been in America before, and apparently had tramped through every state in the Union. While traveling in Texas he had heard of his mother's death. Thereupon he bummed his way to New Orleans, stowed away on a steamer bound for Hamburg, visited his people, and was now beating back to Texas, where he intended to take up a homestead and locate permanently.

None of the ship's officers nor anybody who would bother him became aware of Charlie's

presence on the *Noordland*. He mingled freely with the paying passengers, and ate regularly at our table, the ship being too crowded to permit of any rigid control. When we arrived in New York harbor and were boarded by health and port officers he had to go into hiding again, but when the passengers began to go ashore he walked off with the rest and easily escaped detection.

It was a long voyage, and stormy, with many of our fellow-voyagers sick. Some lamented that they had ever come, others cursed the ship and in turn cursed the day they had left their homes, still others giving evidence that death would be a welcome change. As the *Noordland* rolled and tossed in the great waves, she no longer seemed large; she was a tub, a toy. My cousin Karl was fearful. He remembered that there was a hell, and that it would be an awful place in which to spend the future.

I was not entirely confident always about our making port, yet there were times when confidence came with a fine glow. My dreams must come true, I told myself; I would be a useful citizen of America and the world. Such people as I were needed by civilization—honest, willing, industrious. And then a wave

would smash against the side of our boat, some of my sick companions would become sicker and groan like dying men, my ego would become lost, and I would see myself as a person of utter uselessness.

Cousin Karl and I were barely sixteen at this time, which was September in 1885. He was my senior by three months, a fact which often held grievance for me. For whenever and wherever we had occasion to seek advice, or when fellow-travelers chose to volunteer assistance, we would be asked: "Which is the older of you two?" Karl, asserting his superiority, would then be chiefly addressed, and this gave him a sort of guardianship over me. Being independent of spirit and habitually inclined to boss my surroundings, I resented this and boyish quarrels frequently resulted.

In one way Karl enjoyed a real superiority over me. Since his fourteenth year he had been apprenticed to a florist and thus possessed at least the rudiments of a useful trade. I had had a trifle more schooling, and knew a smattering of languages, but save for a year of office work, I had never toiled, and had no knowledge of any craft with which I might have earned a livelihood.

But I was young and healthy, and I would get along. I didn't know then how much I would be handicapped by the lack of a trade. There was a legend in my home town that any man who was willing to work would never have any trouble in getting a living. That was only a legend, I was soon to learn.

Looking back now upon a photograph of myself made in that year, I am inclined to wonder a bit, and in the way of one who is able to stand aside and watch himself go by, to have a great sympathy for that boy who crossed the seas in the steerage of the *Noordland*. For that boy in the picture, wearing spectacles and looking scholarly, has a certain aspect of frailty to my eyes of today. . . . Then I gaze at life again from the boy's side of the spectacles, and my feeling of bigness and strength at sixteen fills the picture anew.

My heart was pounding wildly as I caught sight of the Statue of Liberty. It seemed to confirm all the promises that had come from America to us in Germany. It held a beacon for all those who had hungered for free air. Slowly the *Noordland* moved up the bay. The winds had died down, and the ship was hot and

stuffy. Everybody was talking at once. Babies were crying.

They landed us at Castle Garden, where we were cursorily examined by blunt and laconic officials who looked like civilians. Afterward we were taken in hand by civilians who looked like officials—they wore caps and brass-buttoned coats and were friendly and loquacious.

“Your train will not stop until it reaches St. Louis,” they cautioned us, “and you’d better buy food and drink enough to last you four or five days, for you’ll have no chance to buy anything on the way.” So we bought a lot of inedible truck, at exorbitant prices.

We were in New York for twelve hours, but had no opportunity to explore the city, for we were kept herded in Castle Garden all that time. Then fifty of us were taken a short distance to a wharf, boarded a ferry, and were transported across water again—across the Hudson river to New Jersey, I presume—thence to the train.

High buildings appeared in the distance as we walked to the ferry, but I had no idea of directions, and my attention was largely claimed by pushcart men, crying their wares in raucous tones. Such men were at the rail-

way depot also, and they made jokes, some of them shaking our hands as if they were old friends. There was much noise and bustle, which was music to me, the music of adventure.

CHAPTER II.

Uncle Martin Turns Me Out, and I Fall Among Thieves.

FATHER had bought tickets for Karl and me from Antwerp clear through to St. Louis. It was a relief to be on the train, and moving onward, after the irksome hours in Castle Garden. But the land journey also became tedious, for the train made a multitude of stops—both at regular stations and in the open country, the irregular stops being due to “hot boxes” or to the breakdown of the engine. My recollection is that the trip took two and a half days.

The stopping of that train was a source of continued astonishment to us, in view of the warning conveyed to us by the friendly civilians who looked like officials in New York. We found that we could buy almost anything we wanted in the line of food and drink at any stage of the trip. It was a long time ere we ceased to wonder why those thoughtful advisers hadn't known about all this.

Aliens from many lands were on that train, which was *exclusively* an emigrant train. There were hundreds of passengers, including numerous women and children, with baggage piled in the aisles, on hatracks, and under the seats. All the railway coaches were wooden, and the seats were of red plush, very grimy. Some Irish were on board, and there was a good deal of whiskey drinking in some of the coaches, and an occasional fist fight. The whiskey was sold to the passengers by men on station platforms who carried their stock in coats lined with many pockets.

Karl and I found a good friend in the train conductor, who could speak a little German. He was a patient, kindly man who patted us on the back and who exhibited a great deal of sympathy for this train load of strangers confronted by the difficult wall of an unlearned language. To guard against mistakes from loss of tickets, the conductor chalked a number on the clothing of each emigrant.

It occurs to me that the word *emigrant* has almost completely disappeared from the language of the United States, and has been displaced by the term *immigrant*. The former of course means one who goes, and the latter

one who comes. But in those days Americans used the word *emigrant* frequently. For there was still a great trend westward, not only of incoming aliens but of native-born families going to seek fortune in the unsettled stretches of the country. And the long trains that carried the fortune-seekers toward the newer commonwealths were invariably spoken of as *emigrant trains*.

I cannot recall the name of the railroad on which we traveled, and Columbus, Ohio, is the only city or town of which I have a distinct recollection. All along the way I was struck by the sight of many flat-roofed houses, which seemed to give the country an atmosphere which struck me as being distinctly south European.

In New York and en route westward I was impressed particularly by the careless dress of the American men I saw, and was repelled by the almost universal chewing of tobacco and indiscriminate spitting. Laws against spitting had not yet come into existence in the United States, or if there were any they were not being enforced.

Everywhere men were in their shirt-sleeves, something I was not accustomed to, and

suspenders were unblushingly exposed to the public eye by those who had no vests. And everywhere the men kept their hats on as if they feared losing them—in the train, in railroad station restaurants, everywhere except in church, as I discovered after I arrived in St. Louis.

Derby hats predominated, and to me looked foolish. The sight of truck-drivers wearing derbies gave me much amusement. Some of the hats were rusty and badly worn, but the drivers wore them with an air—with an aspect of independence consistent doubtless with life in a republic where any man, native-born, might become president.

We had been hopefully consigned to my maternal grand-uncle, Martin, who was living in good circumstances in one of the old German sections of St. Louis. He welcomed us with as much cordiality as might well be expected from a highly religious and puritanical elderly gentleman, when far-off relatives, with whom all contact, except an occasional letter, had ceased long ago, intrust to his loving care two healthy young animals of boys, of whom one at least, and that was I, did not bear the best reputation, and whose

regeneration his fond parents could only conceive in a change of surroundings. However, the good grand-uncle made the best of a thankless job and his door was open.

Karl found employment with a florist almost immediately, while I, unskilled in anything but deviltry, met no success whatever. Nevertheless, my days were not spent in idleness, as uncle's yard and garden, horse and buggy, required my constant attention; though as I was not accustomed to such work, it required more of my time than otherwise would have been the case.

I was not particularly happy in Uncle's household. The general tone of strict puritanism was oppressive to me. Family prayers, with a long sermon at night, bored me. Uncle and Aunt knew it, and considering me utterly godless, treated me with chilly aloofness. Uncle Martin had studied for the ministry and when still very young succeeded in obtaining a pulpit in our little town in Westphalia. Once upon a time a convention of preachers of our faith, which is the German-Lutheran, took place there, and it happened that the preacher, who was to have made the principal oration, was taken ill. It was decided that Uncle, as

the local member of the cloth, though the youngest, should take his place. Uncle Martin demurred, but was finally induced to respond by the pleas of an elderly woman servant of our family, who said to him, in our low-German vernacular: "Go ahead and trust in the God who made even Balaam's Ass speak." This may not tickle American risibility, but it is as good a joke as it is an innocent one, when told in our vernacular, though it loses in effectiveness through translation. So highly esteemed was the joke, and so naïve were we, that it was told for decades and naturally I had often heard it.

I foolishly related this innocent jest one evening when we had company at the house. Five or six staid old gentlemen and their wives as puritanical and zealous as Uncle and his wife, "dear Aunt Hilda," were paying us a visit. My little narrative greatly displeased these venerable Puritans. Instead of being rewarded with a mirthful smile, I encountered a penetrating chillness, and if Uncle Martin had viewed me without particular affection before, he detested me now, and I am sure considered me the most evil thing that ever came out of Germany. Nevertheless, he could not

very well kick me out of the house, as he, having lost both parents in early childhood, had been raised and educated by my grandparents. Common decency, therefore, compelled him to forbear—for a while.

Once a week, a laundress came to Uncle's house, to take care of the family wash. A winsome daughter, Mae, about my own age, assisted her, and I too had to lend a hand in carrying the big basket, heavy with wet clothes, to the attic, where they were hung to dry.

At that time, the song "Peek-a-boo, I see you hiding behind the chair," was in everybody's mouth. I was an ardent student of English and always carried a small dictionary in which I used to look up words that were new to me. Peek-a-boo was such a one, but as my dictionary did not contain it, I was compelled to get my information in some other way. I asked Mae, while we were hanging the clothes in the attic. Mae could not speak German, so the only way in which she could give me the desired information, was by demonstration.

What happened then, was precisely what was bound to happen when two perfectly normal young humans, of opposite sexes, get to

playing peek-a-boo in a spacious and dimly lighted attic, amid a wilderness of sheets hanging out to dry. So I will not dwell on particulars but will merely say that it was memorable, and doubly so, as it was the first time that my lips had met the responsive lips of any feminine being, except my mother's or sister's.

This event was made even more memorable by the sudden entrance of "dear Aunt Hilda." And then there was the devil to pay.

Screaming at the top of her high-pitched voice, Aunt rushed downstairs and reported my crime to Uncle Martin. Then followed family prayer and a very personal interview between Uncle and myself in his private study. Dwelling at length on the sinfulness of carnal desire, he said it appeared to him that I did not care to work, and had not seriously looked for employment.

I was dumbfounded and speechless at this accusation. The fact was, I had been so much occupied with work around the house that I had frequently wondered and speculated on the wage that Uncle Martin would give me, for what I considered faithful and efficient service.

I could not utter a word in protest, but my demeanor must have shown a considerable lack of repentance, which gave my uncle further reason for denouncing my wickedness, and the end of it was, that I had to pack my belongings, and accompany him down-town to Second Street, where he took me to a cheap boarding-house, paid four dollars for a week's board for me, gave me one dollar and told me that I could surely find a job within a week, if I only tried. Then he left me to shift for myself and I never saw my Uncle Martin again.

Days and weeks were spent in a vain endeavor to obtain employment. Four dollars per week was the price charged at the cheapest boarding-house. Jobs were repeatedly offered to me, where I could earn as much as three dollars a week and every prospective employer would tell me that the boarding-boss should feed and house a boy like myself cheaper, much cheaper than the customary charges for a grown-up. Of course, I would try to obtain cheaper rates, but the answer was ever the same. "What the hell, don't you know you eat more than any two grown people?" and that was near the truth.

Before long I had pawned or sold every spare piece of clothing, as well as my watch. The money thus obtained did not last long, and soon I was without shelter, living on the few bites of free-lunch that I could snatch at saloons. At night, I walked the streets, "carrying the banner" it was called, getting a wink of sleep here and there in any nook that afforded a measure of protection from sleet and rain. It was November and the weather was inclement.

One night as I wandered along streets frequented by vicious elements, I was accosted by a man who addressed me in German. It was merely such a remark as many people, noticing my foreign appearance, would make. "Hello, *Landsmann*." Still, it was enough to start a conversation, and as he turned out to be a countryman, we soon drifted into our low-German vernacular.

With an inquiring look, my newly found acquaintance asked if I cared to come along. "They might use you," he said, without explaining who *they* might be. Naturally, I was willing to go anywhere and to do anything to get out of my present misery. His name was Anton Klee, he asserted. Some rather com-

promising remarks Anton made led me to think that all was not right with him or *them*. But the spirit of adventure was upon me, and even though I had never had a craving to possess myself of other people's chattels, nor had a natural desire to be dishonest, on that night my existing spirit of vindictiveness against society was ample to lead me on.

Walking into a more respectable neighborhood, we were met by two other men, who upbraided Anton for being late. They viewed me with curiosity and evident distrust, asking "Where did you pick that thing up?" and "What the hell do you want with him?" Anton explained that I was willing and would be useful as a watcher. His explanations found no favor and both insisted that I should "ske-daddle." I argued with them as best I could. One of them then addressed me in German, and I not only expressed my willingness to work with them, but entreated them to let me be one of their party. This man, Heinie, soon leaned toward me, and finally even obtained Murphy's, the third member's unexpressed assent.

We walked toward Carondelet, a suburb to the south. The night was dark, snow and rain

did their share to make me miserable, and I willingly took a drink out of a bottle tendered by Heinie. I need not describe the effect of a generous drink of whiskey to a being in my starved and chilled condition. It warmed me, braced me, and I was ready for anything.

We reached a stately mansion within a garden surrounded by an iron fence. Heavy drops of water hanging on my spectacles obscured my sight, but my companions evidently knew the lay of the land. I was told to walk back and forth along the entire length of the lot in a business-like manner and cough audibly if I noticed anything to cause my suspicion. In case a policeman should appear, I was to walk briskly on, apparently without noticing him at all, and then walk around the block, taking care not to let the officer see me a second time. I was then to take up my beat again.

My three companions climbed over the fence, and separating, disappeared in the darkness. I did as I was told. Before long I heard the rapping of a policeman's billy on the cement sidewalk. Ever since then it has struck me as a particularly foolish practice that a police officer upon reaching a crossing, should

announce his presence by hitting the sidewalk with his club.

I continued my vigil as I was told, coughed and tried to penetrate the darkness in the direction of the patrolman's regular tap, which was gradually coming nearer.

Toward the end of the lot which my companions had invaded was some shrubbery and rubbish, enough to hide me from view. As I heard the officer approaching the opposite corner, I no longer thought of obeying my instructions, but rushing into the shrubs laid down flat on the wet ground. The policeman gave the customary rap-rap, sauntered on, and crossing the street, away from where I was, shortly was out of eyesight and earshot. I got up and recommenced my walk.

Suddenly, from the depth of the invaded lot emanated the yelping bark of a small dog. Looking up I saw several windows being lighted. I stood still for a second, when Anton and Heinie appeared, vaulted the fence, and motioned to me to follow them. As they were walking in the same direction the policeman had taken I warned them shortly. We reversed our direction, and proceeded town-wards. On the way we were joined by Murphy, who, hav-

ing busied himself at the far corner of the house, had left those premises at the opposite side. "No luck," was all they said. Arriving at an all-night restaurant we stepped inside and ordered hot coffee and food. As I was famished and had not tasted hot food for days, you may imagine how I relished the liberal supply, cheerfully given by these house-breakers.

After having finished ourrepast, we sauntered down the street, Anton, Murphy and Heinie conversing together, while I lagged behind. After a while they stopped, waited for me, and told me that I should go with Anton. I was very tired and my full stomach increased my drowsiness. As soon as we had separated, Anton told me I might go along and sleep at his house.

I was grateful and we hurried our steps. After a brisk walk of fifteen minutes we reached a cottage, standing well back of the street. Anton unlocked the front door and lighted a gas jet. I entered and looked about me. There was nothing remarkable about the furnishings, so far as I could see. In the parlor was a leather-covered sofa and Anton said: "That's all the bed I can give you, but I will

get you some covering.” He passed into a smaller room, and I heard a woman’s voice asking what was up. Anton explained that he had a guest, who would sleep in the parlor, and that he wanted to get some covering.

Returning shortly, he gave me a heavy double blanket and a common horse-cover, telling me to make myself comfortable. I undressed immediately—something I had not done in weeks. Any place to stretch my limbs, and any covering to dispel my chilliness, was a boon to me, and I fell asleep almost instantly.

I slept a dreamless sleep. When I awoke I saw a fat and slatternly woman, of middle age, busying herself in the room. She perceived that I was awake and said in German: “Well young man, is it not about time to get up?” It surely was—I had just heard a clock strike ten. As soon as the woman left the room, I got up and was still dressing, when the door opened, and a young, pretty girl entered. She saw me half-dressed, and giving a cry of shocked surprise, withdrew. I hurriedly donned my clothes and being too bashful to join the family, who I could hear at breakfast, simply awaited further developments.

In one corner of the room was a small triangular shelf, upon which stood a cross with the crucified saviour. Pictures of the Nativity, the Madonna, various Saints and a rosary, hanging from the wall, were plain evidence of the creed my host confessed.

Before long somebody knocked at the door, and without awaiting my answer, slightly opened it. It was the woman who had been in the room at my awakening. "Are you ready for breakfast?" she asked, but evidently appreciating the fact that I had not had the opportunity of washing, added: "The bathroom is in the basement. Right this way." She ushered me down a stairway, saying she would keep the coffee hot for me. After finishing a much needed ablution, I came upstairs again. The kitchen door stood wide open and Anton and the woman, his wife, were still seated at the table upon which breakfast had been served. At one side was a wheel-chair and in it was an invalid boy, with pathetic face, eyeing me curiously. Sitting beside him was the girl who had surprised me while I was dressing. She had a book, paper and pencil in her hand, and was evidently instructing the boy in the arts of reading and writing.

A cover had been placed for me. I did not require much urging, and made a hearty meal.

The young girl, who was a visitor, continued instructions to the boy, who, however, appeared more interested in me than in his lessons.

Anton presently went upstairs, where he rummaged about. Returning with a large bundle, well wrapped and securely tied, he announced his intention of going away, promising to return in three or four hours.

The boy, named Joseph, looked at him wistfully. Anton dropped the bundle and approaching Joseph, bade him to be a good boy and promised to bring something nice. He then kissed him good-bye and with a look of infinite tenderness left the house. Louise, the girl, also shortly said that her time was up, as her mother expected her back by eleven o'clock.

Then, while Mrs. Klee busied herself with her housework, I approached Joseph and engaged him in conversation. He had the face of an old man, a sparse growth of colorless hair, and pitifully thin and transparent hands, so weak that he could not even turn the rubber-tired wheels of his chair to move it. His mind

was no more developed than that of the average child of six, though he was ten years old.

On the window sill lay a book—Andersen's Fairy Tales in German. I asked Joseph if I should read to him. His eyes shone and he replied, "Yes, please." I read the tale of the Ugly Duckling, which had always been my favorite. There were many expressions which he could not understand as his knowledge of German, and English too, was limited to that bad mixture of the two idioms habitually used by many German-Americans.

Hours passed. Mrs. Klee often stopped in her work to watch Joseph and me, visibly pleased.

I found a pair of scissors and some cardboard, out of which I cut figures of men and animals. With the aid of glue, I constructed a small altar, with Mary and Joseph and the Christ child. Mrs. Klee found some red and blue pencils, and I instructed Joseph in their use. When the temple was finished, his joy was unbounded.

Anton returned, bringing his son a mechanical toy—a dancing negro, who had to be wound up with a key. But nothing could divert Joseph from his creative play with card-

board, scissors and crayon, though his hands were too weak to cut anything but the thinnest card.

The weather had cleared and Mrs. Klee wheeled Joseph to the back porch where we continued our play in the sunshine. The old folks had gone into the parlor and I could hear them converse — occasionally raising their voices in apparent anger. They spoke of me, but precisely what was said, I failed to catch.

Towards evening, Louise dropped in to visit her protegee. She spent much spare time with the boy, who had grown very fond of her.

We had lunch during the afternoon and a hearty meal was served about eight o'clock. Later on Heinie made his appearance. Joseph was put to bed, and I made repeated trips to a nearby corner grocery for pails of beer. Each time I returned, I felt that I had been the subject of conversation. Nothing was said in my presence, however, to enlighten me as to its nature.

About eleven o'clock, Heinie said it was time to go. Anton acquiesced and both of them looked at me. Mrs. Klee eyed her husband sharply but said nothing. As they rose from their seats, I also prepared to make

ready. Anton motioned to me and said, "All right, let's go." Mrs. Klee giving him a look, half-threatening, half-beseeching, merely said, "Anton!" in a reproachful voice. He said, "All right, whatever you say," and addressing me, added, "We won't need you—you stay here." The two men left.

Mrs. Klee and I sat up for a long time. She made me tell her how I came to meet Anton and I told her everything.

She understood! She understood as only a soul can understand which has known the anguish of despair, the utter forlornness of the helpless, and she did what only a generous soul can do. She helped!

She told me of the inevitable consequences of lawlessness and warned me against leaving the narrow path. She grew tearful as she contemplated her unhappy son. "And poor Joseph has to suffer for his parents' sins!" she cried out, and kneeling in front of the crucified Jesus, remained long in sorrowful prayer.

Mrs. Klee told me I might live at her house for the time being. I was to look for employment, accept whatever pay I could get, and pay for my board whatever I could afford to pay from such meager wage as I might be able

to earn. She had observed the bad condition of my clothes and offered to give me whatever I needed, so that my appearance would not handicap me in searching for a job.

I spent a sleepless night. Anton and Heinie returned in the early morning hours, carrying heavy bundles. I paid no attention to them, but pretended to be asleep.

About eight o'clock Mrs. Klee called me and I soon joined her and Joseph at breakfast. After the repast we went upstairs and from the mass of clothing, shoes and sundries lying about in unordered profusion I picked out the best fitting pieces.

A bath, clean underwear, socks, new shoes, and even a clean necktie, made me feel like a new man, and after a half an hour spent with Joseph, I walked down-town.

Not long before all of this occurred, I had been offered a job by the business manager of a German newspaper, a vile sheet, printed on pink paper. The job paid only three dollars per week, and as I could not see my way clear to live on such a magnificent wage, I had told him I would think it over. I went to this office, which was on Chestnut, between Third and Fourth streets, and spoke to Mr. Hilder,

the manager. The position was still open and my services were accepted. I was in harness at last and though the pay was not sufficient to keep me at the cheapest boarding house I looked hopefully towards the future.

Most of my work consisted of translating news items and advertising matter into German, which was fine exercise in English for me. The hours were not long, lasting only till three or four o'clock in the afternoon. Pay-day came before a full week's pay had been earned, and I was paid off accordingly.

I invested in a few cheap colored crayons, which I intended to present to Joseph, and joyfully started for home. It was still early and darkness had not set in. As I turned the corner of our street, I perceived a crowd of people clustered about the middle of the block. Suddenly I heard the gong of a police wagon, tearing past me at high speed. In front of the Klee residence the wagon stopped. I could think of nothing but Mrs. Klee and Joseph, and following a mad impulse to help them if I could, rushed towards the house. Suddenly I heard someone calling, "Hey, stop, come here, you little fool!" I turned to see who it was. It was Heinie. He grabbed me by the

arm and forced me to enter the basement of a small cottage. He insisted that I should keep out of sight, and swore at me impatiently, as I tried repeatedly to escape him. After a half hour or so a woman called out from an upper room saying that the coast was clear, and Heinie and I left together.

He warned me to keep away from that neighborhood, for that day at least, saying that things were not as bad as they looked, and that Anton would get out of his scrape easy enough. Night had fallen, and we walked together until Heinie, again admonishing me to be careful and to avoid being seen in the old neighborhood, bade me good-bye, saying he was going to leave town.

The next day was Sunday. While we printed a Sunday issue, it never contained any news of occurrences happening as late as this police raid on the Klee household. Practically all such items were taken from the bigger American papers. I had to make the translations, and it was my lot also to translate this one. The news proclaimed that Klee and his wife had resisted arrest and had taken refuge in the kitchen where they locked themselves in. The policemen, bearing against the door, burst

the hinges. The door fell, striking an invalid child sitting in its wheel-chair, and killing it instantly. The frantic mother fought desperately and could only be overpowered with the utmost difficulty.

No further mention of the occurrence was made in any paper. What final disposition was made of the case I do not know, but Mrs. Klee was never brought to trial—she had turned violently insane.

Full details of the tragedy did not come to my knowledge until Monday. I knew only that I was homeless once more, and having less than a dollar in my possession, preferred to save that for something to eat, taking my chances on getting a wink of sleep wherever I might.

I called upon Cousin Karl, who was still holding his job with the florist. His wages were less than three dollars a month, not enough to keep him in clothes, so I could not expect any help from him. However, he secreted me in one of the greenhouses for that night and the next, and I slept in comparative comfort.

I determined to hold on to my newspaper job under all circumstances and on Monday

morning reported for work. For the first time since the beginning of my employment, I inspected the engine-room, made myself acquainted, and found that I could easily hide myself in the large basement and thus provide for lodgings. Not only that, but as most of our employees carried their lunch, I succeeded in clandestinely getting a liberal daily share, until I was unfortunately caught red-handed. Then there was a scrap. I would have come out victorious if my antagonist had not been succored in the nick of time. When I had him fairly beaten, two boys jumped on my back and I was worsted. I spent Christmas nursing two black eyes and a bruised body.

CHAPTER III.

*Somebody Throws My Hat Into the Furnace,
and a Song Is Written About Me.*

WHAT aggrieved me most was that someone had taken my hat and deliberately thrown it into the furnace. I had not the money to buy another one and as I could not possibly go bareheaded I appropriated an old beaver which on account of its astounding shape had long been cherished as a curiosity by the editorial force. It was a remembrance of a scribe who had worn it years ago when he emigrated from somewhere in Austrian Poland. It was made of the material of which the conventional beaver hats were made, though its shape was quite different. It was the roundest hat I ever saw. Its rim was narrow, flat and of an even width all around. It was impossible to see that hat and refrain from laughter.

One of the *Globe-Democrat's* reporters, who surreptitiously furnished us with court items, came to our office for his accustomed pay. He was a witty fellow, never quite sober,

and a rhymester of some local fame. I had to go on an errand and fearful of being made the butt of his jests I tried to sneak out, hiding the hat behind my body. I had hardly closed the door behind me and forced my headcover—which was much too small for me—over my forehead when I was called back.

I was greeted with loud laughter. "Where did you get that hat?" shouted the scribe in a sing-song voice and when I returned from my errand he had accomplished a verse or two with that refrain. The original text however, was descriptive of conditions in our office, not appreciated by men not acquainted with them. The refrain nevertheless was soon in everybody's mouth and a comedian of that day, soon made it a successful song hit. The first verse and chorus in his rendering, was:

*Now how I came to get this hat
'Tis very strange and funny,
Grandfather died and left to me
His property and money.
And when the will it was read out
They told me straight and flat,
If I would have his money
I must always wear his hat.*

REFRAIN

Where did you get that hat?

Where did you get that tile?

*Isn't it a nobby one and just the proper style?
I should like to have one just the same as that.
Where'er I go, they shout "Hello! Where did
you get that hat?"*

The song is supposed to have netted its author a small fortune, but I who inspired it did not even get a new tile out of the deal.

Never in all my life have I been associated with a more miserable lot of petty thieves than were employed in that newspaper office where I worked. Everybody stole from everybody else, and all robbed the firm—the chief miscreant being Hilder, the manager himself.

Our paper, like all others at that time, sold at five cents per copy and whoever in the office was fortunate enough to make a sale kept the money. Hilder did it, and so did the bookkeeper and other employees. I would have done the same had opportunity come my way, but my desk being far in the rear, somebody else always succeeded in getting there first. I did, however, hide a few papers under my coat occasionally, slipped out and competed

with the newsboys in calling "Hextry!" Though I sold only our own paper and the demand for German papers was small, the other venders resented my competition and spent their ire in many taunts, chiefly about my hat.

My chief, Mr. Hilder, concluded to take his family to New Orleans. They were to witness the Mardi Gras celebration. Then he would leave wife and children there until spring and return alone. After he came back he proposed that I should sleep at his house until his family's return. I accepted with pleasure and at last—after fully three months—slept again in a regular bed.

One day I happened to look over Hilder's shoulder as he sat at his desk working on the pay-roll. I saw my name and behind it, in the proper column, the supposed weekly wage of eight dollars. "He is giving me a raise," I thought, and spent a happy afternoon in fond anticipation of the forthcoming pay envelope. It came at quitting time and in it was the customary amount of three dollars—less five cents carfare which Hilder had paid for me the previous evening. It had been raining and Hilder and I left the office together; I had in-

nocently followed him aboard the street car. He paid my fare but now had deducted it from my wage. My chagrin knew no bounds and approaching the bookkeeper, I told him of what I had seen on the salary list and what I had received. "That is nothing," he replied, "I am on the list with twenty-two dollars, but I get only fourteen!" And so it was all the way down the list.

I had been in America more than six months now, and the only honest man I had met, my Uncle Martin, was one of the kind which does its best to make virtue odious. The Klees, professional house-breakers, were the only ones who had ever shown a decent and humane spirit! Is it any wonder that my mental attitude towards the rights of property were becoming warped?

Whenever I was alone in Hilder's house, I rummaged through closets and drawers. I never thought of taking anything of which I did not stand in personal need. I had neither socks nor underwear, and as I dared not help myself to Mr. Hilder's belongings, I simply wore whatever I pleased of his wife's. I never have seen her, but she must have been built on very generous lines. Her stockings fitted my

feet perfectly—the legs did not matter, and one of her undershirts, had the material been different, would have made a splendid overcoat for me. I used everything I could possibly wear, but as I could find only lightweight garments I put them on double, and only regretted not having had the opportunity of thus keeping myself warm earlier in the season.

There was a hat in Hilder's room which I coveted. It was a broad-rimmed soft black Stetson, and I often put it on and admired its becoming grace in a mirror. I was bound to have that hat—come what might! Of course, I could not simply take it and wear it like Mrs. Hilder's undergarments, and so I resorted to a ruse. Deliberately destroying the hat which had made me famous, and the memory of which was immortalized in song and story, I lied to Hilder when we were ready to leave for the office one morning, telling him that my own hat had been blown off my head, rolled under a passing street car and was completely destroyed. He did not believe a word of it and wanted to see the pieces. Though suspecting me, he could not expect me to go about bareheaded and reluctantly accepted my offer

to buy his discarded Stetson. I agreed to pay two dollars for it, but under the condition that he was not to deduct any of it from my salary for some time to come.

About the time of Mrs. Hilder's return from the south, Hilder proposed that I cover the nightly meetings of the Central Labor Union at Central Turner Hall, offering me a raise of salary of one dollar per week. I was willing, of course, and as the gatherings were conducted in German, I was competent to do the work. My outward appearance was far from creditable and after a few days I had a heart-to-heart talk with Hilder. The result was that he gave me an order on the Globe Clothing House for fifty dollars worth of merchandise and agreed to a raise of my salary from three to six dollars weekly, from which two dollars were to be deducted every pay day to apply on the advanced fifty dollars. Now I had clothing and was able to present a decent front. My scheme of obtaining the much-needed wearing apparel sprang from our bookkeeper's brain and succeeded only with his cheerful connivance.

Through the same bookkeeper I heard of a German druggist on North Market Street

who wanted an apprentice. I applied for the job and the druggist accepted my services. As an apprentice I was not to receive any recompense except full keep including tobacco and an undefined small amount of spending money every second Sunday afternoon, which was my half day of liberty. I liked the work; food and treatment were agreeable, and I was well satisfied.

The druggist, named Willach, was deeply in debt, and business was far from good. He had had the store only a short while, having purchased it from another druggist, who had studied medicine, recently obtained his diploma, and was now a practicing physician in the neighborhood. This doctor, too, was heavily in debt and one fine day he decamped.

My employer, unable to meet his notes and probably not seeing any other way out of his difficulties, determined to do the same. Selling everything he could find a customer for, he laid his plans, taking me into his confidence as far as he thought necessary. He gave me ten dollars and in the presence of a boardinghouse keeper, who lived across the street from us and who was also in his confidence, arranged, or promised to arrange, for two weeks' board and

lodging for me. In the course of the afternoon he and his wife left, giving me instructions to keep the store open as usual and to report his departure to the wholesale house—the real owners of the store—not before noon of the next day.

I did as I was instructed. In the morning I packed my belongings and carried them across the street to the boarding house. Here I was told that the druggist had not made the promised arrangement. This was untrue, as the boarding boss, to my certain knowledge, had received quite a lot of goods and furniture, and the board money had been deducted from his bill. He suggested that he be allowed to help himself to some additional stock and to settle the score in that manner. I acquiesced and through him sold ten or twelve dollars worth of varied merchandise to the crew of a nearby fire station. Again I had fallen among thieves.

Towards noon, I went down town. Turning the keys over to the wholesaler, I made my report. Agents were sent to the store and a search was instituted for the missing stock, fixtures and furniture. I was examined and cross-examined, but staunchly kept my secret.

The boardinghouse keeper and others who had profited by this transaction, fearful of the possible consequences of their act, became distrustful of me and encouraged me in a casually expressed wish to leave St. Louis. I did not need much encouragement and set out at once to prepare for departure. Where to go and how to travel were questions of some worry to me and thinking that it would be pleasant to have a comrade I called upon Karl. I informed him of my latest misadventure and as he, too, had grown discontented with his job, we came to a resolution quickly.

CHAPTER IV.

The Great River Calls and I Cannot Resist.

WHEN I was blue in St. Louis I used to wander over to the river—the Big River, the Mississip’— and watch the steamboats being loaded and unloaded along the levee. It was a wonderful way to kill time, and to drive away loneliness. Commerce was brisk, both ways between St. Louis and New Orleans, and the handling of freight was a lively and tune-ful spectacle, as good as a show any day. Sitting on a packing case or a barrel on the wharf, I would look on and listen until somebody came along and wanted that particular case or barrel, and then I would move on to another seat of vantage.

Never did any kind of men swear more dramatic or stupendous oaths than the mates of those boats. Their oaths blended into a symphony; and each man’s art was individual, distinctive; you could tell that he put his soul into it. Quieter men were the pilots and captains; it was the mate who let off steam for the official families of the boats.

Negro roustabouts moved rhythmically with their loads, chanting songs, singing of sunflowers and 'possum, of rheumatism and misery. They were powerful engines, these men; reputed to be lazy and evidencing a tendency to drowse in the sunshine when off duty, they had little chance to be lazy when a cargo was being moved. For they were driven constantly, and they had to get results.

It was in May that Karl and I felt the urge to be on our way to new scenes. We hadn't any definite plans, but we went over to look at the river, and then promptly made some plans. Yellow water surged by at the rate of ten miles an hour. Two boats, bound for New Orleans, were casting off and began a race to Cairo. On the wharf two factions in a crowd cheered their respective favorites. Miscellaneous objects drifted past, bobbing along— a box, a barrel, a log,—moving along in a hurry.

We couldn't resist the call, didn't want to resist. Going downstream and making a living *en route* was a simple matter, as we viewed it then. Transportation was as free as air. We would carry a stock of merchandise and peddle it and thus make money while we saw the country. Buying a small skiff and things

needed for camping, we stocked up with all kinds of gew-gaws, many of them from the store of my decamped last employer.

That was a decade in which countless boys in America left home to seek adventure,—to hunt gold, to take up homesteads, to match their trigger-hands with Indians, and to rob trains and stage-coaches. There was in circulation then a whole literature calculated to encourage youth toward daredevil experiment. One series of paper-covered novels dealt with the life and deeds of the redoubtable Jesse James, who was outlawed in 1866, but whose career as a bandit did not end until he was killed in 1882. Among the boys and even some of the grown men I knew in St. Louis, a great deal of sympathy for Jesse James was manifest because he was shot down in his home by a member of his own gang who wanted the \$10,000 reward offered for the capture of James, dead or alive. Bob Ford, who killed the bandit chief, was reputed to have acted as an agent for the governor of Missouri when he did the killing, and I have never heard that assertion denied.

Anything might happen to us, we felt, as we embarked in the skiff and started down stream.

River pirates presented one danger to our minds; if we met with any we would keep cool and argue with them and explain that we were poor boys trying to make an honest living, and had nothing that would be of any particular use to them. But we weren't in any hurry to meet such persons; and as soon as we could afford it we intended to buy guns.

Neither Karl nor I had ever been in a skiff before, and knew nothing about handling oars. We felt pretty shaky the first day in that boat; it seemed much smaller than when we had bought it and we doubted now if it was so good a craft as the man who sold it had represented; you would have thought from his almost tearful eulogies of the skiff that he was parting from a golden heirloom. It seemed fragile now, one of the oar-locks was defective, and one oar was not quite straight. Frequently swirling currents would catch us and turn us clear around and make signs that we and the boat were to be tossed upside down and inside out.

Yet somehow we remained intact, and steadily moved along. We didn't try to sell goods during the first few days, planning to wait until we struck a likely looking town. Meanwhile, as our provisions became ex-

hausted we bought more, presently finding it convenient to purchase food that could be eaten without cooking. For our experiences in the culinary department had been sad and disastrous. Parlor-raised, we knew nothing about cooking, nothing about building fires. All sorts of accidents befell us in our early attempts to cook. We made fires too large, scorched the food, burnt our hands, and singed our eyebrows. Food was squandered prodigiously in those attempts. Fires went out on us in wet weather, when our matches also were wet, and sometimes this happened at night, when smoke was vitally essential for battle against mosquitoes. Not knowing their habits, we had not provided ourselves with netting, and suffered terribly night after night. They descended upon us in swarms, and at times stung our faces out of shape.

Signs of flood were everywhere along the shore on both sides—of the great flood of 1882 and the lesser overflows of subsequent years. The Mississip' is a havoc maker, a ruthless destroyer which strikes the just and the unjust with equal impact, an incorrigible joker. Along either bank was an interminable crooked line of wreckage. In trees we observed

odd things put there by flood tides—a hobby horse, a wooden cannon, a trunk which we looked into and found empty, a wheel-barrow, an ox yoke, a skiff almost as good as ours except that it had no bottom, a wooden statue of St. George and the Dragon with patches of white paint clinging to it, a four-post bedstead, and a stovepipe hat with what appeared to be a bullet hole piercing one side from an upward angle.

Traffic was less brisk than we had gathered from watching operations on the levee in St. Louis. There were times when we drifted for hours without seeing a steamer or any kind of human life. Gray days, and a great sense of loneliness and depression; hot days which were sticky; and variations of rain. Winds would come, and the river would roll and kick up like a mad creature, water would wash over the side of our boat and would necessitate quick bailing and sturdy intelligent rowing; our rowing improved through necessity, but we quarreled often over the matter of bailing. That was hard tedious work, and neither of us wanted to do it.

Once we had pushed out into the channel, and recklessly tried to cross the bows of a

down-coming steamer. She almost ran us down, was so close that she grazed us; it was like running barefooted from a dog and having him snap at your heels. A close call; we could hear the pilot curse us bitingly, then signal for the engines to stop and to back water, and then turn a whole stream of curses loose on our thick heads. We were caught in the swell and tow created by the steamer's onrush, had to do fast work to keep from tipping over, were swept toward the big boat's side, but finally, when the steamer had slackened her speed we were able to escape from the wall of water which had imprisoned us. Passengers crowded to the rail to watch, and were voluble in criticizing our foolhardiness; we did not answer, for there was nothing sensible we could say.

One night when the mosquitoes were bad, I insisted that we get into the boat and continue our journey. We had been traveling mainly by day. Karl demurred; he was afraid of the river at night. But inasmuch as the mosquitoes wouldn't let us rest, we were wasting time on shore, I argued. After much talk Karl gave in. It was a moonless night, with clouds hiding most of the stars. Hot, and threatening

rain. . . . On the Missouri side was a thick forest, like a jungle, stretching away into the darkness. Presently Karl began to hear noises and got nervous. There was a shrill cry from the forest, and Karl declared it was a panther. Had he ever seen a panther? I asked. No, but he knew. We were far out into the river, but my cousin was afraid the panther would get us. I declared confidently that the panther couldn't swim; Karl said that cats could swim when they had to, and that a panther was of the cat family. He was shaking and his voice was unsteady.

There was a certain satisfaction for me in Karl's fears, for I remembered how the passengers on the *Noordland* and on the emigrant train had conversed chiefly with him because he was the elder. When the cry came from the forest, I felt none too comfortable; but one of us had to keep his head.

Karl was silent for a long time. I had the feeling that he had closed his eyes, to shut out fear. The wind had gone down, and the air was still. Away off in the distance I could hear a railroad locomotive moving; then that sound faded out and the silence was complete. I must have been dozing at the oars when I

was startled by a shriek from Karl; not a full-voiced shriek, but a cry half-frozen in his throat.

“What is it?” I asked.

He couldn't speak, but pointed in terror to a long black object floating down stream a few feet farther out in the channel. Then he found part of his voice. “Alligator!” he said. The black thing moved closer. I studied it, changing the course of the boat so that she would drift toward the Missouri shore. The black thing might be an alligator, but I was skeptical. It was pretty much the shape of an alligator, but I figured it was more likely a log. Karl's panic increased. He begged me to pull away from danger; was certain he would be eaten up; began to pray. He was trembling like an ague victim. The black thing remained where it was in the channel, and did not move any faster than we, and finally I was satisfied that it *was* a log. But Karl would accept no assurance; he knew there were alligators in the river, having been told wild tales about them by loafers in St. Louis saloons. He sobbed like a child. And even after dawn, when we could see that the black object was a log and poked it with our oars, my cousin still

trembled at the thought of what might have happened to us in the night. Alligator fright is one of the worst things that can befall a man; it makes his senses useless.

Money in the treasury got low. No likely looking town in which to sell our wares had come into view, so we had to tackle an *unlikely* looking place. But nobody wanted the novelties we offered. Cut prices failed to attract sales. It was the same in every town and settlement and at every farm house. Our great difficulty was that my knowledge of English was still limited, while Karl could not speak the language at all. Karl could spend money in the United States without knowing any English, but could earn nothing. And I was no better off. So our money dwindled and things went from bad to worse.

After many days, we reached Cairo, and something happened which promised to solve all our problems. On the water-front we became acquainted with a German who had been wanting to go south, and who wanted to join us. He could speak fine English, and had come from Hamburg. I had a relative in Hamburg. What was his name? our new acquaintance asked. I told him. He knew my

relative well, he declared, and I believed him.

He had owned a store in Hamburg, and another in Columbus, Ohio, he explained, and was a fine salesman. You had to know how to handle these Americans, you had to soft-soap them. He was good at that, and he could get prices for our merchandise that would mean a profit for all of us, so we could live on Easy Street.

Gladly we formed a partnership with that man. He was ready to begin business at once. So we turned over to him the two valises which contained our whole stock in trade. Carrying these valises our new partner started down a promising residence street. We saw him enter a yard half way down the block, evidently to go around to the back door of a house,—and waited for him to emerge. We waited an hour; then went to investigate. The house was vacant; the perfect salesman was nowhere in sight. All over town we searched for him, with blood in our collective eye. But he had vanished. We told a policeman our woes. He was skeptical and unsympathetic; it served us right, he averred, for trusting a stranger. With heavy hearts, we went back to the river.

It was a terrible experience to us and we roundly abused each other, neither being willing to shoulder the blame for this misplacement of confidence. I felt that it was Karl's fault and he, being of a religious turn of mind, insisted that it was the hand of God, punishing me for my doings in St. Louis and punishing him for keeping company with me. He had always been warned of me by all relatives, he said, and he ought to have followed their advice, and if I did not believe what he said, he could show it to me in black and white.

He took a letter from his satchel and handed it to me and there it was in his sister's handwriting giving him the advice to shun me as I was a never-do-well, a lazy good-for-nothing, and so forth. And this same sister had been the object of all my youthful dreams of love! I cherished her memory as only a boy of the impressionable age of sixteen can cherish a memory. She was so beautiful and gentle, much too good for her affianced, whom she finally married. Hell has but one fury like woman spurned and that is a spurned fool cub of a boy. How I hated Karl and his tribe! I don't know how it came that we didn't fight a mortal combat there and then, but somehow

we did not and proceeded woefully on our trip.

The days passed and soon our money was spent. What few clothes we had, and were at all worth having, soon went in exchange for an occasional bite to eat—then came starvation. Karl often threatened suicide. I remember him saying one day that if he could not swim he would jump overboard and end his misery. I suggested that he go and look for a good sized rock to tie about his neck, and even offered to help and to furnish the rope. He became thoroughly exasperated at my unchristian talk, and never mentioned suicide again.

At all the larger towns we looked earnestly for work. None was to be found and, weakened by hunger and privations, we allowed our boat to drift with the current, thoughtless of the morrow. At Arkansas City we tried to find a pawnbroker or a dealer in second-hand clothing, for we had some spare garments we wanted to sell so that we might buy food. But my English was still so poor that I did not succeed in making myself understood—and a constable finally caught sight of us and ordered us to leave town. There is no question that

we looked disreputable, and the spare clothing we carried on our arms was pretty bad.

We had often tried to catch fish, but had no success whatever until one day we passed a man who was hauling a trotline, taking from its hooks a sizable cat-fish and throwing it into a large boatshaped crate, submerged near the bank. Now I knew how and where to go fishing. From then on we kept close to the bank and wherever we saw a trotline or fish-box, we helped ourselves to whatever was on it or in it. It was little enough and did not net even a small meal every day. Karl refused to assist in these thefts—his conscience would not allow it—though he ate as heartily as I did.

It was on a Saturday afternoon. But for a few berries which we had picked we had not eaten for several days. Drifting along the Arkansas side of the river we arrived at a small homestead and went ashore. The living quarters were an old house-boat moored in the swamp. It was locked and the owner or occupants were absent. The only outhouse was a stable and in it was an old white horse, lean and hungry-looking. I was determined to have something to eat and seeing nothing more edible than the old horse concluded to eat it—

or as much of it as I could stow away. Karl was willing to help eat, all right, but hesitated about lending a hand at the killing.

While we were deliberating on how to go about butchering the horse, we heard the grunt of a porker and saw a big hog of the razorback variety approaching the stable. At once we decided on roast pork instead of *filet de cheval*, and laid plans for catching the pig. Karl, armed with a club, was to coax it with some corn borrowed from the stable loft; I was to sneak up from behind and grasping its hind legs, hold it, while Karl was to apply the club to its head. Then our knife was to do the rest.

Without much trouble I succeeded in catching one of the porker's hind legs, but then came disaster. The hog ran, dragging me through mire and brush. Karl, running up, failed to deliver any blows, the overhanging branches not allowing him to swing the club until we reached a small clearing. Then his club came down, not on the porker's head, but on mine, knocking me out completely. Karl, thinking he had killed me, carried on terribly until he had satisfied himself that no permanent harm had resulted. I had not much to say, being dizzy. After I had recovered, I said: "All

right then, we will eat the horse," and we returned to the stable. But we had left the door open and the horse was gone and was now complacently nibbling at what greens he could find in the swamp. Despite all our endeavors he would not allow our close approach. As darkness neared, we retired to the stable in disgust and spent the night cracking and eating weevil-infested corn. A tedious way of filling an empty stomach.

Ten o'clock next morning we arrived at a ramshackle village. It was on the west bank of the river, and no longer able to bear up under our hunger, I walked its length and breadth, in search of a white man to whom I might apply for food. I could see nothing but negroes, and the idea of asking a colored man for help was extremely obnoxious to me. However, I could not see any other way out of my predicament, and finally asked a young loiterer if he could not direct me to a place where I might obtain food. I had no intention of making him believe that I was able or willing to pay, but being handicapped in my lack of knowledge of English and too ashamed to come right out with a simple supplication, he might easily enough have taken it for granted.

At any rate, he conducted me to the house of an old darky whose wife at once set to work and prepared such a meal as surpassed my wildest hopes.

While the food was cooking, I went to the river to call Karl and together we returned to the house where we sat and ate an astonishing amount of the most delicious food ever put before man. There was cornbread and biscuits, potatoes and eggs, ham, fish, chicken, even pie and coffee. We ate with all the relish one might expect from two youngsters after a four or five weeks' spell of starvation. When we had finished, I expressed my thanks, and neared the door. Our host insisted on payment and preferring precipitate flight to any argument, I regretfully and briefly stated that we had no money, then bolted, thinking that Karl would follow. When I reached our boat I looked back. There was my cousin surrounded by a mob. I could not hear what was being said to him, but could plainly see the figure of a stout negress, evidently the cook, and her threatening attitude filled me with fear for Karl.

I pushed the boat off the sand, and making ready for instant departure anxiously awaited

coming events. The mob approached and I called to Karl, bidding him hurry. He broke away and running towards me jumped into the boat. I applied the oars energetically and soon we were out of all danger.

Eating so heavily after such a long period of starvation made us unable to work. We simply could not apply ourselves to the oars. Instead of that, we fell to quarreling. Karl was indignant because I had not posted him on the manner in which I procured that meal for us. I was innocent of any evil intention, but it was impossible to make him see the matter that way.

We were still treating each other to contumely when a thunderstorm threatened. Going ashore on a small sandy island we piled our few belongings on a heap, pulled the boat up high and dry and turning it bottom up over our baggage, provided thus for shelter. The boat was tilted, its raised side resting on a stick of wood. I crawled underneath and laid my head flat on the top of a box. Karl also crawled under, and as the rain was being blown on us and thousands of mosquitoes swarmed in, he suggested that we move the supporting stick. I said: "All right, kick it

away." He kicked it and down came the boat. I had miscalculated its depth and as my head still rested on the box, its full weight thudded on the side of my face.

We had quarrelled all day, we were thoroughly out of patience with each other, and now I saw red. I struck Karl, he struck back, and the ensuing fight would have put any Kilkenny cats to shame. Neither of us could run away, there was hardly room to move, and so we bit, scratched, and punched each other to our hearts' content, until thoroughly exhausted we clinched and panting for breath, lay in hateful embrace. I had not thought of Karl as being so persistent a scrapper and I was waiting for him to cry, "Enough!"

Gradually we relaxed. My face was bleeding, as it had been severely scratched in wrenching my head from between the boat's bottom and the box. Our wounds were filled with sand, and the mosquitoes—Lord! those mosquitoes!

The rain fell in torrents, thunder and lightning crashed in aweing cadence, and before long we were lying in a couple of inches of water. All at once it dawned on us that the river was rising, and much alarmed we got up,

lifting the boat as we did so. The little island was completely under water and we barely succeeded in saving one of our oars which had fortunately been pinned to the ground by the boat's gunwale. The other oar was still within sight, but we were too excited to think of going after it; in all probability we could not have saved it if we had tried.

Without formal truce or armistice we fell to work and putting our baggage into the boat, soon drifted down stream, unable to see through the sheet of rain and handicapped by the loss of an oar.

Toward evening the thunderstorm abated, the sun came out, and making the Arkansas shore again we looked about for something that might answer an oar's purpose. While thus occupied, I saw a large turtle and jumping on it, captured it. We found no wood suitable to make into an oar, but resolved to dry our clothes in the sun's last rays and make camp for the night.

Next morning we continued our drifting way and seeing a fairly large town on the Mississippi side of the river, tried hard to cross the stream. Having only one oar we failed, but finally did reach shore two or three

miles below. There was a small lumber yard nearby in which a negro was busy piling lumber. Leaving Karl, I walked over to the yard and sought to obtain a strip of wood from which to make an oar. I was gone for about ten minutes, and when I returned with the negro, my small bag of possessions, tied to the turtle's hind leg, was lying on the bank, while Karl, plying his solitary oar, was rapidly floating down stream. By way of farewell he applied his right thumb to his nose, and we have never met since.

CHAPTER V.

Malaria—and Escape from a House of Terror.

THE town we had passed was Greenville and the old darky told me it was a good town where I would surely be able to get a job. When he saw my turtle his face brightened and he said that I could easily sell it. For a dime he would show me a place where I could get a dollar and a quarter for it. I promised him the desired reward and together we walked along the levee. Upon reaching Greenville he showed me a saloon displaying a sign "Turtle soup a specialty." I entered and offered my catch. After considerable bargaining I obtained the amount my guide had intimated.

The lunch counter being loaded to capacity with the customary free lunch I bought a glass of beer and made a hearty meal after which I traversed all the streets of that town soliciting every place of business for work. Not only did I fail of success, but the treatment accorded me was brutally discourteous and when evening fell I was thoroughly disheartened.

I again entered the place where I had sold the turtle and asked the proprietor if he could

not help me find employment. He told me that a landing keeper down the river had told him recently that he wanted to hire a white boy, one who would make himself generally useful. That was good news for me, and after eating a hearty supper I set out on a lone tramp down the levee, intending to march throughout the night.

In my eagerness I had overestimated my strength, and before I had walked very far I felt the necessity for sleep. Building a little fire, in the smoke of which I hoped to find safety from mosquitoes, I lay down, but I had hardly closed my eyes when I was aroused by a rough voice. A white man, shotgun in hand, threatening and swearing at river tramps, insisted on my immediate departure. I could not resist, did not dare to answer, but picking up my luggage stumbled away into the darkness, sick of soul. As soon as I considered myself at a safe distance I lay down and spent the night without a fire.

The sun was high in the heavens when I awoke. I had slept soundly in spite of mosquitoes, though my face, hands and feet were swollen. Seeing a farmhouse not far away I walked toward it and asked a negro, working

in a cotton field, if he would sell me some breakfast. For five cents I obtained a sufficiency of stale hoecake and a cup of coffee, or what passed for such, and inquiring the distance to my destination, went on my way.

Soon I felt ill and before noon I was lying in the hot sun, with teeth chattering, and suffering all the misery of the ague. The intense fever following the chill, the terrible headache succeeding the fever, led me to wander wildly about and finally, towards evening, I entered an intensely dark thick forest and slept.

When I awoke I felt quite well and walked in a westerly direction knowing that sooner or later I must find the river again. Arriving at a farm, I purchased food, got my bearings, and again proceeded toward my prospective job.

I was too weak to walk briskly and when night approached and I again stopped to buy food and to inquire into my whereabouts I was told that I was still five miles from my destination.

Cheered by the thought that I would reach goal early in the morning I walked but a short distance, laid down in the darkness of a forest and slept soundly. The sun was quite high when I awoke. I was in good spirits and even

tried to sing a little marching song. But before I could reach a place where I could break my fast I suffered another attack of ague.

I did not reach my journey's end until the next morning. To my joy the job was still open, and Mr. Wait, a tall elderly man, at once accepted my services. My work consisted mainly of attending the lights. Every morning I was to take the rowboat, go up and down the river and bring in the lanterns, fill them with oil, trim the wicks, clean them and return them lit in the evening. Wait obtained his meals from a nearby plantation and it was to be my duty to go after the food and clean the dishes. As soon as he could find the time, he said, he would go to Greenville and buy a kitchen outfit, after which I was to prepare the meals. It appeared that I would not be overburdened with work, and I was happy in the thought that my wanderings were ended, even though the wage question was not settled. Wait declined to make any definite promises, but vaguely suggested that he would treat me well and allow me to have a good time.

In a houseboat moored near the landing lived two brothers, who earned an apparently meager living by catching fish. One of them

was quite an old man, while the other one was still in the prime of life. Both had fought throughout the Civil War, as had Wait—all three were rebel bitter-enders and I never tired of listening to their yarns. Wait was the keeper of the landing, as well as postmaster, and maintained a sparsely furnished office where the white men of the neighborhood assembled daily. Seated around the sawed-off end of the barrel which served as a cuspidor, they talked politics, local gossip, and told war stories. Naturally I was an interested listener, to whom little attention was paid.

I was puzzled at the state of my health. Every other day I suffered a fresh attack of ague, while enjoying good health on intervening days. Wait gave me medicine, cathartic pills, calomel and quinine, and finally succeeded in breaking the fever. Despite my suffering I had performed my daily labors cheerfully, being encouraged mainly by Wait's rather affectionate solicitude.

As soon as my health seemed improved, the real reason for my employer's peculiar behavior was revealed to me. He was a moral degenerate, and when he came to my bedside one night trying to satisfy his abnormal lust I

was so utterly shocked and disgusted that I ran from the house, not even stopping to dress. I was bewildered and knew not what to do nor where to go. Not daring to re-enter the house I finally went to the river bank and hailed the two fishermen in their boathouse who had not yet retired. I haltingly related my experience. Instead of the sympathy which I had expected, both brothers laughed at me and the older one exclaimed: "You damned fool, why didn't you let him?"

It is impossible for me adequately to describe my mental state. I had never heard nor dreamed of such conditions, and the revelation sickened and disgusted me. But the fishermen allowed me to stay in their boathouse, where I slept on the bare floor.

In the morning I mustered up courage to go to Wait's house and withstanding all his pleas to stay I packed my few belongings and set forth again on my weary way.

There were several plantations in the neighborhood and I solicited work at all of them. No one would have me; everywhere I met with unfriendly rebuffs. My last five cents had been spent for food and one night as I lay asleep in a cluster of woods I fell victim of the

ague once more. This time the fever did not visit me every other day, as it had before, but I suffered daily attacks and soon walked about in delirium.

Precisely how many days I wandered about in this condition I never knew. I have a faint recollection of approaching a house at the outskirts of a village, of lying down to die, of being picked up and carried into a house, of a sympathetic face bending over me, and of voices addressing me in German.

I had fallen into the hands of a Samaritan at last. Morris Rachelman was his name. He was a German Jew, a storekeeper near Leota, and he and his wife took pity on me, nursed me, fed me, clothed me, provided me with everything needful and kept me for three months.

I rendered what service I could in the Rachelman home and store and was happy. But Mr. Rachelman was not prosperous, and when I was strong again I realized that there must be an end to his gracious hospitality. He and his wife led quiet lives. They had had their own struggle in getting a foothold in this country, and were still in that struggle. But they were generous givers; I had never sup-

posed there were such fine people anywhere in the world. I might have been their long lost son from the way they cared for me.

New Orleans was my destination now. We three had talked it over at length, and it seemed that there must be employment there, and opportunity in plenty for an ambitious young man. Mr. Rachelman provided me with transportation on the *Paragould*, a cotton steamer, and his wife gave a box containing an enormous lunch, and several dollars for spending money. Their buggy conveyed me to Leota Landing. Mrs. Rachelman had tears in her eyes when I left, and there was a lump in my throat so that my goodbye was hoarse.

I felt rich and strong and walked on air as I moved about the deck of the steamer. Luck was with me; I was well fed, and had decent clothes, thanks to the Rachelmans; and I was going somewhere. Nothing could defeat me in New Orleans, I told myself.

CHAPTER VI.

In New Orleans I Develop an Ambition to Go Snake-Hunting.

WE were a week on the way. The boat stopped frequently, taking on cargo, mostly cotton. The explosive energy of the mates, the melodious chants of the roustabouts and the recklessness they displayed in rolling cotton bales down steep levees captivated me and I would have given anything for a chance to become a boatsman. I approached master and mate, asking for employment. The mate referred me to the chief cook, a mulatto who spoke a little German and who, glad of an opportunity to show his linguistic ability, became very patronizing.

I was a deck passenger and as such was supposed to buy my food. The chief cook, however, invited me into the galley, where I was well fed without any expense to me. I was even permitted to take food out with me which I sold to other deck passengers. Thus I arrived at New Orleans richer by four dollars than when I had left my benefactor in Mississippi.

Economy compelled me to look for a cheap lodging house and I found one on Chartres Street. It was a place where for a dollar a week one had the privilege of sleeping in a large room upstairs, bare cots being furnished. Downstairs was a spacious saloon, a lounging room, and a kitchen where the lodgers cooked their own food. The place was mostly patronized by a roving element of all nationalities, the sea furnishing a great quota. Tales of adventure in foreign climes were meat and drink for me and several others, young fellows like myself, whose restless natures inclined them to reckless venture.

I looked for work earnestly and through the kindness of a clerk in a homeopathic pharmacy obtained a homeopathically paid job in his place of employment. My weekly pay was only four dollars, but the work was pleasant, though the hours were exceedingly long. As I could not afford to live in a regular boarding house my newly found friend induced his grandparents to house and feed me for what I could afford to pay. They were charming people, Germans, and I still think of them with a grateful heart.

The fascination of the job increased day by day. Not the sitting there for hours, triturating one part of *nux vomica* with nine parts of sugar of milk, or taking a vial containing a drop of some mother tincture or dilution thereof, filling it with pure alcohol and beating it forty times against a piece of rubber to insure thorough mixing. That was monotonous indeed. The fascination lay in the study of where and how the medicines were obtained. There were snake poisons; *lachesis*, obtained from the most venomous serpent in America; *crotalus horridis*, the poison of the rattlesnake, and many others.

We had a customer, a practicing physician from Truxillo, Honduras. He paid us a visit one day and I remember that my employer asked him about the possibilities of getting a fresh supply of *lachesis*. The doctor grew pale with horror when it was suggested to him that he personally should endeavor to obtain some. He insisted that it was sure death to make the attempt. The snake, according to his statement, attained a length of twelve feet, the circumference of a big man's thigh, and its strength was prodigious. The poison had to

be taken from the living animal and he did not want to tempt fate.

My mind was made up. I resolved to seek fame and fortune as a snake hunter, a provider of snake poisons for the use of homeopathic physicians. This ambition possessed me and while patiently working with pestle and mortar I dreamed of adventures in jungle and mountain land.

I lost my boarding house. The meagre pay I received made it impossible for me to pay a fair price and one day the good old people who had befriended me broke the news to me. I had to find other quarters.

I went back to the "flop" in Chartres street, lived as well as I could, listened attentively to my fellow lodgers' tales of adventure, and dreamed of snakes. There was one lodger who had been in Central America. I asked him about snakes and particularly about the bush-master, the lance-headed viper, as the *lachesis* is called in English. He insisted that the native Indians could catch any poisonous snake and not be harmed by them. The smell of musk, he said, was so pleasing to the serpent that it would permit itself to be handled and fondled

without ever offering to bite. Having read similar accounts I believed every word of it.

Among my newer acquaintances were two young Germans. One of them, Fritz, was a runaway cabin boy; the other, Paul, a cigar-maker, who had recently come from Brazil. These two I took into my confidence and we resolved to go out into the country the next Sunday to see if we could not induce a rattlesnake to furnish us a supply of her venom. I was to bring the musk, and a vial or two in which we were to deposit the poison. I pictured to myself my employer's pleased surprise when I should approach him with a bottle of fresh *crotalus horridis* and suggest that he send me on a snake-hunt to Central America.

What happened was very different. Long before closing time on Saturday, I helped myself to a very small quantity of the strong mother-tincture of musk. I must have spilled some on my clothes. Wherever I went the smell told the tale. My employer asked a few questions, and I shamefacedly admitted my guilt. It transpired that he had considered my discharge for some time as he found that I stayed on errands too long. This was probably

correct, for as I had to cook my own food at the lodging house, my half hour for lunch was generally somewhat extended. The same held true with the evening meal. Our store was kept open until ten o'clock and I had to return after supper also. But it was unkind of him to stamp my taking a few drops of musk as dishonesty and to discharge me on that pretext.

What to do to earn a living became a paramount question. I dared not give my former boss's name as a reference. He had called me a thief and while I felt a small degree of guilt, my sense of having been outrageously treated was much stronger. I was filled with bitterness and resentment. Moreover, I had lost courage, and could not bring myself to apply for work in mercantile houses where I surely would have been asked for references.

Somebody suggested peddling, and as between Fritz, Paul and myself we could just scrape enough money together to obtain a supply of notions, pencils, flavoring extracts, baking powder and a horse medicine, so-called condition powders, we made the necessary investment and I started on my new adventure with good hopes. Alas, my best day did not

net quite thirty cents, while on some days the profits dwindled to seven cents.

My two friends were still more helpless than I and as peddling in the city or suburbs did not hold out any prospects, we decided to try our fortunes in the country. Taking our little stock, contained in an old satchel, we rode the ferry to Algiers, intending to beat our way west on freight trains.

We walked to the first water tank on the Texas Pacific line, and waited there for further transportaion. A freight train came along, stopped for water and as it started again, we made ready to climb aboard of a flatcar. Two of us took hold of the heavy valise and pitching it high threw it fairly on board. Alack, none of us succeeded in getting a footing on the moving train, which gradually increased its speed. There went all our riches, all our hopes! All that was left of our stock of goods was two packages of condition powders which I had carried in my pocket, as the valise could not hold them.

What could we do but plod onward? Night came and we were hungry. One of the condition powder packages had broken open. I tasted of its contents and as it did not taste par-

ticularly bad, the three of us made our supper on the brownish powder, washing it down with water from the ditch running alongside of the track.

I do not know what those condition powders consisted of, but whatever it was it agreed with us. Not having been sufficiently acquainted with the English language to know the difference between horse and hoarse, colt and cold, I imagined the powder to be good for colds, and remembering that an ounce of prevention was better than a pound of cure, thought it would counteract the effects of the night air. I had occasion to rejoice in my ignorance, for next morning I was able to dispose of the remaining package to an old darky whom we found coughing painfully in front of his cabin. It netted us a hearty breakfast of old hoe-cake, and I hope that the good Uncle Tom managed to cure his distemper with that horse medicine.

My companions could speak no English whatever, and as I could handle it fairly well by this time I had to be spokesman everywhere—an office which had its drawbacks. For this was in 1887, and people everywhere were talking of the Haymarket riot in Chicago the year

before, and the consensus of opinion seemed to be that every German was a crimson anarchist. Seven of the Chicago defendants had been found guilty, and were to be hung in November. According to the newspapers, from which the public got its information, those men were bomb-makers and bomb-throwers and cold-blooded murderers. According to the papers, there was absolutely no question of their guilt.

I accepted that verdict at its face value, as did the public in general, and deplored in my own mind the folly of men who thought that bombs and cold blooded killing could help their cause. It was different in war, I said to myself; there the other fellow had a chance. But if you used bombs, you were a murderer, and all civilized people must band to put a stop to your madness.

Years later I talked with a man who attended the trial of the Chicago anarchists, read a digest of the evidence, and learned that the defendants were simply "railroaded" to the gallows; that none of them were given a fair trial; that the legal guarantees to which they were entitled were ruthlessly swept aside by the court; that several of the jurors admitted that they were prejudiced against

anarchists and socialists; that all the Chicago newspapers colored their news reports to favor the prosecution. *There was large reason to believe, according to men who observed and analyzed the case, that the bomb was thrown by an *agent provocateur*; and that the whole affair was part of the campaign of big commercial interests to crush the movement for an eight-hour working day.

But I knew nothing of those facts in that year; was not in a position to attempt any defense of the condemned men (if indeed I had dared); and all I could do when any one broached the subject of the Chicago anarchists was to say that I knew nothing about the case except what I had read; but that if those men had thrown a bomb and murdered people, they certainly ought to be hanged.

I shall never forget a certain white planter to whom we applied for work. He appeared sympathetic until he found out our nationality.

*General M. M. Trumbull, eminent Chicago attorney, reviewed the anarchist cases in two pamphlets, one entitled "Was It a Fair Trial?" and the other "The Trial of the Judgment." He points out that the court refused separate trials to the eight defendants; that the prosecution was permitted to imitate Marc Antony in inflammatory speech. "Of the twelve jurors," says General Trumbull, "nine confessed themselves prejudiced against socialists, anarchists and communists, while some even admitted they were prejudiced against the defendants." In a third pamphlet, entitled "A Commonsense View of the Anarchist Case," by a "common homespun Western lawyer," it is stated that "The question arose after the Haymarket riots: 'How can we proceed in order to hang these men?'"

Then he turned himself inside out. His conception was that Germany was principally responsible for the defeat of the Confederacy in the Civil War. Germany had supported the North by buying war bonds. Several hundred thousand Germans had enlisted in the Union army. But now, he asserted, the Germans were agitating the overthrow of the Republic. They had started it in Chicago. "And by God!" he cried, "I hope they will succeed and give the Yanks their just dues." His tirade was lengthy, but finally was halted by a young woman whose superb physical beauty was spoiled by her haughtiness. Without addressing a word to us, she called to a negro servant, saying: "See that these individuals leave the plantation."

We went our hungry way. Lacking experience in the art of jumping trains, we made headway very slowly. At every door we knocked, applying for work—always in vain. At most of the small towns we were met by sinister looking men—always white men, who gruffly announced that such as we were not welcome—"just keep on moving!" Weakened by hunger and privation we were becoming desperate.

One day we saw a train kill a calf, cutting it in two. We took the hind half into the woods, built a fire and devoured the veal, half cooked and without salt. If condition powder had failed to cause us any inconvenience, the veal worked with a vengeance. It acted like dynamite and we became deathly sick. The next day we dragged ourselves to a road and lay down to die. Some negroes passed, stopped, and leaving one of their number with us, went to a nearby hamlet for help. They returned, accompanied by a white man on horseback. The white man never came down from his horse. He spoke to the negroes, but what he said I failed to understand. After a few minutes he turned his horse and disappeared. The negroes assisted us in a kindly way.

In the morning we were somewhat better, so much so that we relished the coarse food so freely offered. In the evening there was quite a gathering of darkies, men and women, led by an old black preacher who did not fail to expound the word of the Lord. Then three white men on horseback appeared. I recognized among them the man summoned by the negroes who had found us lying by the wayside. Without any ado we were told that we were well

enough to travel and if we were seen in the neighborhood in the morning, we would be assisted on our way. Southern hospitality! And I heard so much of it before and afterward.

Days passed. Once in a while we succeeded in making a few miles on a freight train, but for the most part we walked, and our progress was painfully slow. There was no work, and it was difficult to get food. Often when we wanted to linger in a town and rest our weary feet, we would be ordered to "keep on walking." That command would come from policemen, from railway station agents, and from loiterers in the stations. Frequently the order was accompanied by the pointing of a gun. We were chased away from various plantations where we applied for work, and several times, when we sought to press our argument, dogs were set upon us.

One afternoon we reached a small town. Tired and weak, we lay down to rest in a box-car which stood upon a side track. Toward evening my companions went into town to beg for something to eat. They returned empty-handed, and we determined to stay in the car

until after nightfall, when we would try to steal a ride on some train.

Quickly we fell asleep. . . . We were awakened by the bright light of lanterns held close to our faces. The lantern-bearers and their associates, fifty or more, carried rifles, shotguns, and pistols. Treating us to kicks and verbal abuse they told us to get up and come along. We were led into town, and taken into an establishment which combined a soft drink parlor, fruit store, and pool hall. As we arrived, several women who were gathered in front of the store called out: "Those are the ones, those two!"

They pointed to my companions. I was innocent of any wrong doing, and had no reason to believe otherwise of my friends. Nevertheless I realized that we were in a precarious position, for I had read and heard enough of lynch law and mob justice to anticipate rough handling. The cigarmaker, Paul, weakened considerably; but the sailor, Fritz, kept his nerve and faced the mob with so much contempt and defiance that I feared for the worst. Meanwhile, I held my tongue and awaited developments. Fritz talked volubly and in high key. It was fortunate that none of our

captors understood German, or undoubtedly Fritz's remarks would have goaded them to violent action.

I succeeded in getting the facts of the case from Paul and Fritz and related their story to the mob. My two comrades had begged food of a woman seated on the front porch of her home. In front of the house was a garden, surrounded by a fence. The men had not opened the gate, but had remained on the sidewalk. Failing to touch the woman's heart, they were just about to go away when the woman called a child from across the street, bidding it to come in. My friends thought the call was meant for them, opened the gate and walked to the porch steps. The woman went into the house and when she failed to reappear, the men, guessing their error, walked away and returned to our box car.

If that cleared the matter, it did not change our captors' attitude very much. We were gruffly commanded to "shake the dust." Only the store-keeper seemed to soften. At least, he invited us to eat our fill of some green peaches, fallen fruit, of which he had a bushel basket full. He also opened several bottles of sweet

soda-pop and we filled our stomachs completely.

When we reached the railroad station again, we were just in time to see a freight train lumbering in. A little window in the front end of the first car, right behind the tender, was open and we succeeded in climbing in. The car was empty and we lay there in the dark, hoping that the engineer or fireman had not seen us. I felt ill. The long fast, broken with green peaches and lukewarm soda-pop had affected my internal mechanism. But I was not alone in my misery. My companions were quite as sick as I. Paul carried on terribly.

Our hope that we had not been seen by the engine crew proved vain. We had been noticed and when the fireman moistened his coal by playing a stream of water on it, he also turned the hose on us. He failed to get a response. We were determined to stay on and after his supply of water had given out the three of us, our teeth chattering with the cold, too weak to take what little exercise we needed, huddled close together throughout the long night.

Morning came at last and the train stopped, apparently having reached its destination. We

clambered out of the car and found ourselves on the edge of the little city of Alexandria. The sun shone bright and warm. We washed ourselves in the stagnant waters of a ditch, cleaned up as well as possible, and dried our clothes. Afterwards we walked through the town, reading the signs of business houses.

Wherever we saw a name which indicated that its bearer was a European, we entered and applied for work. The cigarmaker was lucky. A German Jew named Levy took him in and gave him employment. Not only that, but he took all of us to a restaurant and allowed us to eat as much as we desired. He then gave Fritz and myself fifty cents each and advised us to go north. God bless that Jew!

We stayed in Alexandria that night, sleeping outdoors as usual. Leaving town early, we walked along the track to a water tank, where we awaited a train. The first one to come along was a passenger train, the mail car of which had no door on its front platform.

We concluded to jump on, which was not so easy, the step being high. I was first, but Fritz was not able to follow. The train got up speed too rapidly. Thence I journeyed alone, and

luck favoring me, I shortly reached Marshall, Texas.

Marshall was a good sized town and its looks promised employment. But search high, search low, I found nothing and after two days was counting ties again, northward bound. At the first station, Woodlawn, (you will hardly find it on the map and it does not deserve to be) I was accosted by a man, accompanied by a girl. Without asking whence or whither he told me menacingly to "Just keep on traveling! Such as you are run out of this man's town!"

I traveled northward on foot, and after several weary miles, in sight of the town of Jefferson, encountered a gang of railroad laborers, bridge-carpenters, whose cars were side-tracked near a stream. I asked for employment and the foreman, an Irishman, seemed inclined to give me a job. He was short a man, one of his carpenters having lately died. The fact that I was no carpenter did not seem to bother him, though he doubted my physical ability to do the heavy work required. It was Saturday and he asked me to stay over Sunday anyway. The food was good and plentiful and I was happy in the belief that my tramping was ended. But on Sunday at noon, a

carpenter arrived whom the company had sent to join the force.

Murphy, the foreman, proved to be a good Christian. He not only gave me some clothing which had belonged to his deceased helper, but also supplied me with a substantial quantity of food to carry along, and on Monday morning, after he had bidden me a cordial farewell, I marched into Jefferson, feeling more like a man, inwardly and outwardly, than I had felt for many a weary week.

CHAPTER VII.

I Have to Kill Jep Rogers, and the Grand Jury Sets Me Free.

JEFFERSON was an old town, and a dead one. I found no welcome there and no job and toward evening made my way to the railroad and again followed its monotonous track. Before going far, I was hailed by a man resting in the lengthening shade of some bushes—a white man, red-faced and brutal looking, with pale, glassy eyes and a dark complexion. I answered his greeting and was asked to join him. He arose as I neared and pulling a flask half full of liquor from one pocket and a large calibre pistol from another, introduced himself boisterously: “James T. Boyden is my name, Captain Boyden, Esquire, and don’t you forget it.”

Evidently he was drunk. Taking a long superfluous drink from his flask he offered it to me and I, unabashed, drank to a toast of his suggestion, “To God Almighty, Robert E. Lee, and the old folks.”

We sat down and he spoke in a drunken, rambling way. "Out of luck, eh? Want a job? I'll give you a job, me, Captain Boyden, Esquire, and don't you forget it." It would be difficult to recite that drunken man's talk, but the gist of it was that his business was cutting firewood on his farm and flat-boating it to Jefferson. He had an old negro working with him and was now awaiting the darky's return from town where he had gone to buy food. Eb, the negro came before long. We had a supper of canned meat, crackers and cheese, and walked to the Cypress river, only a few paces away.

There was a flat boat, half loaded with cordwood and tied to its side was a two-oared skiff. We lost no time, but getting into the small boat, I undertook to show my employer what I could do with oars. We got along so well that we reached the farm in record time, though long after dark.

And now I have to digress and give a description of what was to be home to me—its environs and people, as all of these were destined to play an important part in the next few years of my life.

The banks of the river rose high and steep, just down-stream from the junction of the Cypress river proper and its tributary, the Black Cypress. Near the river's edge was the ruin of an old cotton gin, a dilapidated shed, still containing parts of the machinery, a rusty fly-wheel, some cog-wheels and miscellany. Past it led a footpath winding up a steep weed-grown hill to the old manor, a relic of more prosperous days, a fairly large house of the style one sees on most southern plantations. It was in a poor state of repair, bearing the marks of the habitual shiftlessness and neglect of its occupants. The outhouse and stables were worse. Three or four log cabins, abodes of the negro laborers, were in keeping and the wide-stretching fields plainly showed the same lack of industry and intelligent care, which was stamped upon the entire homestead.

The chief figure of the household was the grandmother, Mrs. Susan Towle, a lovable and delightful woman of seventy or more, full of reminiscences of the days before the war, when steamboats passed the place on frequent trips between New Orleans and Jefferson, days of prosperity and happiness. There were four daughters, Mrs. Claxton, Jim Boyden's

mother by a first marriage; Miss Virginia, Jinnie as everybody called her; and Miss Dorothy, both charming spinsters, lived in the old home, while the fourth, Mrs. Lemon, was married to a neighboring planter, though a frequent visitor at her mother's house. One son there was, Edward Towle, of about the same age as his nephew, Jim. Edward Towle was a perfect specimen of the worthless young man of his times and surroundings. Not that he was wicked by intent or evil-minded. He was simply devoid of all energy and thrift, thoughtless of his mother and sisters, who lived in almost abject poverty, while he spent the meager results of his negro workers' toil in the cotton fields on a colored mistress, whom he kept in Jefferson in comparative luxury.

It was quite late when we arrived at the house, and its occupants, except Mrs. Claxton, had retired for the night. I was under the impression that Jim Boyden's mother was gratified at her son's comparative state of soberness. She served us a modest supper and prepared a shake-down for me on the porch where I spent the night comfortably.

Next morning I met the entire family at breakfast and was as much struck by the evi-

dent refinement of the women members as I was repulsed by Jim's coarseness and brutality. His mother, a mournful looking creature, gave an impression of utter mental misery and unhappiness while the others, especially the old grand-dame, Mrs. Susan Towle, displayed a spirit buoyant with the joy of living. All were kind, except that Jim seemed to resent any friendliness his mother bestowed upon me.

After our repast, Jim, the old darky Eb, and I went to the river. I was given an axe and ample lunch. I was to stay at a nearby woods to fell trees while Jim and Eb proceeded to town and finished unloading the flatboat. Coming down the river in the evening, they would pick me up on their way home.

The place where I was to work was just above the mouth of the Black Cypress. It was reached in a short while. Jim marked a few trees for my axe and I was left alone. I worked hard all that day but the work being new to me, I accomplished little. Night fell and I eagerly awaited Jim's return. I had no matches, could build no fire, and the mosquitoes were terrible in rapacity and numbers. I sat there on the river bank and waited patiently for hours. The monotony of the

night's vigil was frequently broken by the jumping of large fish, gars, five and six feet in length, popularly credited with occasionally attacking human beings. At last I could stand it no longer. Taking off my clothes and shoes and tying them into a bundle, which I held above my head, I entered the water, and swam down stream past the mouth of the Black Cypress and after a half hour's vigorous swim reached the landing near the Towle plantation. I was dumfounded to see our skiff there, pulled half ashore, and in it lay, stupefied with drink, Jim the master and Eb the man. They had passed me during the afternoon, and simply forgetting my presence, had gone on and were now sleeping off the effect of their common spree.

After dressing I awakened them and we climbed the hill for home. Lights were burning and everybody was up. Miss Dorothy, who had been suffering from malaria for some time, had taken a sudden turn for the worse. The physician, Doctor Stahlcup, was there and gravely shook his head. Her fever had developed into a pernicious form and before morning, Miss Dorothy died.

All labor rested for three days. Friends and neighbors called, and in due time the burial took place. Being a stranger from afar, I became the object of much curiosity. I had to tell them of life on salt water and it seeming desirable, I spun some doubtful yarns. Though I had never seen a shark or a whale I told them all the forecastle tales I could remember, and gave them lodginghouse stories as my own adventures. Somebody spoke of freshwater sharks, as they called the gar, claiming them to be fully as vicious as the real shark and when I told them of my lone swim at night in the Cypress river, I became quite a hero. Only Jim held aloof and eyed me maliciously. He had lied to his mother and had told her nothing of his failure to call for me.

For some reason or other, Jim concluded that he would cut no more wood, which naturally put an end to my usefulness. Mrs. Towle however, insisted that I should stay at her house as long as I pleased, and that I might go to town as often as I desired in search of a job. I did as she suggested, and soon found employment as an apprentice with a gigantic German butcher named Gottlieb. I worked for many months, spending nearly every Sun-

day at the Towle homestead, where I was ever welcome.

As an apprentice I was to receive no wages. Food, clothing and a place to sleep were my only compensation, though Gottlieb promised an uncertain weekly amount of spending money. Being immaculately clean himself, he saw to it that I had a sufficient amount of clothing and laundry to make a good appearance. He was liberal in money matters, a hard worker, and as hard a drinker. We would have gotten along nicely had it not been for his old-country notion of not sparing the rod.

"If an apprentice gets no lickings he won't learn," was his maxim. Rough treatment had certainly made him a good workman, and taking a paternal interest in my welfare, he was going to do the same by me. I did not approve of such a measure and when he, at last, actually attempted to make his threats good, I was on guard, brandishing the biggest knife we had in the shop. He discharged me in disgrace and never forgave me.

Meanwhile Jim Boyden had contracted with the firm of Clark & Boice to raft a large number of logs from Caddo Lake to their saw-mill in Jefferson, a run of thirty miles. It was

a tedious and long-winded job as the logs had to be formed into cribs and the cribs, chained together into strings, had to be slowly pulled upstream by means of lines which were wound up with capstans. Jim offered me employment and I accepted, against the advice of every man I knew.

He had an extremely bad reputation; his absolute disregard for another man's life was a byword as was his gluttony and dishonesty. He was popularly charged with having killed his half-brother by deliberately letting a log roll over him. He pleaded accident when brought to court and was acquitted. His uncle, Ed Towle, firmly believed in his guilt and claimed jealousy of his mother's love to have been the motive.

Nevertheless I went to work with him. When we neared Jefferson with our first string of logs we concluded to spend Saturday afternoon and Sunday in town, intending to stay there until Monday morning. Jim and I engaged a room at the Grigsby house and he at once began drinking. None of the employees had received any money up to then, and when I asked for some of my pay he became angry. We had some words, but while he seemed will-

ing to give me all the liquor I could hold, he was loath to part with cash. We retired to our room very late and continued quarreling. He grew quite bitter in his remarks, so much so, that I became afraid of a possible physical encounter.

Undeservedly I had obtained a peculiar reputation among Jefferson's hopeful youths. A young fellow, friendless, a sailor who had been in all parts of the globe, hero of many escapades—at least so folks believed—a man who swam in the Cypress at night and all alone. A desperate character who would go for a giant like Gottlieb with a knife, must be a mean one to tackle.

The habitual gun-toter is a coward at heart. Were he not, would he tote a gun? People of this class always delight in impressing their "badness" on the community. They are absolutely indifferent to a human life—so long as it is the other fellow's. They brag and lie about men they have killed and often assist and support each other in the most bloodcurdling and ridiculous braggadocio. Jefferson was full of such "bad men" and for reasons already indicated, they all believed me to be precisely what they themselves pretended to be. I was

sensible enough to benefit by this belief and managed to live up to my reputation without ever being put to the test. They were afraid and I was mighty glad of it.

I also was much afraid of Jim, but quite unwilling to show the white feather. Lying down on my bed, I resolved not to go to sleep until he was snoring. He sat on the sill, at the open window, still talking in a maudlin way about my unreasonable demand for money, after all his folks had done for me.

Against my will I fell asleep and slept until the first rays of the rising sun brightened the room. I heard Jim calling and groaning outside of the window. Jumping up and looking out I saw him lying on a stack of wood, piled high against the house. He had fallen out and being unable to help himself had lain there for hours.

I summoned help and Jim was carried upstairs into bed. Presently the town physician came and after an examination said Jim was not in any danger. Jefferson could not boast of a hospital, so he had to remain at the hotel, where I stayed with him as a nurse.

I have forgotten how long we stayed there, but I do remember that after he recuperated

and when I again asked for my wages, Jim told me that my hotel bill was more than he owed me. However, he would pay the difference out of his own pocket and call it square.

I did not wish to complain to his family, who were as kind to me as ever—Mrs. Towle was even speaking of legally adopting me.

As I could find no suitable employment in Jefferson I went to Gilmer, a smaller town forty miles west, where I obtained work at the Rosebud sawmill.

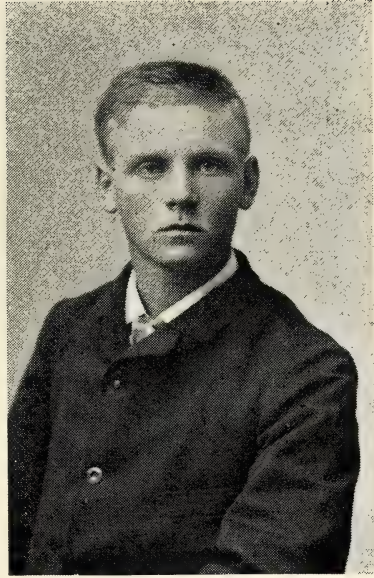
Here the younger men behaved about as badly as men of their position behaved everywhere. The same desire to bluff the other fellow into believing one to be a "bad man." The same vying with each other in the use of profanity and epithets. The same disregard of the other man's life and the same foolish reverence for him whose gun was notched.

I admit I was no better than my fellows. I had learned English enough even to excel in the use of profanity and the names we called each other were a caution. All that, of course, was done in jest, and the only tabooed word was that one slur which casts reflections upon one's mother. That meant fight with the courageous, murder with cowards. Not to

fight or to kill in such an emergency would have caused one to lose caste and made continued sojourn in the community impossible.

Jep Rogers, one of my fellow-workers, a man of about forty, had easily the worst reputation in all Upshur County. Tall, lean, powerful, dark visaged and mean looking, everybody feared him and carefully avoided giving offense. He was a married man and I was very fond of his youngest daughter, a beautiful child of eight summers. Jep had spent some years at the Mexican frontier, owned a Winchester rifle and spoke convincingly about the notches in its butt.

For some reason—probably his dense ignorance of European geography—he had dubbed me “Dutchy,” and I was known by no other name. I disliked this and occasionally tried to argue my companions into the use of my right name. One noon hour, a few of us were sitting under the mill shed and the conversation again turned toward the misuse of the name “Dutchy.” Rogers was a quiet listener, but suddenly turned viciously upon me, cursing me roundly and using that forbidden epithet.



THE AUTHOR AT THE AGE OF SIXTEEN, WHEN HE EMIGRATED TO THE UNITED STATES.

COUSIN KARL, WHO HELD A SUPERIOR POSITION EN VOYAGE BECAUSE HE WAS SLIGHTLY OLDER.



BRUECKSTRASSE, A STREET IN DORTMUND. ARROW POINTS TO HOUSE WHERE THE AUTHOR LIVED. TOWER AT EXTREME LEFT SURMOUNTS THE MARIEN KIRCHE (CHURCH OF MARIE), WHICH WAS ERECTED PRIOR TO 1250 A. D.



ON THE LEVEE AT ST. LOUIS.

WHERE THE GREAT RIVER CALLED TWO BOYS TO UNDREAMED-OF ADVENTURES AND HARDSHIPS.



WHARF AT NEW ORLEANS.

STEAMER LOADING COTTON FOR EUROPEAN PORTS IN THE EIGHTIES. LIKE MANY STEAMSHIPS OF THOSE DAYS, SHE WAS EQUIPPED ALSO WITH A LARGE SPREAD OF CANVAS, SO THAT SHE MIGHT INCREASE HER SPEED WHEN THE WIND WAS RIGHT.

I jumped up and advanced towards him. He drew a jack-knife, brandished it and pouring forth a torrent of the vilest abuse threatened to cut my heart out. Fighting a man of his size armed with a knife and with the reputation of a killer was out of the question, so I withdrew and left the shed.

I pondered upon what I should do. The insults had struck home and the unwritten law demanded Rogers' death. Often I had dreamed of such an emergency and speculated upon what I would do under such circumstances. The result always was a full realization of the sacredness of human life. No, I would not kill, I would defy custom and act according to my better nature.

All those fine thoughts were vanished now as the emergency had arisen. Now I would kill—kill! I possessed no gun, but remembered the night-watch who was now asleep. To his house I would go and take his six-shooter without his knowledge. Then I would return to the shed and get Rogers.

Walking toward the watchman's house which was near the end of our settlement, a child's voice called out "Hello Dutchy! Ain't ye working?" It was Edna, Jep Rogers' little

girl. She was playing with a doll I had made for her a few days before and holding it up showed me a wreath of flowers entwined around its head. "Look, Dutchy, how I fixed her up," she said and smiled at me with her hazel eyes. Her mother was standing on the porch and also asked, sympathetically curious, "What's the matter, aren't you working?" I did not know what to say—I do not believe that I said anything—I just hurried my steps.

I cannot express the feelings which surged in my heart. There was my small friend, Edna, smiling at me in her innocence, her mother who had always been friendly to me, inquiring kindly why I was not at the shed and I, murder in my heart, bent on killing their supporter, husband and father.

It was the fight of my life. My better nature went down before passion, hatred and the desire for revenge. I know now that it is nothing but rank cowardice to take a human life or to do anything contrary to one's own conscience, just because one's immediate surroundings have made it a common practice and demand it on pain of social ostracism! But I was blind to fine ethical considerations on that day. I would pack my few belongings and

take the road again—a homeless wanderer as I had been when I came to this—the most inhospitable country on earth, and I cursed America in general and the South in particular.

Bewildered by my own thoughts I walked on,—but not to the watchman's house. Gradually I calmed down, on the surface, and approaching the house of one of our teamsters was hailed by his wife. "What is the matter, Dutchy, why aren't you working?" I stepped to the porch and said I was not feeling well, but had quit work for the day and wanted to go fishing; would she lend me her husband's shotgun, powder and shot? I might see a squirrel along the way, I explained. She was willing, stepped inside and brought out an old gun, a muzzle-loader, brasstrimmed. "I don't know whether it's loaded," she said. I inserted the ramrod and as its entire length went into the barrel I concluded it was empty. I loaded it generously with powder and squirrel shot, put on caps and telling the woman that I did not care to carry any additional ammunition, as I probably would not see anything to shoot at anyhow, I went away.

I approached the mill in a roundabout way, still nursing my anger. As I proceeded, my longing for blood lessened. I had arrived quite near the shed and was walking along the drive way between stacks of lumber. Suddenly Jep Rogers, turning a corner into the road I followed, stood before me, only fifty feet away. He carried his rifle and took deliberate aim at me. I jumped to cover just as the shot rang out. And now real fear possessed me. But it was not fear of being killed—not fear of Jep Rogers and his Winchester—but the holy fear of taking a human life, the dread of shedding another's blood.

I sneaked around the lumber stacks, and he followed cautiously. He was probably as much afraid of being shot by me, as I was afraid of killing him. At least I could never account for the ultimate outcome in any other way. He fired shot after shot, and all went wild. I never even raised my gun and was merely intent on keeping under cover.

Presently we came to the mill shed and I was fervently hoping for the timely interference of some of the men. But those brave souls had all gone into hiding. I could see a

few of them staring, white-faced, from behind their shelters, none daring to interfere.

Rogers ceased firing, having spent his last cartridge. I was ignorant of the reason and continued cautiously. Suddenly he appeared before me rifle in one hand and a knife in the other. For the first time I leveled my gun. I was filled with dread and ardently hoped he would desist from further aggression. Later on he made the statement that he did not believe that I had the "guts" to shoot. He jumped towards me, and I, the horrible dread still upon me, lowered my gun and fired. He dropped!

I laid down the gun. The workmen scrambled out of their hiding places and while one or two of them approached me, the others picked Jep Rogers up and carried him into the nearest house.

I had lowered my gun in the last moment only because I did not want to kill. The teamster, the gun's owner, told me afterwards that it was already loaded when I borrowed it. In my ignorance I had added a second charge and both of them had entered Rogers' groin—much higher than I had aimed.

He lingered for several days and died. . . . At my request, one of my fellow-workers accompanied me to the nearest village where I surrendered to the constable. I spent the night there and was taken in the morning to Gilmer, where I was placed in jail.

On our way we passed the mill and stopped at the boardinghouse to get my belongings. When we drove past Rogers' dwelling, I saw Edna still playing with her doll. She looked at me with wondering eyes and said something, but her voice was drowned by the rumbling of our wheels.

Ridiculously low bail was fixed for me and readily signed by several men, comparative strangers to me. I thought at first that it was done in a charitable spirit, but I soon learned that the real motive was utterly morbid. One of these men, a young fellow named Ed Newell, proudly introduced me to his sweetheart as the "gentleman who killed Jep Rogers." She looked at me admiringly and, for a little while at least, I felt myself a real man.

I rejoice to say that this feeling did not last very long—it soon gave way to a prophylactic feeling of disgust. For this change of heart I

am still thankful to an old farmer named Wheeler, the only man I met who had the right aspect of the thing. He spoke to me of the danger of allowing such a victorious duel to turn my head, of now believing myself to be a real "bad man," of desperadoes and their inevitable end. He was all right, that old man; he is one of the bright spots in my memories of the South.

The grand jury met and in due course of time adjourned. It failed to indict me and I was freed.

Cash money was scarce in Texas pineries in those days. The sawmills had commissary stores and paid their help in pasteboard checks good at the company's store, but redeemable only at a loss anywhere else. I was resolved to go to the Northern States, where I was told social as well as economic conditions were much better. Having a few checks saved up, I disposed of them at a loss of twenty-five per cent and packed my grip.

I had not money enough to pay my fare for any great distance and so I thought it advisable to return to Jefferson and earn a few dollars more before leaving Dixie forever. Another reason for my desire to see that old town again

was that I had heard bad news from Mrs. Towle. Jim Boyden was in trouble again, though his folks insisted that he was innocent of the crime laid against him.

A riverman, Captain Fortson, had strangely disappeared. He was last seen in the neighborhood of Towle's Landing, going down stream in a rowboat. The boat was found, a hole, apparently a bullet hole, in its side. Jim Boyden's rafting camp was near and one of the negroes was found in possession of Fortson's shoes. The entire crew, including Jim, had been arrested, but as Fortson's body could not be produced, the grand jury failed to act.

I arrived in Jefferson and spent a few days at the Towle homestead. Jim's string of rafts was very near it, and he spent the nights and the greater part of the days at home. One day I went with him to the river and loitering about entered the ruins of the old cotton gin. Occasionally we had performed physical exercise, using as dumbbells parts of the old machinery lying about. There had been an iron wheel which was particularly adapted to such use. I looked for it and as I could not find it said "Jim, where is that old wheel we used to brace?" He looked at me blankly, as-

sumed an air of forced unconcern and said, "I don't know."

After spending a few days on the farm I went to Jefferson and found a job with a horse-trader for whom I worked several months. One Sunday morning I casually overheard snatches of a conversation between Boyden and his negroes. I was sitting in a shoemaker's shop near the open door when they passed in front. The negroes used threatening language, it seemed that they had made some demands which Jim would not fulfill. He saw me as he passed and turning pale, enjoined the negroes to be careful. I felt then that if Jim was not guilty of Fortson's murder, he certainly had done something that could not bear the light.

Captain Deware, the sheriff, was called one day to Shreveport. He returned with a long box and immediately sent deputies out to Caddo Lake where Boyden was encamped. A coroner's jury was impanelled and the box opened. It contained all that was left of Captain Fortson, almost nude, shoeless, his legs forced through the opening of the wheel we had so often braced in the old cotton gin. His body was riddled with bullets. I was

merely a curious onlooker and as I was not asked any questions, I kept silent. Identification of the corpse was complete in spite of its advanced stage of decomposition. The deputies, sent to arrest Jim, returned without him. Somehow or other he was warned and succeeded in making good his escape.

During the following night I resolved to visit the Towles and to stay with them in their distress. I left town as early as I could. About half way out I met Eb, the old darky, and asked for news. What I heard was sad indeed. The old grand-dame, Mrs. Susan, had taken poison. The disgrace of Boyden's latest crime had been too much for her.

When I arrived, the house was in a turmoil, neighbors and friends arriving in a continuous stream. Miss Jinnie and the others welcomed me as I expected, but not so Mrs. Claxton—Jim's mother. She had taken a sudden dislike to me. Whether she thought I was her son's evil genius, or whether she thought that the tragedy would not have occurred if I had stayed with him, I do not know. She became almost violent in unjust allegations and I had to leave the house.

There were more visitors than could be housed in the manor, and the younger men, including myself, camped out. At the funeral, two days later, I walked at the end of the procession and kept out of Mrs. Claxton's sight.

I was now ready to take my departure, but longed to bid Miss Jinny farewell. Not wishing to enter the house, I asked some one to call her out. She came and together we walked down the lane to the little plot where the Towles of several generations, all except one who stayed on some battlefield of the Civil War, were sleeping their last. There we bade each other adieu and parted forever.

CHAPTER VIII.

Medicine Shows, Freight Trains, and the Steamer for Bluefields.

NOTHING could have induced me to stay around Jefferson after that. I simply had to go. Oklahoma had lately been thrown open to homesteaders, and it was pictured as a land of fortune for the enterprising. So I went there, first to Purcell and then to Oklahoma City. But prosperity in the new territory had departed as quickly as it came. Hundreds of men had rushed in. Many had taken up homesteads on land that was good or bad, according to their luck, and had begun their years of grappling with the soil for a livelihood. But there were many hundreds more of restless men who didn't want to settle on a homestead because they knew they could not endure staying in one spot for five years to justify their claim to the land. Their problem now was to find work and food.

Within a few weeks I had worked at several jobs in Oklahoma City, none of them lasting long. And presently there were no more jobs,

and I was again broke and homeless. Yet I wasn't worried now; I felt that something would turn up in my favor. I had learned a good deal about the ways of the land by this time, and could speak English fluently. Days of such misery as I had experienced in St. Louis, in Mississippi and Louisiana had passed forever, I was sure. While I had failed to become master of any trade, I could turn my hand to many useful occupations.

On a day when I had decided to sell my coat at suppertime if nothing happened to bring me a meal, a company of traveling comedians came along, traveling gypsy fashion in a house wagon. I followed the wagon to where the comedians made camp in a vacant lot, struck up an acquaintanceship with the players, and was invited to share the meal they were already cooking. The old man of the troupe, Crowther, was of German birth, his name originally having been Krauter. I explained to him that I had inspired the writing of the song *Where Did You Get That Hat?* His eyes lighted up at that, and he offered to take me along and make a comedian of me. I cheerfully assented. Logically, of course, I ought to have been the one to sing the song I had inspired, but as it

happened to be the *chef d'oeuvre* of his youngest son, Texas Charlie, eleven years old, I had to study another song. The famous ballad about Mr. McGinty became my first number, and I keenly enjoyed my new profession. I could put a world of vim into the words that told of the Irishman's plunge into a strange world—*Down went McGinty to the bottom of the sea*, and the rest of it.

We played numerous small towns. But business was poor, and when we reached Ardmore, seventy-five miles south of Oklahoma City, we found that insignificant village amply entertained by two patent medicine fakers who were giving their customary free shows. There was the Happy Doc Indian Remedy Company of Kansas City with Happy Doc's charming wife singing songs and Doc Steegall pulling teeth free of charge; and there was Doc McCoy from Fort Worth with the Mexican Herb Cure Company and two minstrels.

Three shows more than supplied the local demand for entertainment, and the "opera house," which we had rented, remained bare of audiences. So we too resolved to give free performances, and to sell some cure-all. A good talker can always sell medicine, provid-

ing it taste badly and act drastically. The bitterer the medicine the greater faith the discerning American public will put in it. So we improvised a stage near the railway station, in close proximity to the Mexican Herb Cure Company, and commenced operations.

Quickly a crowd gathered, for we made more noise than the other troupes. We dressed in fantastic costumes, we pounded on gongs, and Texas Charlie stood on his head and balanced various objects on his feet. Our audience was mixed—white men, Indians, half breeds, squawmen, with a sprinkling of Indian women and an occasional white woman with her husband. And there were numerous Indian boys, who upon occasion can be as tricky as any white boy. I have first-hand evidence.

I was on the stage, singing my celebrated ballad. As I neared the end of the first verse, some one threw a wet gunnysack across my face. This was perturbing, but I continued to perform for my highly amused hearers. I watched the people closely, and soon I saw a young Indian throw a lump of dirt, which hit me squarely in the mouth. Without hesitation I jumped down from the stage and knocked the offender out with one blow.

Never did anybody have so many near relatives take up his cause as that dirt thrower. The entire Chickasaw nation, and visiting tribes, evidently were kin of my opponent, and I had to put myself on guard against a multitude of enraged Indians, half-breeds and squaw-men. Such an affray could not last long, and with the cry of "Hey Rube!" I made a break for the open.

Hell was turned loose. Our three men, the members of the Mexican Herb Cure Company, and a lot of gamblers took my part and within a few minutes we had a battle royal, with fists and finger-nails and tent stakes, such as I never witnessed before nor since.

Our party was far in the minority, especially as the gambling element did not stick. I, as the one most wanted, suffered myself to be taken in charge by a United States marshal and a few deputies, who took me to the railroad station where we waited for the south bound passenger train.

The train, due in a half an hour or so, arrived, and I was put in the conductor's care and transported as far as Gainesville, ten miles beyond the Texas line.

I spent several irksome weeks there, not being able to employ myself profitably, and finally made my way southward to The Fort, as Fort Worth was popularly called. Here I met Doc McCoy of the Mexican Herb Cure Company again and heard a long tale of woe from him.

After I had escaped the mob in Ardmore, its ire spent itself in wrecking our wagon as well as McCoy's show and that worthy barely escaped with his life. He was now in his home-town, preparing for another venture. As he offered to take me on and as I could see no other way of raising the wind, I readily joined him and in a few days we took the road as tapeworm specialists.

We had two tents—one of them large enough to accommodate six cots. This we called our hospital. A smaller tent served as our sleeping and cooking quarters.

The Doctor was an expert diagnostician, though he would not diagnose anything but tapeworms. All the dyspepsia in the land—and who ever saw a ranchman who did not suffer from dyspepsia—was caused by tapeworms. They caused bad teeth and poor eyesight, deafness and biliousness. He guaranteed

a cure inside of six hours or no pay would be accepted. All the patient had to do was to come to our tent with an empty stomach, take our medicine, a rather drastic laxative, lie down and await developments.

It was a lucrative swindle so long as it lasted, which was not long. Strips of celluloid or chicken entrails were our stock in trade and many a cowboy left our sanatorium, boastfully displaying a bottle which contained the supposed cause of all his ailments well preserved in alcohol.

Late one night we received visitors. I was asleep in the hospital tent, but awoke when the arrivals, six or eight men on horseback, bandied words with McCoy, who bunked in the consultation quarters. The vindictiveness of the language used outside caused me to linger just long enough to put on my clothes and gather my few belongings. Then I decamped and made my way over Weatherford back to The Fort, where I was fortunate enough to meet Dick Harris, a sign painter. Dick was a capable workman and a good fellow all around except when he went on a spree, which he did about once every six weeks. Having some ability as a draftsman myself and a great lik-

ing for such occupation I stayed with him and gradually developed into a fair workman.

Dick and I traveled from town to town, not passing even the smallest hamlet, and while we were quite prosperous we spent our earnings about as fast as we made them. It was Dick's hobby to treat children to whatever was to be had. We occasionally took as many as fifty little ones to a circus. We would engage a merry-go-around by the hour, and the money thus spent gave us as much joy as it did the children.

Six months passed when one day a scaffold upon which we worked gave way beneath us and Dick fell to his death. It was in Mexia, a small town in central Texas. We had been there for several days and Dick's bounty had made him a good many friends among the young folks, all of whom with many of their parents, followed his coffin.

I fell heir to the few brushes and paints he had left and at once blossomed out as a sign-painter myself. Lacking Dick's knowledge of the art of human approach I did not prosper greatly and was glad to accept an offer to travel with a small circus. My work there consisted of writing banners for our parades,

and painting gorgeous pictures of jungle scenes with their ferocious inhabitants. I even developed into a lightning sketch artist, appearing in the ring with easel and brush painting the most "gorglorious" sunsets. Some of my productions were given away as prizes, though most of them I sold for whatever they would bring.

Naturally I became acquainted with all the tricks of the circus business. Shortchange artists', side-show tricksters' and gamesters' artifices were revealed to me and I confess that I relished "bumping a sucker's head" about as much as anybody. Our show thrived on dishonesty. Not only on the dishonesty of its members, but quite as much on the dishonesty of the visited populaces.

The advance agent, arriving a few days ahead of the show, made it a point to see the sheriff or other official and prepared the way for the gaming element. The price paid for protection was immaterial. The bribe taker's avarice generally led him to sit in a game himself and whatever amount he received was sure to be taken away from him. Naturally he never dared to complain. If he was too honest, or if he had been 'bumped' before and could not be

induced to 'wink' he would, in due time, receive an urgent call from some remote corner of the county where a race riot had broken out, or where a farmer had murdered his wife and children. He had to obey the summons, and while he was away on his wild goose chase the pea rolled and three-card-monte was dealt. By the time he returned the tent was down and the show on its way to the next stand.

The short-change artist in the ticket office couldn't have succeeded with his flim-flamming if his victims hadn't thought they themselves were getting some easy money. It worked in this fashion: In making change for a large bill the cashier would hand the patron a little more small coin than was coming to him. Pleased at this chance to profit, the patron would pick up the coins quickly, hoping the cashier wouldn't notice his apparent mistake, and then in his hurry to get away would fail to count the bills handed to him. And there was no recourse afterward; for the public was warned both by the spoken and the printed word: "*Count your money before you leave the booth. No mistakes rectified after you have left.*"

Don't get the idea that our people wouldn't rob honest folk. They were impartial. A favorite trick was to hand the change for a bill of large denomination to the patron in such a way that the larger bills were at the top. Counting the money, the patron would find it one dollar short. In this counting, he frequently would reverse the position of the smaller and larger bills so that the large bills would now be at the bottom. When the cashier's attention was called to the mistake, he would turn the pile over, count it so that the large bills were still at the bottom, and find the patron's complaint justified. Voicing suitable apologies, he would take an additional one dollar bill from the drawer and hand it to the victim with the other money. If at this point the customer tried to make a recount, he would be hustled away by a throng of apparently eager ticket buyers. For the same hand which corrected the one dollar error, had deftly withdrawn one or more of the larger bills at the bottom of the pile. Oh! it is fun to travel with a circus, and a great education.

I might have developed into a professional showman if the god *Amor* had not played me a trick. I fell in love with Mademoiselle Ivette,

a trapeze performer. So did Jack Douglas, a song and dance artist. We had it out, starting with bare knuckles, winding up with pop-bottles on his part and a piece of two-by-four on mine. While we were both laid up for repairs the charming Ivette succumbed to the wiles of Fortescue, the boss, who dispensed with our services. *Ah, la Donna e mobile.*

No matter. I stuck to my paint and brushes and soon joined an Eastern sign painter in decorating fences and barns, setting forth the qualities of a certain "bully" tobacco. After a few months I changed to a Dallas firm marketing a patent medicine, a blood purifier called Saxet. I was well paid, and had many opportunities of earning extra dollars. But the firm failed. Their business was liquidated and I went to Dallas to be paid off. I had spent my money freely and had but a trifle over a hundred dollars coming to me.

Realizing my lack of thoroughness in my chosen profession of sign painting, I was determined to get a position in a regular shop where I might augment my scant knowledge. Unfortunately I fell in with Joe Howell, one of the gamesters of Fortescues' circus. Joe had played in hard luck and had lost his "roll."

Alluring prospects of easy money and lots of it induced me to join my fortunes with his. I supplied the bank roll and he dealt faro. We obtained a concession in one of the many open gambling houses and started our game. Joe double-crossed me. He lost our roll to an accomplice the first night and I had no redress.

Now I made good my intention, obtained a shop job at six dollars a week, and went to work in earnest. Dallas at that time could not boast of evening schools nor any establishment where I might have expanded my knowledge of drawing. Left to my own initiative I spent my Sundays sketching outdoors and my evenings copying such pictures as pleased my fancy.

During all these years I had never neglected writing to my parents, and as father's business had not prospered I had occasionally sent home small amounts of money. However, I had never told them the truth about my experiences during my first years in America. All my letters had teemed with reports of success and well-being.

Encouraged by these accounts one of my sisters had decided to leave home for the land of milk and honey, and was now on her way to

New York. Now I felt the call of the blood. Duty demanded that I meet her, watch over her, help her to get a foothold. I thought of the ordeals I had gone through and fully realizing the much greater danger to a girl, be-thought myself night and day of ways and means to come to her side. But from Texas to New York is a long way, indeed, and I had no money and was not earning enough to save any.

It was late in the autumn of '89. There was not much business and I was occupied in our yard boiling old paint skins. Next door to our shop was a saloon and the colored porter made a practice of drying his towels on the fence which separated our yards. One day one of his towels came into contact with fresh paint. I do not know how it happened, but the negro abused me roundly, even applying the epithet which caused Jep Rogers' death. Enraged I struck him over the head with the iron ladle I used in stirring the boiling paint. He yelled and dropped. I took to my heels.

The larger towns of Texas, except those in the extreme eastern part, did not contain many negroes, relatively, and while a white man of consequence could do what he pleased to a

colored man and get by with it, the majesty of the law had to be most vindictively upheld whenever a white man of no standing in particular took it upon himself to administer even well-merited chastisement to a negro. I was well acquainted with this condition. I chose not to stay.

I left Dallas wearing painters' overalls, less than two dollars comprising my fortune. New York was my goal but as I considered that it would be much easier to get there by way of Galveston, where I hoped to be able to take a steamer, I made the detour via that port.

I bought newspapers at every town and eagerly scanned their pages for news of the negro's death. I never found a solitary word about it. Years afterwards at the St. Louis Exposition I met my former boss, J. C. Hart. I asked him and while he remembered me, he had no recollection of my encounter with the negro. So I suppose the latter was not greatly harmed.

Jumping freight trains I reached Galveston in about a week. I walked most of the 40 miles from Houston over long trestles and in a cold rain. Nearing the city I espied a saloon bearing the legend: "Open day and night." I had

just five cents. Seeing within a large stove, red with heat and surrounded by lounging patrons, I resolved to enter, buy a glass of beer, and spend the rest of the night sitting near the fire drying my clothes.

Crossing the rickety veranda, I felt for my nickel, pulled it out of my pocket and dropped it on the floor. It must have fallen through one of the many cracks, for I was not able to find it. Disheartened I walked further along the track until I reached a cottonseed warehouse. A small door was conveniently open. I entered and lay down to sleep.

I was not the only lodger. Indeed, the place seemed filled with tramps. However, there was room for more and I at once stretched out and tried to sleep.

I was soon awakened by a gruff voice. A strong hand grasped and pulled at my legs. "Come out of there, you fellows!" was the command. Policemen were hunting tramps. I came out without delay and so did twenty other homeless vags. My first thought, of course, was the negro I had laid out in Dallas, and I made up my mind to make a getaway if I saw the least chance. There were not half so many officers as there were captives, and as one

of the tramps still inside the house showed fight and caused the police within to call for assistance from those without, attention for a brief moment centered on the resisting man. With a jerk I wrenched myself free and broke into a run. A command to stop was followed by two shots. One bullet whizzed past my ears, but I thought only of liberty and dodging into a byway was soon out of danger.

It was not long till daybreak and in walking the streets, not far from the piers, I passed a sign shop displaying a cardboard notice: "Signwriter wanted; must be good at pictorial work." There I saw my chance and impatiently I awaited business hours.

At one of the piers unloading its cargo of bananas, lay the steamer *Agnes*, plying between Galveston and Bluefields in Nicaragua. I chatted with the crew, which was friendly, and ate bananas to my heart's content. Of course I had read and heard of Nicaragua, for my uncle William had been killed there. But Bluefields was a town I had never learned of. Some parrots and monkeys excited my curiosity and I was filled with a longing to visit the land they came from. Approaching the captain, I asked if he needed any hands. "Are you

a sailor?" he asked. I said: "No sir, I'm a painter." "I cannot use you," he said, and he turned to his duties.

It was nearing work hours and I walked to the shop where I had hoped to find employment. The boss soon made his appearance and I was set to work at once. Towards noon I asked him for a quarter to buy lunch. He gave the money and after I had eaten I again visited the *Agnes*. She was just casting off her moorings and without asking any questions I jumped aboard and loitered behind the smoke-stack. Nobody paid any attention to me until we were sufficiently far from the pier to make jumping back impossible. Then the captain's voice rang out: "Hey there, what do you think, where are you going?" "Anywhere you want to take me," I replied.

He grinned, not unkindly, and said nothing. Looking shoreward I spied my painting boss, watching the ship's departure. He saw me and yelled: "What is the matter, aren't you going to finish that job you started?"

"No sirree, but I will send you a nice fat monkey," I called back and waved my hat.

Instead of going to New York to meet my sister I was bound for a strange land and a stranger people.

Fear of punishment on account of the negro was greater than the call of the blood. I felt badly about it and was not at ease until months later, when I received word from my sister that she had found an agreeable position as governess in the home of a refined and well-to-do New York family.

CHAPTER IX.

"I Walk and I Talk With the King."

SHE was a comfortable ship, the *Agnes*, a steamer of about 600 tons register and of such shallow draft as to permit her crossing the bars of those rivers she had to enter to receive cargo. She was about 275 feet long. Her master, Captain Hansen, was as delightful a man as I ever met. He seemed to have taken a liking to me, and asked many questions about my boyhood in Germany, and my travels down the Mississippi. Though I was only a stowaway and was supposed to make myself useful in kitchen and pantry, most of my time was spent in pleasant conversation with the captain. Our friendship continued for a long time afterward.

I seemed to float in air as that first sea trip in the tropics progressed. The winds were balmy, and the sea kept constantly changing in coloring. Dolphins played about in the water like children. Each sunset was more wonderful than any that had gone before. That was life!

We were enroute for a week, then arrived in Bluefields. I easily got a job from the Bluefields Banana Company, which engaged me to paint a smaller steamer, the *Hendy*, while she was on the move up and down three rivers, the Bluefields, the Escondido, and the Mico. It was congenial work, for there were no long stops, and the tropical scenery was different every hour.

By this time the earth had turned to the year 1890. Presently a notable event occurred in the history of what is now Nicaragua. At that time a goodly section of the eastern part of that territory was called Mosquitia, its southern boundary being the Rama river, which flows into the sea near Bluefields. The notable event was the coronation of King Clarence, destined to be the last monarch of Mosquitia. It happened that the *Hendy* had been chartered to tender an excursion to the royal suite, and so I had opportunity to meet His Majesty and other personages of the realm.

My meeting with the king was intimate enough. The freshly painted woodwork was not yet dry. "Fresh Paint" signs meant nothing to His Majesty, and soon his royal raiment was besmeared. I had to attend him with a rag

saturated with turpentine. Then he sat down on a wet bench and to clean him necessitated my kneeling to him—at his rear. Applying the turps liberally I caused His Majesty so much anguish that he continued to draw away from me until an extremely stout and black matron inserted her hand within the royal trousers' seat and bulging it out eased his loudly proclaimed discomfort.

I remember hearing the king addressed by a missionary who warned him of the effects of overindulgence in alcohol, which weakness had caused the untimely demise of most of his predecessors. I plainly heard the king's promise, combined with a vow that he would recompense himself for such abstinence by amorous indulgence. The words he used, I regret to say, are unprintable.

I have met few people who were aware that a recognized monarchy existed on this hemisphere as late as the early nineties. From missionaries and natives I got the outstanding phases of the country's history, and I remember especially an old *sambo** who had been present at the coronation of Robert Charles Frederic, whom Great Britain created king of Mos-

**Sambo*, offspring of an Indian and a negro.

quitia some sixty years previous to my arrival. He possessed a wonderful memory and listening to his stories gave me many a diverting hour.

Pirates of many nations frequented the coast in the early days. They were mostly British, though one of their leaders, Bloeveldt, was a Hollander and after him the town of Bluefields is named. These robbers of the sea became the allies of England during the Spanish wars and in order to assure this influence to Britain, a Mosquitoman was taken to Jamaica, and there crowned as the ruler of the free and independent kingdom of Mosquitia.

Neither rum nor commissions as kings, admirals, generals, or governors were spared to operate on the weakness of these savages who were easily induced to commit all manner of outrages on the peaceful Spanish settlements of the interior. Only after long and tedious diplomatic procedure could England be prevailed upon to withdraw her sinister hand and to leave the miserable native to his own resources.

The aborigines had freely intermingled with pirates, runaway slaves and negroes who had been cast ashore through the wrecking of

a Spanish slave trader. The resulting mixture was a people of exceeding low morals with scarcely one redeeming virtue.

But England was not satisfied to relinquish her hold permanently and after the decline of Spanish power and the loss of Spain's colonies in America, the natives were urged to reject the authority of the republic of Nicaragua which had succeeded to the rights of Spain. The old kingdom of Mosquitia was re-created, and a chieftain was taken to Belize, British Honduras, and there solemnly crowned.

The first two or three of these monarchs did not do so well as England had expected of them, so they were promptly discarded and replaced by more willing tools. The last of these undesirable ones was the already mentioned Robert Charles Frederic, whose coronation was witnessed by the old-timer whom I came to know well in Bluefields.

This ancient sambo was a one-legged veteran of many a "big drunk," as the Mosquitoman calls any noteworthy event. Ninety years old if a day, he was lithe and strong as most men in the prime of life. He had lost his leg while battling a shark.

I remember that his wife one day took his crutch away from him, trying to keep him from joining a drinking bout in Martin's saloon, the town's principal gathering place. The old fellow doubled up his remaining leg, put his knee against his forehead, and rolled down King Street faster than his fat spouse could follow. She finally quit the chase and threw the crutch after him. He picked it up and went his way rejoicing.

He held a grudge against the reigning family, and rightfully. At the coronation of Robert Frederic which he attended in an official capacity, the British had commissioned him an "admiral"—of a navy which was nonexistent. Later the king gave him a grant of land and made him a governor. It seems that His Majesty had been very open-handed and had bestowed upon friends the major part of his domain. Of this the British did not approve. A man-of-war was sent to the coast and Robert Charles Frederic was taken captive to Belize. He could not endure the restraints of civilization, pined away and died after affixing his mark to a "will" in which Colonel McDonald, superintendent of Belize, was ap-

pointed regent of the realm as well as guardian of the princely children.

Crown Prince George William Clarence succeeded to the throne. His first act was the revocation of all grants made by his father on the ground that the royal Robert Charles Frederic had been drunk when he made them.

And so my one-legged friend retained nothing but the empty title of Admiral and the ocean to look at. No wonder he got drunk whenever he could get away from his wife.

The average age attained by Mosquito royalty appears to have been discouragingly low, the scepter passing through many hands in rapid succession. The last coronations took place in Pearl Lagoon, the capital, or in Bluefields, the largest town of the realm, and were always performed by British agents.

King Clarence, whom I anointed in such a peculiar manner, was a boy of eighteen or nineteen without any schooling worth speaking of. Yet he could read and write. I know he could read because I heard him do it. I was painting a sloop's name on her bows. *Psyche* was her moniker and the lettering was done in a style to please a Mosquitoman's thirst for color. I had just finished my job when

King Clarence passed by, companioned by a few black Jamaican friends. They stopped and admired my handiwork. His Majesty smiled upon me with a patronizing air. Nudging one of his friends, he exclaimed: "Look, Sah, how him spell *Fish*."

Mosquitia's boundaries had never been clearly defined until the enactment of the Bulwer-Clayton treaty of 1850. Then the United States and Great Britain placed the boundaries at the Rama river in the south, the Wawa river in the north, the Caribbean sea in the east, and Degree 84 and 15 minutes in the west. The country was to be an independent monarchy until the Mosquito Indians should voluntarily ask for incorporation in the republic of Nicaragua. They finally made this request in 1894, and the incorporation was effected. The dethroned Clarence retired to Jamaica, where he still lives on a handsome pension allowed him by the British government.

The law of the land was the common law of England with a few changes and additions. Searching for hidden treasure was forbidden, as was the provocation of unlawful love, the practice of witchcraft and sorcery, *voodoo*,

and *obea*. A council of nine men met once every six months, to pass new laws and regulate matters of state. The king simply signed his name on the dotted line. The nine councillors were colored Jamaicans and as they clung tenaciously to their British subjectivity, the English consul, leading merchant of the coast, had his own way about everything.

Anyone was privileged to practice the professions. To serve notice on the populace was all that was required. That formality attended to, any person could practice medicine or law. Both if he chose.

Several years before my arrival a vessel, carrying a circus, was wrecked near Bluefields. The crew was saved and in time returned to the States, all but a donkey and a clown, James Jackson. He soon turned to law, was later appointed chief magistrate, and as Judge Jackson became one of the most prominent men along the coast.

In the middle of the nineteenth century German colonists settled on the banks of the Bluefields river, founding the town of Karlsruhe, now non-existent. Their colonization ended disastrously. Most of the members perished of fever and only a pitiful remnant

moved to Bluefields, where I often visited the last survivor, Mrs. Schultze, aged and bed-ridden for many years. An old wagonwheel or two, rotted and half buried in sand, and the name of *Prussian Town* applied to that section where these Germans toiled and died is all that is left to record their passing.

Only one cultural achievement remains, the Moravian Mission, with headquarters in Bluefields, and smaller posts in every miserable hamlet up and down the coast.

The labors of these brethren proved a blessing not only to the Indians, but to the native negroes as well. Under their guidance these Creoles, as the native negroes prefer being called, have developed into as useful members of society as their limited opportunities permit. Indeed, during my stay they furnished by far the greater number of "respectables," as the "drift cocoanut," white or black, were principally of the class "that left their country for their country's good."

Though there was no rigidly drawn color-line, only in one respect native and foreigner, regardless of race or nationality, were really at one. They cheerfully assisted in the celebration of each other's holidays. The storming

of the Bastille in Paris, birthdays of kings and emperors, or our Glorious Fourth, it was all the same. Any excuse was welcome at any time for a celebration. And how moist these celebrations were!

I have indicated that the white element was composed mostly of undesirables. The merchants were invariably carpetbaggers who had no other interest than to make their pile and go home. The country giving them the opportunity to accumulate wealth did not interest them otherwise. Others were refugees from justice who could live nowhere else, who hated themselves and their surroundings, and who in drink sought and found forgetfulness and early and soon-forgotten graves.

A few clerks and mechanics belonged to that low order I described in telling of my experiences in Jefferson, Texas. And indeed most of them had come from Texas. They were a drunken dissolute lot, pretended bad men supporting one another's claims of toughness and succeeding notably in overawing the simple-minded native.

New arrivals, when unknown, were treated with the utmost suspicion. Generally they were regarded as "Pinkerton Men" and as

such were approached reservedly. I, a stow-away, was naturally supposed to be some desperate criminal and therefore accorded respectful treatment, at least by these shams. As I worked hard, I soon conquered what suspicion the better element held against me and on the whole, my time in Bluefields was pleasant.

I did not live in town, however, for about a year after reaching the coast. After I finished painting the steamboat I was set to work on Riverside Plantation, and later was given charge of the United States Plantation, sixty miles up the river. The place bordered on Rama, a small town in Nicaragua. The dividing line of Nicaragua and Mosquitia, 84 degrees and 15 minutes, ran between that town and my plantation.

Here it was often my pleasure to entertain Captain Hansen, whenever the *Agnes* came up the river to take her cargo of bananas. The choicest fruits, alligator pears, soursop or pineapples, I saved for his table. Small wild animals which I tamed were his for the asking, and he in return always saved the latest papers for my reading, and brought me gifts which

helped to break the monotony of plantation life.

Here I was close to nature and thoroughly enjoyed myself. Here was luxurious vegetation, mountains and valleys, a river at my door teeming with fish large and small, sharks and alligators. The woods were full of curious animals. The strange brush-dog, a carnivora half dog, half monkey, marten or something; the shy tapir; the sloth; anteater; many varieties of monkeys; peccaries and what not. Bird life, too, was engrossing—parrots, macaws, bill birds and spurwings, parroquets and many vultures. I did not shoot much; instead of that I developed a taste for watching all living things in their haunts and spent thus many an hour.

In a walk of less than twenty minutes I could reach Rama and there I went whenever I craved the society of man. There I met planters and prospectors, soldiers of fortune and misfortune, rubber-cutters and traders, good fellows and skates, thirsty souls all of them and ever ready for any kind of frolic.

CHAPTER X.

The Miracle at the Picaro's Grave.

THERE is an odd story to tell here. Up to this time the greatest distinction that had come to me was the fact that I had inspired the writing of the ballad, *Where Did You Get That Hat?* That was important. I was being sung about on the variety stages all over the United States, even though the public didn't know who had caused the song to be written. I was fond of boasting about that. It gave me an entree in a good many places. I had learned to interpolate that song and its history into a conversation without anybody suspecting that I was boasting about it—or at least I thought I was doing it subtly.

In Rama an even more curious distinction befell me. When I arrived there, the town had no patron saint. All towns ought to have patron saints; they lend romantic atmosphere, they give a town a reason for being. Before I left Rama—but let's get at the story in its proper sequence:

King Clarence, by the Grace of God, Great Britain concurring, was still directing the worldly destinies of his faithful people, while the Moravian missionaries enjoyed the monopoly of ministering to their sinful souls. Not an easy job, that, by any means, as the Mosquitos, a mixture of Aborigines, Africans and Dutch and English pirates, stick tenaciously to the variegated vices of all their progenitors.

Having embraced religion, they were staunch believers, so staunch that they inevitably objected strenuously to depart this life, when, rendering service on plantation or shipboard, west of the 84th degree and 15 minutes, they chanced to be taken sick. For to the west of that line was Catholic Nicaragua, and in the Catholic Heaven the Moravians had no jurisdiction. The Catholic church reigned supreme there, and Protestants in that region were not allowed to enter into everlasting bliss.

With that shrewd naiveté peculiar to children and primitive people, many Mosquito Indians would attain membership in both churches; faithful Protestants east, and devout Catholics west of the boundary line, a pre-

caution which insured their entrance into Heaven, no matter where they might leave this world.

My plantation being so near Rama, I naturally spent much time there. Meeting the *inteligencia*, I became well acquainted with Padre Garcia, the village priest, a good fellow, though hardly measuring up to the standard of members of the priesthood in older and more cultured communities.

Those readers who have lived in Latin-America and are acquainted with social conditions in those countries know that self-abnegation of worldly pleasure is not expected from anybody, not even from members of the priesthood. Padre Garcia was no exception. At cock fights and card parties, at dances and frolics where the wine flowed red, he was ever an enthusiastic participator, a hail fellow well met. I am not stating this to disparage any church nor to cast reflections on the Latin-American or any other priesthood. Padre Garcia, like his confreres, succeeded in reaching the hearts of his Indians, giving solace and strength, where a Puritan would have failed utterly. Blessed indeed is the village

that has its *curé*, be he ever so lacking in the saintliness our world expects of him.

But the good *padre* had difficulties; that is, he was ever short of money. For while his competitors in Mosquitia were chiefly supported by foreign missions in the United States and Europe, the Catholic church of Rama received no help from any quarter, and its worthy priest was compelled to draw a meager sustenance from a sparsely settled, poor and uncultivated soil.

He improved his fortune somewhat by the sale of *amulets* and *cedulas*, which latter are nothing but certificates of church membership and receipts for contributions. The owner carries it about suspended from the neck. It serves as an identification and entitles the holder to all the spiritual help and consolation the church is able to bestow.

Nevertheless, the priest's income was ridiculously small and he was ever pondering the most perplexing financial problems.

"*Don Alberto*," he said to me repeatedly, "why don't you help me to puff my church? If heaven would only work a miracle, if the Saints would reveal themselves, if the Mother

of God would appear bodily, or if the Divinity would somehow put the fear of the Lord into the hearts of my Indians, how my little church would prosper! You, *Don Alberto*, are an American, an intelligent man, who can do almost anything. Why don't you help me?"

But what could I do? True, most of the Indians regarded me as a sorcerer, as I had quite dumfounded them by some little slight-of-hand tricks. Ever since I succeeded in repairing the village tailor's sewing machine I had been called upon to fix whatever needed fixing, and inasmuch as there was no physician in Rama, I was also expected to cure disease. But, even such a wizard as I was credited to be, I could see no way of causing a divine demonstration. I confess, though, that I spent a good deal of time and energy in vain experiments with an improvised magic lantern, trying to throw the image of the Virgin Mary onto a column of smoke.

It often happens that one will endeavor to accomplish something and work for a long time with no results. Then conditions over which we have no control assert themselves and create an opportunity which would be

beyond human power to create. And presto! change, eureka, the thing is done.

So it was in the matter of the desired miraculous revelation. A chain of circumstances, an opportunity unwittingly grasped at first, then quickly availed of, and the desired object was attained.

The *Agnes* had arrived. A crew of stevedores, Mosquito Indians, had been taken on board at Bluefields, and proceeding up-stream the steamer arrived in Rama, where she was being unloaded of her cargo and reloaded with fruit sent down the Mico and Escondido rivers in flatboats.

A Mosquito Indian, Absalom by name, fell down the ship's hole, broke his neck and was dead. A careless fellow, this Absalom, not only for breaking his neck, but chiefly because he had neglected to take the precaution of joining both churches. And now he had taken the fatal plunge into the beyond west of the 84th degree and 15 minutes and was consequently doomed to everlasting damnation. There was no help for it and his companions mournfully dug his grave near the river's bank and not far from where the *Agnes* was lying.

Then something else happened.

The village drunkard, a Rama Indian named Antonio, had sneaked aboard the steamer, stolen a bottle of whiskey, and, retiring into a vacant stateroom, proceeded to happify himself. The steward discovered him sound asleep and dead to the world. He administered a sound beating and uncere-moniously expedited him ashore, where after reeling along a short distance he laid down to sleep not far from where Absalom's grave was being dug.

One of the diggers then conceived a bright idea. "How would it do," said he, "if we take that drunken fellow's amulet and cedula, bring them to the Padre, and make him believe that it was Antonio who broke his neck. The Padre straightway will bless Absalom's grave and send him to Paradise." A good scheme that, to which the other diggers readily consented.

They finished their task and put Absalom into the grave, covered him with leaves to ward off the flies and deftly taking cedula and amulet from the unconscious Antonio, proceeded to the village where they communicated to the Padre the news of Antonio's demise.

Padre Garcia, sitting in a poker game, was unwilling to quit such an absorbing occupation. He put the Indians off until the morrow, which, you know, is quite the usual thing in *Mañana Land*.*

I had been on board the *Agnes* all afternoon and had celebrated the captain's birthday with many a foaming cup. Toward evening the captain and I felt a desire to go ashore. We obeyed this desire and coming upon Antonio lying near the newly-dug grave, conceived a devilish plan. We rolled the drunken wretch into the hole right on top of Absalom and went our way enjoying in anticipation Antonio's discomfort when he should wake up sobered. I reached my plantation late that night and never remembered just how I did get home.

The next morning I came back to Rama. Reaching the first village streets, I met Padre Garcia in clerical robes, accompanied by mass boys and a number of old women.

"Good morning, *Padre*," said I.

"*Buenos dias, Don Alberto*," answered he; "where to so early?"

***Mañana:** Spanish word meaning tomorrow. The enervating influence of the tropics makes it easy to postpone any action that requires effort.

"To the *Agnes* for an eye opener. Will you come along?"

"With pleasure, but first I must attend to a burial."

"Who died?" I asked.

"That *picaro*, Antonio. You knew him, did you not?"

I was horror-stricken. Had my foolish prank of last evening cost Antonio's life? What could I do? What should I say? An Indian's life was not considered very precious, but still my heart fell within me when among the other women I noticed Antonio's mother weeping and wailing.

I went with the *padre*, deliberating in my mind whether I should make a clean breast of the affair, or should I keep silent and try to square myself with my stricken conscience by doing the handsome thing to the bereaved mother? I have never attended a funeral with so much profound commiseration as I proceeded to that one.

But as we came in sight of the grave we heard distressing yells emanating from it, and saw Antonio trying to climb out of his tomb. Owing to the slippery condition of the moist

clay, he was unable to gain a foothold. A light dawned on me. Rushing forward, I extended a helping hand to Antonio. Half crazed with fear, he ran headlong into the crowd of women, who, with the *Padre*, appalled at the supposed resurrection, knelt in vociferous prayer.

"God has wrought a miracle!" shouted the priest. "The Mother of Christ has visited us, Jesus has sent Saint Anthony to us, and he has resurrected our Antonio, his charge. Praised be the Lord!"

While his followers busied themselves with Antonio and were excitedly shouting their prayers, Padre Garcia, in a state of extreme ecstasy, rushed towards me. Swinging his crucifix, he cried out: "Unbelieving *gringo*! Will you believe now? Will you now accept the true faith of our holy church?" He stopped suddenly as he cast a quick glance into the grave and there beheld the dead Absalom. I, too, was puzzled, as I knew nothing of the Mosquitomen's scheme of smuggling their dead companion past the Golden Gate by means of a false passport.

Quickly recovering my wits, I said to the *padre*, "Come quickly now and help before

these old wives discover this humbug." I began throwing earth into the grave. The *padre*, realizing that all was not as he had at first surmised, lent a willing hand, and in a few seconds the real corpse was invisible to the casual observer.

"Did you do this?" asked the priest. "Certainly," said I, willing and ready to accept the praise for this mere accidental result of what was really a heartless prank.

A procession quickly formed and, chanting sacred songs, wound its way through the village streets to the little church.

Several of the women insisted that they had seen an apparition, but whether it was the Mother of God or Saint Anthony, was long a matter of open dispute.

The Mosquito Indians, still busy handling cargo on the *Agnes*, had seen something of what was going on. Guilt in their hearts, they did not venture near the scene until after the priest and his flock had disappeared. Thinking that he had blessed the remains of Absalom and the grave, they filled it completely, rejoicing in the belief that their erstwhile companion was now safe in Heaven.

That is just how it all happened. The village of Rama has grown into quite a respectable city, as cities go in those lands, and Saint Anthony is still its patron saint. Antonio, the village loafer, has grown with his home town, and he does not have to steal his potatoes now. He became famous all over Central America, consoled the widows and healed the sick by laying on of hands and the commending of the patient to his own Saint Anthony's loving care.

Padre Garcia and I became greater friends than ever. His financial condition improved by leaps and bounds, and if he has not joined the saints in the meantime, he is still celebrating mass, playing poker and swapping yarns with foreigners, who were ever welcome to his hospitable roof and board.

CHAPTER XI

My Ambition To Hunt Snakes Is Fully Satisfied.

I OFTEN thought of my erstwhile ambition to furnish a fresh supply of *lachesis* to homeopathic practitioners. The local name of the snake from which that poison is taken is *tommygaw*, and the name alone is enough to give me a creepy feeling. This serpent is a relative of our rattlesnake, showing a distinctly marked though degenerated and mute rattle at the end of its tail. I have killed a good many of them, ranging in size from six to twelve feet. The larger ones are very powerful, attaining a circumference of body as large as the thigh of a heavyweight man. I devised many plans for extracting the venom from the living serpent, but two adventures, tragic and terrible, have caused me to leave the *tommygaw* severely alone.

Back of Bluefields is Aberdeen Hill, and rumor insisted that in its sides were many unexplored caves. Eager for new experiences,

I rounded up two companions, Jim Cummings and a Philadelphia physician, Dr. Rolando Kuehn, prepared for a brief expedition and set out, expecting to be gone three or four days. On the second morning we were marching along, carrying our baggage, in single file. Jim, a big husky man, led the way, I followed and the doctor brought up the rear. Jim reached a gully on the side of which stood a large boulder. Just as he passed this rock I saw an ochre-colored mass move on its top. It was a large *tommygaw* and I saw its ugly head, jaws open, turn in Jim's direction. Before I could utter a warning the beast had struck, burying its fangs in Jim's shoulder. He dropped as though lightning had struck him. I called for the doctor, who at once busied himself with Jim, while I in feverish haste searched for the cupping apparatus we carried for just such an emergency. It was all of no avail. Poor Jim Cummings died in less than ten minutes. We buried him on the mountainside in a spot affording a wonderful view of the sea. We camped there that night and returned to Bluefields next morning. The caves of Aberdeen were never explored by us.

Even this experience did not make me give up the idea of obtaining *lachesis*. More than a year afterwards, however, I ran foul of an adventure that settled every ambition in that direction forever.

I was prospecting for gold in the hills about Sookning Tingli, one of the tributaries of the Kokolaya river. I was alone in the woods and as usual had my main camp, the *bodega*, at the waterside. These *bodegas* are constructed of bamboo and leaves and are substantial enough to withstand the weather for months. On my excursions in quest of gold I carried as much food as was possible, returning to the *bodega* when hunger compelled it.

Thus I returned one day toward evening after an absence of three or four days. I had reached the top of the last hill, from which only the dense bush prevented my seeing the roof of my hut. The sun was nearing the horizon. Darkness falls quickly in the tropics and as I wanted to reach camp while it was still light, I concluded to leave the trail and take a short cut, sliding and scrambling down the hillside.

Hitched to my back I carried the home-made rubber sack, covered with the iron pan every prospector must have. These pans are shallow, about two feet in diameter, and are used for washing dirt in examining it for gold. A pick, shovel and machete completed my load, heavy and inconvenient to carry.

Tumbling down the hillside, I landed squarely against the trunk of a fallen tree. Mounting it, I was about to jump off its other side when I perceived the coils of a *tommygaw* just ahead and below me. I had already given my body the impetus which would carry it forward and it was too late to stop. Had I jumped straight ahead I would have undoubtedly landed upon and killed the snake, which was not a very large one. In my sudden fright, however, I twisted my body, fell and landed on my side with my head within eighteen inches of the serpent's head, which was at once raised in a threatening attitude. I have never experienced such a horror in all my life. Looking over my shoulder, I saw the monster strike three times in quick succession. Twice I heard her poison fangs strike the iron pan. Instinctively I rolled over backwards

toward the snake and pinned its head under my shoulder.

The loathsome body wriggled and twisted, beating the air. I grasped about, trying to reach the machete which had fallen from my hands. I could not see it and dared not lift my body. The snake endeavored to encoil me and as its body was momentarily laid across my face and my open mouth I sank my teeth into it.

A musky, indescribably obnoxious smell and taste permeated my whole being. My vision seemed to fail—there was complete darkness before my eyes, and I imagined myself dying. I rubbed my eyes and realized that I was safe. The crushed snake's entrails were still between my teeth.

I rose to a sitting position. Seeing my machete, I grasped it and tearing, cutting and chopping at the snake's body, rid myself of its gruesome touch.

I rose, sickened and nauseated. Running, rolling and sliding, I reached the valley and the stream. Slipping the rubber sack from off my back, I plunged into the water without stopping to undress. Lord, how I scrubbed

and washed, rinsed and scoured my mouth and body!

Darkness had fallen before I entered my hut. Fortunately I had saved a small portion of my last bottle of rum, just enough to quiet my nerves. It was a godsend.

When I examined my rubber sack the next morning, I found that the *tommygaw* had sunk its fangs into it and into the woolen blanket within. Its head and about six inches of the body were still hanging to it.

My interest in snakes visibly decreased after that day.

CHAPTER XII.

At Dawn I See Obea Practiced, and Shudder at the Sight.

IN telling about the laws governing Mosquitia, I mentioned that the practice of *obea*, a form of *voodoo*, the giving of love potions and other sorceries were forbidden. And very properly so, as the Mosquito Indian, a firm believer in their potency, resorts to these vile practices. A woman smitten with the charms of a man unapproachable to her is very apt to mix filth with her victim's food, her own excrements, or the skin scraped from her own *bulpis*-infected body, all of which is supposed to be a sure medium of obtaining the cherished love. *Bulpis* is a form of leprosy showing in white blotches, and the Mosquito Indians as well as the *sambo* population of the coast are much afflicted by it.

There are other forms of *obea* used in the cure of disease or to cast out devils, and it was my good fortune to witness an extremely impressive exhibition of it.

I was prospecting on the banks of the affluents of the Wawa River, the northern boundary of Mosquitia.

My food supply having given out, I was compelled to return to the coast, and not having a canoe, I made a raft and drifted down to a small trading post belonging to an old Jamaica darky named Beckford, where I had to await an opportunity to continue the journey with other travelers.

While I remained at Beckford's, two families of Soomoo Indians arrived and camped on the opposite side of the river. These families were composed of two men with two or three wives each and perhaps six children between them, all of which were ill. The parents applied to us for help. I visited the camp and looked the children over. I diagnosed ordinary worms such as children are often troubled with. There was not a bit of medicine about, and I could do nothing.

The Soomoos are a tribe of pure blooded Indians living on the upper courses of the rivers traversing Mosquitia and emptying into the Caribbean Sea. They are not related to the Mosquito Indians, have a language of their own, are peaceful and honest and have never,

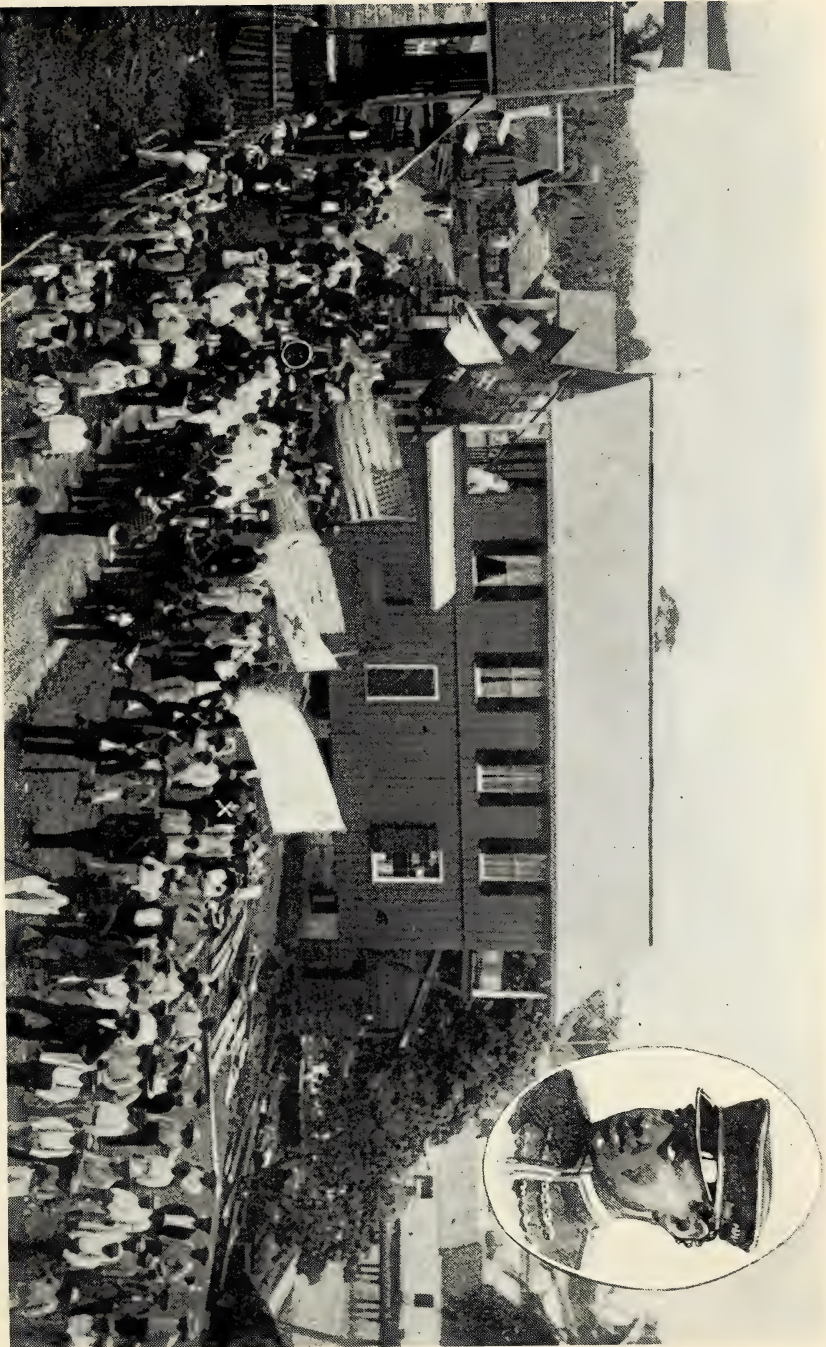
or up to that time had never, been baptized. They were savages, although timid ones, who still worshipped the gods of their fathers.

From conversations going on among them, I gathered that on the following day they intended to prevail upon their gods to restore the children's health, and Beckford, well acquainted with their habits, told me I would see real *obeas*, if I cared to get up early enough.

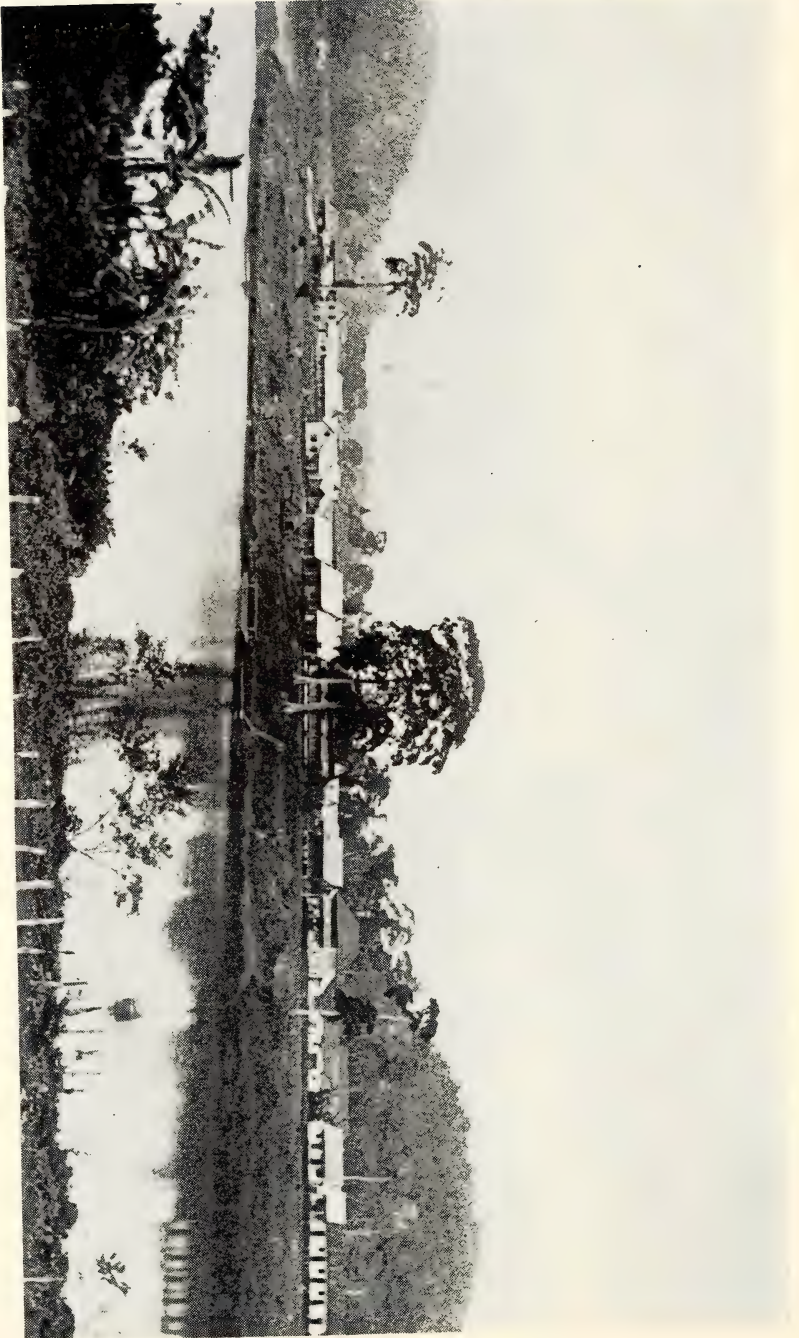
Next morning before daybreak I crossed the river and arrived in good time to witness a remarkable spectacle. In one of the leaf huts a small altar had been erected. A few leaves, covering a narrow structure about three or three and a half feet high. On it stood a small idol, rudely made of rubber.

Before this altar knelt one of the men. His tongue, bleeding profusely, was sticking out. It had been pierced with a fishbone to which was attached an ordinary heavy fishline, perhaps eight yards in length, and which the man himself pulled slowly through his tongue. The onlooking Indians meanwhile kept up a monotonous sing-song in low voices.

The other man, looking pale, put out his tongue, and proudly showed me where he



FOURTH OF JULY IN BLUEFIELDS, NICARAGUA, IN 1891. KING CLARENCE, LAST OF THE MONARCHS OF MOSQUITIA, APPEARS IN OVAL. HE IS DESIGNATED ALSO BY THE SMALL WHITE CIRCLE IN THE LARGE PICTURE, WHILE THE WHITE CROSS MARKS THE AUTHOR.



RAMA, NICARAGUA, IN 1891, AND THE ESCONDIDO RIVER, WHICH IS JOINED BY THE MICO JUST ABOVE THE TOWN AND FLOWS INTO THE CARIBBEAN AT BLUEFIELDS. MUCH OF THE AUTHOR'S TIME WAS SPENT IN RAMA WHILE HE WAS MANAGER OF A PLANTATION NEARBY.

had already suffered this self-imposed torture. When the Indian who was performing this expiation on my arrival had drawn the line completely through, he rose and joined the chanters, who, one after another, took his place and inflicted the same torture on themselves with smiling faces and without a whimper. The same fishbone and the same cord was used without cleaning it of its slime and blood.

The sight was repellant, turning me cold.

CHAPTER XIV.

*I Take Refuge in a Strange Hut and Wake to
Find Carmencita Bending Over Me.*

THERE were four vastly different peoples in that region—the mongrel Mosquito Indian, the pure and unbaptized aborigine still living in tribal relations in the dense forests, the Spanish speaking Indian of the countryside, and the population of the towns and cities.

The latter, though mostly of pure Indian blood, resent being called Indians and insist on being classed as Nicaraguans or Hondurans, according to what country they give allegiance. They are devout Catholics but are extremely untrustworthy. The unbaptized aborigine in the seclusion of his forests is usually an honest and faithful animal, distrustful of everybody, peaceful and timid, though there are exceptions. The Spanish speaking Indians of smaller villages are a class between these two, and so long as they have not come into too close contact with the towns-

people or with white men they are really good, though simple-minded folk.

To illustrate my point, I want to relate a little experience, which at the time may have appealed to my animal instinct only, but when one has reached the age where one is inclined to introspection and is given to moralize, it appeals strongly to one's better nature.

Through its worship of the Madonna, the church kindles the fire of love in the hearts of primitive women. It sublimates them and makes them crave motherhood for its own sake. It elevates them to real human beings entirely different from their unchristianized sisters, who are mere savages, no matter how timid and peaceful their particular tribe may be. The latter are not capable of affection to the extent of the former. Even the love of offspring depends a good deal on its sex. Only boys are wanted by these uncivilized people, and even there the mother's love depends a good deal on the child's physical fitness, while the Christian mother's love of her infant is only increased by its weakness and sickness. I do not want to be understood as saying that the savage is devoid of charity, but the non-savage certainly has more of it.

It was on one of the water courses emptying into the Escondido river. I had extended my prospecting trip until hunger and dire need compelled me to return to the coast and, not having a canoe, I floated down the river on a log to the nearest settlement, where I had to await an opportunity to proceed coastward with some chance traveler.

Thus I reached San Sebastian, a small village.

From afar I heard the monotonous beating of a tomtom and chanting and knew that something out of the ordinary was taking place.

Arriving and climbing up the rather steep bank, I perceived it to be a child's funeral. The corpse, covered with tinsel, leaves and flowers, was being carried on boughs adorned with the pictures of saints. The bereaved young mother, leading the procession, was chanting in chorus with thirty other women.

I was too hungry to pay much attention to the scene and inquiring for a *tienda* (a store), was referred to *Chico Padre*. The name *Chico Padre*, literally "little priest," denotes that its bearer is the offspring of a priest, and far from being a reproach, it insures him prominence.

He is frequently the leading man in smaller communities.

This particular *Chico Padre* kept what he proudly called a *tienda* and as I urgently needed clothing I was glad to buy his entire stock of wearing apparel, which consisted of one pair of cotton drawers, the buttonless kind, tied with ribbons at the waist and near the feet. These drawers had to serve me instead of trousers.

Purchasing also a forlorn looking can of salmon and helping myself to some bananas and guavas which everywhere grew abundantly, I retired to the shade of an *ebo* tree and stilled my craving for food.

A feast after a prolonged fast impels sleep and soon I was wrapt in a slumber from which I awoke in the middle of the night and during a heavy downpour of rain. I was chilled to the marrow and suffered terribly from a headache.

Thoroughly wet, I looked for shelter and unceremoniously entered the nearest hut, a proceeding not at all unusual in that part of the world. Lying down on the bare floor, I tried to sleep without either disturbing or being disturbed by the hut's rightful occupant.

Frequent bolts of lightning, temporarily illuminating the one-room hut I had entered, displayed to the eye a structure covered with flattened bamboo, which served as a bed. It was occupied, but whether by man or woman or by more than one person I could not discern.

I laid my forearm over my eyes, hoping to relieve my racking headache, and lay there sleepless for a long time. Feeling ill inside I arose and went outdoors. It was still raining steadily and the dawn was breaking.

In a little while I re-entered the hut, lay down again, and slept. Some time later I was awakened by a sense of the close proximity of some one, and looking up, I saw that it was a comely young woman. She bent over me and I told her I was ill. There was a flood of sympathy in her eyes.

"*Probrecito*" (poor fellow), she said and invited me to occupy her bed. Quite unabashed, she assisted me in stripping off my shoes, wet and muddy, the drawers I had purchased from *Chico Padre*, and my ragged undershirt. I lay down again and she covered me with a thin blanket.

Going to the fireplace, she started a fire, slipped out of her shirt, her only covering,

tucked a *toonoo* (a clothlike fabric made by pounding the bark of a tree) around her loins and went out into the rain.

Returning shortly with a bunch of plantains, she removed the *toonoo*, put her shirt on again and prepared breakfast. I had watched her closely and recognized her to be the young mother whose child had been buried the day before. She was good looking, well developed, and graceful in every movement.

In a short while she presented me with a calabash full of hot *vavool*, a thick flowing mush of ripe plantains. I drank eagerly, the warmth relieved my headache and ill-feeling, and I soon succumbed to slumber.

It was afternoon when I awoke and I was alone. Rising and looking for my clothes, I found them washed and hanging outside in the sun, now brightly shining. I put them on and looked about the neighborhood.

The village was composed of less than thirty thatched huts, some of them being without walls and merely composed of a roof, sheltering a hammock. There was not much life stirring and finding *Chico Padre's* house closed—it was the only one provided with a

door, which was fastened by being tied with a bit of fibre—I returned to the hut where I had spent the night.

I sat on the edge of the bed, the only seat in the house, and while the food was cooking listened to Carmencita—that was my hostess' name—as she told me her story.

During the Zelaya revolution two years before, the soldiers came to the village and pressed into service all the young men who had failed to hide in the brush. Five men, including her young husband, Carlos, were thus impressed. Tied together with ropes, though they were officially known as "volunteers," they were taken down to Rama and shipped to the interior by way of Greytown. Four of them returned, but not her Carlos. He was killed in a skirmish near Granada. Her only child, Carlitos, named after the father, was born three days after the press gang had paid their unwelcome visit, and now it had pleased God to call him to the angels.

Carmencita told her story in a simple and charming way. She did not give way to visible mourning though she exclaimed many an "*Ay de mi*" when she spoke of the sweetness

of her baby or the prowess of her Carlos in hunting and fishing.

Night had fallen. A pine torch gave a flickering light and I was still sitting on the edge of the bed. Carmencita sat down beside me. I had to tell her about my own people and was amused by her naive questions. "Do all your people have such beautiful blue eyes, such pretty golden hair? Are they all as fair of skin as you?" she asked, and felt inquisitively with her hands.

We were both young and before long we were holding each other in tender embrace.

Suddenly she pushed me aside and, jumping up, crossed the room to a little altar, such as one finds there in every household. It consisted of a cheap chromo of Mary and the Christ-child hung on the wall. Below it was a small board upon which stood the cross with the Crucified One and around it all, suspended from the wall, were the pictures of four or five saints.

Making the sign of the cross, Carmencita turned the pictures toward the wall, covered the crucifix with a bit of cloth, and returned to me.

"Why do you do that?" I asked. "The mother of Jesus must not see us in sin," she replied. "Is it a sin?" was my further inquiry. Instead of an answer she said: "Heaven has sent you to me and now you are my saint."

Two weeks passed. During the rainy season the fish catch is not very abundant. Traps, set out along the river's bank were visited twice a day and their contents prepared for the kitchen. Twice I accompanied the young men on their hunts. Wild hogs, running in droves, leave the bottoms during the rainy season and to follow them into the higher mountain ranges requires considerable time and effort. It amused me to watch Carmencita's face glowing with pleasure when my companions told of my prowess—and how they lied. But it was only done to flatter me and to please the young woman.

One morning I awoke to find myself alone. I got up and going outside found Carmencita visibly disturbed. "What is the matter?" I asked. There were tears in her eyes as she told me she was unwell. I did not understand her until she explained that it was a woman's natural sickness. "Is that all?" I

said chidingly. "Oh!" she replied, looking sadder yet, "I had so hoped to become a mother again, but now Charlie Tara is here on his way to the mines. His men will return in a few days and you will go away with them." She cried as she spoke and wistfully put her arm around mine.

Charlie Tara was a tall Englishman, a prospector, who lived on the coast. His real name was Collins, but the Indians called him *Tara*, which means big or tall.

It was ten or twelve days before his men passed our village on their return trip. During these days, Carmencita was more lovable and affectionate than ever. Her sadness soon made room for a silent joy of hope. I could not help feeling piqued, as I could plainly perceive that it was not my personality nor presence that she craved, or that my approaching departure caused her any pangs—it was nothing but her unstilled longing for motherhood.

The pictures on her wall had long been changed back to their proper positions and Carmencita not only offered regular prayers for her fruitfulness, but even induced me, an unbeliever, to join her. I could not deny her

such a small favor. Even if her childlike faith in the efficacy of prayer caused me amusement, I was deeply touched at her naiveté and pureness of heart.

The last night of my stay had arrived. Carmencita with the help of other villagers prepared a feast for me. The Indians with whom I was to travel participated and a good time was had by all.

Traveling with light baggage, I needed no extensive preparation and within a few minutes after rising early the next morning and drinking a calabashful of hot *vavool*, I bade San Sebastian farewell. Carmencita was tender and winsome—fond hope and fervent belief made her more lovable than ever. After a last embrace, I took my seat in the canoe, the Indians pushed clear of the bank, and for a minute the boats drifted idly. Carmencita ran along the bank shouting final good-byes and recommending me to God. A last waving of the hands, and a bend in the river parted us from view.

From the nearest town, Rama, I sent her a few trifling presents, including a baby's hammock provided with mosquito netting. Whether she ever had an opportunity of us-

ing it, I do not know. I had fully intended to go up the same river again and meant to stop at San Sebastian for a few days; but extensive placers having been discovered up the Prinzapulca River, I journeyed northward instead and never saw Carmencita again.

CHAPTER XIV.

I Get Lost in the Jungle and Old Man Bate- man's Specter Comes to Me.

AFTER leaving the coast stretches with their lagoons, swamps and everglades, the traveler going up any of the Nicaraguan river courses enters a delightful country. When the first waterfalls or rapids are passed, one encounters no more mosquitoes. The mountains are not high. The highest ones, within a hundred or more miles of the sea coast, scarcely approach four thousand feet. There is a plentitude of water. Brooks and rivulets run down every mountainside, and there is no stagnant water anywhere, which is probably the reason for the healthfulness of climate.

Carnivorous animals, dangerous to man, are absent. The most ferocious one, the jaguar, is glad to be left alone. I had but one personal encounter with one. It was a female suckling her young. We approached her unawares. There were three of us in the party and Mrs. Jaguar had no chance for her life at all. The

ocelot or tiger-cat, much smaller than the jaguar, will rob henroosts but never attacks man. They are very pretty animals and while one may wander through the woods for months and never come within sight of one, it does happen occasionally that a tiger-cat is encountered in a place where it would never be expected. Once I was burning the underbrush in preparing soil for an enlargement of the plantation at Rama. While I was taking a rest, seated on the hollow trunk of a fallen tree, an ocelot crawled out of the same log. It sat down within three yards of me and stayed for at least a minute. Eyeing me curiously, it finally walked slowly away.

The mountain lion, always a coward, is plentiful and absolutely harmless, as is the brushdog.

Snakes of many kinds are common but seldom does one hear of any person being bitten. In fact, no snake ever deliberately attacks a human being. A sudden disturbance of her rest is always the cause of attack. As it is almost impossible to travel through the woods without noise, all animals are warned of the approach of man and disappear in good time.

While many pestiferous insects make life miserable on the coast and in the lowlands, in higher altitudes the jigger or *guarapate* is about the only thing of which a reasonable man may complain. Operating in plural number, they are small, red, crablike lice which cover the low brush and, attaching themselves to the passerby, fasten themselves to the skin, where they hang on till their blood-thirst is satiated. As a precaution we used to carry potassium permanganate. A weak solution used as a wash at night, or a bit of tobacco juice applied in like manner, makes them take their leave at once. This pest, however, exists only during the dry season. The first rains cause the jigger to disappear.

As a precaution against vampires we used to carry a mosquito bar. These beasts approach man so tenderly that one is not apt to awaken from the lightest slumber. It seems to me that they only attach themselves to the forehead, at the hairline, or to the toes. At least, they never attacked me in any other place. The wound continues to bleed after the vampire is gone, so that smaller animals often bleed to death.

A few days' travel from the swampy coast I never knew of any sickness that could be ascribed to the climate. People sickened from starvation and subsequent overfeeding, or from the results of accidents. Indeed, were it not so, we could never have lived the life we necessarily led—and enjoy it as we did. The river, alive with fish that needed no artificial devices to make them take the bait; virgin forests, dense and cool; several varieties of wood that could be ignited in any kind of weather. Leaves of such size and shape as to be natural shingles and which enabled us to build a hut in half an hour, a hut that would keep us dry in the severest rain, made the land simply a paradise. Of course, one needed an understanding of woodcraft; but I never saw a white man or negro yet who could not learn to beat any Indian in this wonderful science in a comparatively short time.

Though I was a novice at mining, fortune had smiled on me and I had blindly fallen into possession of a good claim. My nearest neighbor was Old Man Bateman, a ship's engineer, who had left his vessel in Bluefields and resolved to try his luck in the mines. Our camps were seven miles apart and we changed about,

visiting each other every week. Leaving camp Saturday noon, I would visit until Sunday evening and then return to my own habitation. He would do likewise in his turn. One Saturday it was Bateman's turn to come to my camp, but as the rainy season had just set in and as a heavy rain was falling, I did not expect him and did not feel alarmed at his non-appearance.

Several days passed in customary labor. On Friday evening, however, two of Bateman's Indian laborers arrived and asked why their employer had failed to return. It transpired that the old man had left his camp in spite of the threatening weather and as he had neither arrived at my camp nor returned to his, it was clear that something had happened to him.

The two Indians and I at once began a thorough search. It was impossible to find Bateman's trail. The heavy rains had washed away every possible mark. The woods had been much traversed by rubber hunters, leaving such a labyrinth of small trails that one easily became confused. . . . At last, on Sunday evening, we found Bateman, after he had wandered a week and a day. He was

stark naked except for his shoes, the briars having torn his clothes to shreds. He was starved to exhaustion and, worse than that, a raving maniac.

This tragedy occurred not far from Quiquina, on the Prinzapulca river. We carried Bateman thither and sent him to the coast and to Brooklyn, New York, his home. I had a letter from his daughter after a while in which she stated that the old man had arrived and had to be taken to an asylum. He was sixty-five years old.

About one year later, I had struck a fair prospect on the headwaters of Wawa river and a considerable distance to the south of that stream. I returned to the coast for supplies and laborers, and reckoning that I could reach my claim easier by going up the Kokolaya river, whose headwaters lay nearer to my point of destination, I resolved to travel by the route that stream afforded.

Three Indians and one white man, Bernau, accompanied me and we made the unnamed creeks, composing the Kokolaya's headwaters, after a three weeks' journey. When the condition of water and mountain made further headway by boat impossible we stopped and

I sent Bernau with the Indians, loaded down with supplies, to find his way to my claim, in the neighborhood of which several negroes were washing gold.

Bernau returned on the second day without having been able to reach his goal. Next day the Indians and I left camp, leaving Bernau there, and started in the right direction. In the early afternoon we met a couple of Soomoo Indians, rubber cutters, and as my Indians spent more time gossiping with them than I thought we could afford to lose, I commanded them to *vappee vap*, which is Mosquito for "get a move on." They had no inclination to do so and I foolishly and impatiently abused them. Then they became peeved and I could not prevail on them to travel until I had made a threatening motion toward the pistol I carried in my holster. Now they *vappee vapped* and there were no more complaints on that day.

We arrived late in the evening, deposited the baggage and returned to the river early in the morning.

Traveling in single file, one of the Indians, Salomon, was walking behind me. Suddenly I saw that my pistol was gone. It had dropped

out of the holster, where I had seen it about a minute before. I turned back to look for it and told the Indians to keep on going, as I would soon catch up with them. Searching high and low, I failed to find my gun, but lost my bearings in the labyrinth of rubber cutters' trails.

Rubber cutter trails never consist of more than machete cuts, clearing away some impassable brush. They usually lead to some spot from which the hunter may obtain a view in his search for rubber trees. I followed hundreds of these leads and finally became thoroughly bewildered. I could not even find the trail we had traveled the evening before and the same morning.

To provide fire we had carried flint, steel and tinder box. I had a few matches and while they lasted always left the more cumbersome though certain flint outfit to the Indians. My matches became spoiled through moisture and when evening fell and I tried to build a fire I was in difficulty. Match after match failed and I finally had to spend the night fireless.

It is all right for a man to know that he need not fear wild beasts. But let him be

alone in a wilderness, have lost his bearings and have the specter of a victim of the same circumstance rise before his eyes, as Old Man Bateman's specter did before mine, and he will lose his feeling of security.

As night fell I espied the trunk of a gigantic tree lying from bank to bank across a creek. The tree had not been felled long and its wood was still green, as were the immense vines which had clambered up its side and were now hanging, hammock like, from its trunk. Here I concluded to spend the night. Beating the vines with my machete to free them from snakes or other inhabitants, I crawled within their network and after a while went to sleep.

I awoke in the middle of the night. A stream of blood was running down my face. A vampire had fed on me. I could just reach the water beneath me, and with a wetted handkerchief bathed my face and stopped the bleeding. I resolved not to go to sleep again. But drowsiness overtook me and I again fell to nodding.

Then I was aroused by a loud splashing and tramping. Immediately I was all attention and in the bright moonlight I saw a tapir tearing helter-skelter toward me. I yelled in sud-

den fright. The beast stopped for less than a second, long enough for me to see something crouched on its back. It was a jaguar. The tapir took the bank to my left at one bound. The jaguar left its mount and for a half a minute at least stood there eyeing me. I was thoroughly frightened. I tried to yell again, hoping to rid myself of the beast's presence, but I could not utter a note until after it had walked leisurely away

It required no effort to stay awake the rest of the night, during which I did a great deal of pondering on the direction I must take to reach camp. I knew I must take a course generally south, but whether to bear toward west or east I knew not.

So I resolved to pay no more attention to any trail, and as soon as it was daylight I started out to find my own way by keeping in a southerly direction. I soon found this to be impossible. Too often did I find the way into the right direction barred by impenetrable thickets, by ravines and steep mountainsides or other obstacles. Bent on going as straight as possible, I would slide down steep declivities. Thorns and briars tore my clothes and flesh

and before long I was almost naked and bleeding from innumerable cuts and bruises.

Night fell and I saw no succor. Hunger, strangely, did not make itself felt; I had not given it any thought at all. I had tried often to climb high trees, hoping thus to make my cries heard by Bernau and the Indians, whom I expected to be searching for me. The second night I spent in a hut which I built of large leaves. I did not close one eye throughout the long hours. The figure of Bateman, as we had found him demented and starved, was ever before me. I made many mental resolves not to give way to despair, to search diligently for food, wild plums, palm nuts and birds' eggs so as to keep myself physically fit. But Bateman's specter kept coming back.

Another day passed in ceaseless wanderings. I did not search for food very intently, but did rejoice when I ran across the nest of a mountain hen with five or six sea-green eggs in it. Alas, fresh eggs were not in season and all of them contained embryo chicks. That day was the most terrible of my rampage. My throat became so sore that I could hardly bear to swallow a little water. I was completely

naked, barring my shoes, having even lost my cap.

With the approaching night I became hopeless. I did not build a hut that evening. "What is the use?" said I to myself. "When Bernau finds you, you will be like old Bateman was, anyway."

I sat down at the foot of a gigantic ebo tree and leaned against its roots, which, wall-like, extended many yards in all directions. I thought of home and the old folks and resolved to die there in that spot without any further attempt to reach camp. Better, I thought, to stay there and go to sleep without ever waking up than to suffer Bateman's fate.

Then a strange calmness came over me. So long as I fought and struggled, climbed mountains and slid down ravines in desperate attempts to save myself, I grew excited and nervous, until I could not have been far from insanity. Now, as I composed myself to an apparently unavoidable fate I became quiet, my nerves were soothed and I went to sleep like an infant. The night air chilled my unclothed body and I did not sleep long. I felt the soft wingbeat of a vampire close to my head and resolved not to ward off its threaten-

ing bite. But an involuntary movement on my part must have scared it away and I patiently awaited its return, even stopping my shivering, a mute appeal and an invitation to this at other times obnoxious animal.

As I lay thus in resignation my brain began to work. Why not follow the nearest of the many creeks downward? It surely must lead to the river. If it strikes the river above the camp you are bound to reach it and should it strike the river below camp you undoubtedly will recognize many a rapid, fall or other scene so laboriously passed on the upstream journey. Simple, indeed, and I wondered why I had not been able to think of it before.

All my resignation left me in a jiffy. I awaited daybreak with impatience and as soon as it was light enough to see I was on my way. Following the first creek, I made the river about ten o'clock and at noon was safely in camp, which had been deserted.

Not all my provisions had been removed. I found flour there and lard, as well as some of my own wearing apparel. Bernau or the Indians had slept in camp that night and there was still an ember in the fireplace, which I soon fanned into a good blaze.

I remained there all day, nursed my bruises, clothed my body and cooked food. But I could not eat; my throat was too sore. On the next morning I started along the trail to my claim. Towards noon I reached a place where the trail apparently stopped at the bank of a creek, but, crossing the water, I failed to find its continuation. The creek was broad and shallow and had been converted into something like a quagmire. After vainly looking for the place where the trail left this bog, I resolved to camp there, as my men were undoubtedly looking for me and traveling between camp and claim.

My calculation was right. It was not long till I heard shots fired in the neighborhood. Bernau and the Indians were looking for me and were firing signal shots. I could hardly use my voice, but, going in the direction of the shots, I soon met the searching party.

We reached the claim at dusk and I was no worse for the experience. To the contrary, I developed a remarkably acute sense of location and never lost my way again.

CHAPTER XV.

My Boat Sinks Under Me in Shark-Infested Waters.

LARGE vessels cannot enter Bluefields Bay, the water being much too shallow. The Custom House, therefore, had been built on Bluefields Bluff, an eminence on the channel, a distance of twelve miles from town.

Dr. Osterhout, practicing medicine in Bluefields, prepared a proprietary medicine, a fever mixture bearing his name, and engaged me to paint an advertisement on the walls of the Custom House at the bluff.

The doctor had a steam launch, the *Pickpocket*, and this little boat conveyed me to the bluff one morning. It was agreed that he was to send for me towards evening, when my work was supposed to be finished.

Evening came, but no *Pickpocket* was in sight. Nobody lived at the bluff and there being no shelter, I dreaded the long night with the mosquitoes, the flies and other vermin.

Thompson McGee, an Irishman, was constructing a new pier a short distance down-

channel. His camp was out of my sight and as I did not know the channel's course, I could not be sure of the direction. Besides, the bluff was surrounded by impenetrable swamp, jungle and mangrove thickets. Walking therefore was impossible, at least at such a late hour. The sun was very near the horizon and darkness impended.

My only alternative to spending the night shelterless was in making Thompson's camp with an old canoe lying on the sand. It was a wreck, its prow containing a large hole on its starboard side, and numerous cracks running along its entire length made its use rather risky.

Nevertheless, I determined to reach Thompson with this derelict. I dragged it to the water, took a seat well astern and, propelling it with a piece of board, allowed the swift current to carry me down stream.

The ebb tide was at its highest, and no sooner had I pushed clear of the shore than I was carried seaward at a dreadful speed. Within a short time I saw the new pier and in a couple of minutes more was almost abreast of it. Every effort to bring my frail boat to was in vain.

I understood my predicament at once. To be carried out into the shark-infested open ocean in an almost bowless canoe meant death.

A last desperate effort to manage my boat, half filled with water, only caused it to fill completely and sink under me.

I kicked out as I sank, impelled my body toward the pier and luckily managed to grasp hold of the last and farthest pile. There I hung, yelling for help, while the current almost swept my legs from under me. But no help came; no one heard me, the ocean's roar drowning my loudest calls.

I tried to climb the pile, a sheer impossibility, as it was encased in sheet zinc, smooth and slippery. The only roughness was in the seam, where a row of copper tacks secured its overlapping edges.

Gathering all my strength and taking advantage of the overlapping metal, I finally succeeded in drawing myself clear of the water. One of the copper tacks, the thickness of a match, had not been driven completely home. That saved me.

But I could not stay there very long, a few minutes at the best, and my only salvation lay

in the timely arrival of help. Possibly Thompson or some member of his crew might come out for a stroll. Could I keep my hold that long? And I redoubled my efforts to make my voice heard.

Night, densely dark, had set in. I could see nothing but the glistening of the water in the starlight, the fins of numerous sharks and their phosphorescent bodies gliding through the water. One big fellow shot toward me, leaving a streak of flame in his wake. I could see him, right below me, sniffing the pile onto which I clung in desperation.

Something touched my head, time and again, some object swaying to and fro in the wind. I felt it again, keeping touch with my forehead for a second or two. It was a rope and I quickly grabbed it. While stretching out my hand for it I wondered, fearfully, whether it was a piece of loose rope and whether it would hold me. Fortunately, it was fastened and after I had pulled it down for half a foot or so it came to a stop. It was not a heavy rope, perhaps a half inch in diameter, and its end was spliced into a loop large enough to permit slipping my arm through it up to the pit. I still straddled the

pile, but my hold now was much securer and required less effort.

Even at that I could not stay there all night. Minutes passed like hours; an hour or two seemed an eternity. All the flow of blood in my left arm, which was stuck through the loop, had ceased, the entire member becoming lifeless. My legs, still wrapped tightly around the zinc-covered pile, were in the same condition, and as the time passed without bringing me the needed help I became painfully aware of the horror of my situation.

I had often seen Mosquito Indians and West India negroes give battle to sharks. A fairly good swimmer and diver, armed with a good knife, is always a match against a single shark, at least one of the variety abounding in these waters. Of course, no man would dream of such an exploit when alone. There must be admiring spectators. Then, too, one shark is enough for the greatest daredevil. I was alone. If I took to the water I must expect to be attacked by an entire school. And I looked below, trying to pierce the intense darkness. But the shadow cast by the pier above me was too dense.

To fight a monster of the deep was one of the few foolish things I had never undertaken. My near-sightedness handicapped me as a diver. For all that, now I had to screw up my courage. It was the only apparent alternative to death.

I have always felt mysteriously awed at night by the heaving and sinking of black masses of water. As some people feel themselves drawn by some unfathomable force which seems to bid them jump into space when looking from some high elevation, so have I often felt an involuntary impulse to throw myself into the black brine when, standing on pier or on shipboard, I contemplated the ocean's immensity. It is a feeling akin to the effect of a narcotic. I dream of nothing in particular and merely sense a longing to embrace eternity.

Needful to such a state of mind is the suspension of voluntary mind activity. That condition was totally absent under present circumstances. I wanted to live, and was willing to fight for life, though with one arm and both legs utterly useless the chances were much against me.

I carried a fairly large jack-knife. It was in my right pocket and accessible to the arm still embracing the timber. Loosening my hold, I inserted the hand into my pocket. My benumbed legs refused to serve; I lost all control over them and was now swinging by the left arm from a slender rope. Up to now I had felt no pain in this arm—merely the deadness and numbness caused by the stoppage of blood circulation. But now, my whole weight hanging by it, the pain became intense.

With difficulty I obtained my knife and, holding the handle of it between my teeth, succeeded in opening it. I cut the rope above me and plunged into the black depth beneath.

There was the sensation of a long drop—my head swam. . . . But there was no splash. Instead I fell into mud and slime. I had forgotten all about the outgoing tide and could have walked ashore in all safety anguished ages ago.

CHAPTER XVI.

Palmer and I Go Up the Wanks River Without Indians, Seeking Gold.

FOUR years and more I spent in Mosquitia in venturesome journeys up its water courses, traversing its virgin forests and climbing its mountains. Four years filled with hardships and privations. But the ever-present dangers lent their charms, and retrospect makes that time the most spicy of my life. Youth, physical ability and will overcame every obstacle. A life free of our conventionalities, a life as close to nature as only a savage can live. Ineffable joy!

Palmer, an Englishman, and I, having heard of rich placers in the wild southern district of Olancho, in Honduras, but not having sufficient capital to hire Indians, left Cape Gracias in a small boat and with hardly a couple of weeks' provender paddled our way up the Wanks river. We made up our minds to live on the land, hunt and fish and traverse the country to the north of this river, which

forms the frontier of Nicaragua and Honduras.

After eight days' travel up this picturesque and wildest stream of all Central America, we reached and ascended a tributary flowing from the north. Then five days' journey up that wild torrent and we gained the farthest point we could possibly make by boat. It was a spot of such beauty as I never had seen before or since. Two brooks tumbling down steep mountainsides in a multitude of cascades, joined in a clear, deep and quiet pool. A sight that ravished the senses and made the spirit sing. Athirst for nature's beauties, it created in me just one thought: a feeling of thankfulness. And as a devout man will fold his hands in prayer of thanks for a plentiful meal, just so did I offer thanks, mentally at least, for this wonder, so suddenly brought to my view.

My companion, however, was not of that kind. He thought of the steep mountains ahead of us, which we reckoned would take us between two and three weeks to traverse. He balked and tried to persuade me to prospect in the region where we were. I felt that fortune awaited me in the north and after a few

hours arguing and debating we divided our tools and provisions and separated.

My load was heavy and cumbersome. I carried a shotgun and ammunition, a small pick, shovel, machete and pan. Besides that I had my blanket, some clothes and twenty-odd pounds of beans, flour and sundries, in all sixty pounds of an unhandy load. There was not a trail, not a machete mark, nor any sign that human beings had ever penetrated the generous vegetation of the valley. I climbed slowly but steadily on and when evening made me think of preparing for a night's rest I was at a greater altitude than I had ever been in Mosquitia.

I felt lonely that night, and regretted having parted company with Palmer. Yet to be all alone in the wilds was not new to me; in fact, I usually traveled alone. My position in Central America was a peculiar one. German born, I held my native land and its people in high esteem. But in the States I had become Americanized in spirit and cherished many pleasant memories, for in retrospect even misery loses its sting and pain becomes something akin to pleasure.

It is not possible for a white man to become naturalized at heart in hybrid Central America. One may live there all his life, cherish the country's beauty and appreciate its people's virtues, but to become one of them, unreservedly, is impossible. As a rule, the foreigner there will develop a greater love for his native land than he would have been capable of had he stayed at home. I had become a genuine Hyphen, something that perhaps should not be, but is. When my German friends talked nonsense about America I was all American, and when, what happened just as frequently, Americans talked as foolishly about Germany, I was all German. In consequence I usually sat between two chairs, so to speak, and was not fully accepted by either. Thus I formed but few friendships with white men. Instead of that I developed a habit of staying aloof and of observing.

For five days I marched steadily up hill. At every water course I stopped and washed a few pans of dirt. Gold dust in small pieces up to the size of a half grain of rice I found everywhere, but nowhere were the indications tempting enough to invite closer inspection.

The productivity of a placer does not depend solely on the amount of metal won out of each pan of dirt. The place must be accessible. A man may be able to work for some time, while living on the proceeds of the chase. But game is not always obtainable and at best hunting takes too much valuable time. In Mosquitia we hardly ever considered the first cost of our provisions. The extraordinary difficulties of transportation up the river equalized things, so that we estimated almost everything at a pennyweight of gold for a pound of goods.

Finally came the end of my up-hill march and before me to the north lay the tableland and farther on the alluvial plains of Honduras. On my way I had passed immense pine forests, but here on the mountain crest vegetation was sparse.

I had been fortunate in shooting two pecaries and had stopped to barbecue their meat, which had provided most of my meals. Pecary meat is good eating, but you must not eat it exclusively for days in succession. It has a strong, gamy flavor, and I had grown so tired of it that even the smell became obnoxious to me. Feeling sure I would be able

to obtain venison I threw away what was left. My stock of flour was gone and I had very little rice and beans. There was a great scarcity of water, without which my provisions were of no avail. Soon I reached a land of open forests, mostly oak and pine, occasionally broken by stretches of *savannah* or prairie. The clouds hung low and the atmosphere was moist and cold. Twice I met grazing deer, but failed to bag any of them. My gun was a double-barrelled muzzle-loader. At my first shot the cap exploded but failed to ignite the moist powder. I withdrew the other load, inserted fresh charges, and hoped for another chance. It came soon enough. My gun was in readiness, but when I pulled the trigger and the cap exploded there was a sizzling noise of slowly burning powder lasting just long enough that when the discharge finally came my game was out of sight.

The land before me fell away in terraces, watercourses were few, and they bore no trace of gold. At the first little rivulet I cooked the scanty remainder of my provisions. After a short rest I followed its general course down to the lowlands.

I kept no reckoning of time and do not remember how many days had passed since I left Palmer before I came to a country the nature of which resembled that of my accustomed haunts on the Mosquito shore. It was two or three weeks before I again reached bottomlands with tropical growths and a brisk running mountain brook, large enough to harbor good-sized fish, and though I had no more salt I relished my catches immensely.

There are some wonderful relatives of our pike or pickerel living in the rapids and waterfalls of these streams. They are so eager to take the bait that a bit of white rag attached to the hook is quite sufficient. During the dry season, when the water is clear, they are caught so easily and quickly that in five minutes one man may catch more than five men can eat. The Mosquito Indians call them *shreek*. An extremely bony fish, but if one knows how to prepare it fish bones are no obstacle at all. One cuts the flesh into very thin slices, cutting from both sides to the backbone so that the entire fish still hangs together. It is then laid on a *kickareeh*, a structure of green twigs upon which we did our barbecueing, and baked crisp over a smokeless fire. A frying

pan will do as well. The fine bones thus cut into very small pieces are no longer noticed. I still use the same method at home now whenever we choose to have any bony fish.

Of course I did not know where I was. Neither did I care much. I knew that the brook I had reached must eventually flow into the great Patuca river, which empties into the Bay of Honduras. I also knew that I could not starve and was bound to meet Indians sooner or later.

I followed the creek bed as continually as I could, washing a few pans of dirt where I considered it worth while and finding traces of gold everywhere. I was not prepared now for a very systematic prospect and was more concerned in finding human beings and a source of needed supplies.

The creek, fed by many brooklets, increased in size and I was contemplating building a raft with which to drift downstream when I arrived at a deserted hut. It was situated just below some extensive rapids and as it was the first indication of man I had encountered I rightfully considered this spot the farthest point attainable by boat.

It was in the early afternoon, and as there was a little clump of fruit trees, such as bananas and plantains, I decided to stay there over night and enjoy a much needed change of diet. In the morning I intended to tie a couple of sticks of bamboo together and float down stream. Two sticks of bamboo the thickness of a man's thigh are sufficient for him to float upon. There were too many rapids and falls to permit the use of a wide raft.

The most delicate fruit or vegetable, perhaps, is the *zoopah*, a nut-bearing palm. This is a very large, straight and majestic tree, growing, like all palms, a cluster of leaves and bunches of fruit at the top. The base of the trunk is protected by an armor of briars, thickly covering the tree up to about twelve or fifteen feet from the bottom. The crown, and the fruit hanging from it about twice that distance from the girdle of thorns, are difficult to reach. The nut itself is not edible, but the husk enclosing the nut, baked or boiled, is a treat for a king. It is nearly round, about one to one and a half inches in diameter and of a russet color.

There were several of these *zoopah* trees, all of them bearing ripe fruit, and I resolved to feast on them. A primitive ladder was there, such as the Indians use. It consisted of a single thick pole of bamboo. The top end was notched to allow it to rest against the trunk of a tree. Along its length notches were cut alternating right and left and in convenient stepping distance from each other.

This bamboo ladder I placed against the trunk of one of the *zoopahs*, the end of it reaching a foot or so above the thorns, and taking a thin and long bamboo with which to beat the fruit from the stem, I ascended. I could not quite reach the cluster of nuts above me and therefore climbed a short distance. Down came a plentiful harvest, but when I, in climbing down again, tried to reach the ladder with my feet I somehow knocked it over, and there I was, up a tree with twelve feet of briars, six inches and more in length, between me and terra firma. Unfortunately, I had also dropped the longer bamboo to the ground as soon as its purpose had been served.

There was no use in staying where I was and the arrival of help was out of the question. To jump backwards from a straddle hold

seemed impossible; to slide down was more impossible still. A predicament indeed.

Just how I managed I cannot tell, but somehow I strained and worked trying to evade the briars as much as was feasible. Then I simply dropped. It was a slow fall and when I reached earth I was in a horrible condition. The insides of my legs were torn, as was my diaphragm. Thorns broken off were sticking in my flesh. Not one or two, but many dozens—maybe a hundred or more. I still have the scars.

My appetite was completely quelled. I pulled out a lot of thorns, went to the river, and washed out my wounds, which bled profusely. My only shirt was converted into bandages, and I prepared to occupy one of the native sleeping *kickareehs*, the same as the cooking *kickareehs* previously described, except much larger and covered with flattened bamboo.

Hardly had I laid down when I was covered with fleas. I was black with them. My only recourse was to set fire to the hut. I hoped that Indians, seeing the smoke, might come to investigate and find me and relieve my distress. The dry wood and the leaf roof

burned in a high flame, while I returned to the river, bathed again to get rid of the fleas, and painfully prepared a new shelter.

Next morning I was so sore I could hardly set one foot before the other, and as I had a sufficiency of fruits and vegetables as well as fish, I determined to stay a while. There was the *cassava*, a vegetable akin to the potato; the *plantain*, a cooking banana, and other foods. I made my temporary home as comfortable as I could and waited for succor.

Soon my wounds began to fester. Many thorns, deeply imbedded in the flesh, were invisible. Others were in such places as to be out of reach of my eye. I had no mirror. Narcissus-like, I examined my reflection in the water, a poor substitute for a looking glass.

CHAPTER XVII.

Alone, I Find the Gold, and Meet With Friendly Savages.

THREE or four days passed and I found no relief. I was feverish and at the end of my wits for help. I had made a small raft of dry bamboo, but did not feel physically able to travel. The water, except for spots, was not deep enough to float a raft carrying my weight. I knew I would have to wade considerable distances. At other places I would encounter stretches where fallen trees, especially bamboo, covered the water and would make progress laborious. On the other hand, I could expect Indian villages or single huts like the one I had already found.

But I had to find help and I started off. My walk was slow and painful. I was forced to keep my legs far apart, but as I felt that I could walk with less pain in the water than I could on land and as jumping on and off my little raft pained more than either, I merely kept hold of it, walked and made headway slowly.

I made an early start. Late in the afternoon I reached the junction of another stream. The water now became deep enough to allow my keeping my seat on the raft, maintaining its position in the middle of the current with a long bamboo pole. Towards evening I drifted into very deep water with almost no current. The banks widened considerably and became steep. I knew that in all probability I was nearing a waterfall or rapid but though I strained my ears I could hear no sound.

The sun was near the treetops when I heard the faint barking of a dog. To wield my pole was painful exercise, but I gritted my teeth and worked. Before long I saw the smoke of fire rising high to the heavens and I redoubled my efforts. By evening I had reached an Indian village and, stepping ashore, toiled up a precipitous bank.

The village was much like those I had visited in the land of the *Soomoos*. It consisted in the main of one large palm-leaf roof which sheltered five families of about forty-five people. Each family, composed of the *pater familia* with from one to three wives and children, had its own fireplace and sleeping

place, which, however, were not separated, but visible from any angle.

As soon as I approached all but the elder men and the oldest women ran into the bush, from which they did not return until called by the men, long after darkness had set in.

My greeting in Mosquito of "*Noxah mamee!*" elicited no response. Neither did an English good evening, while the Spanish "*Buenas noches!*" caused a hesitating reply accompanied by suspicious glances. Their knowledge of Spanish was still more limited than mine, but I managed to explain my needs to them.

It was plain to me that I was not very welcome. I could not travel farther, however, and I would not have gone on even if I had been able. Beyond giving me a calabashful of plantain mush and some boiled fish presented on a palmleaf the Indians did not evidence any hospitality. I sat down near the fire and later on lay under the common roof, where I spent the night.

Next morning the men grew more communicative and friendly. I found out that they called themselves Payas and belonged to

the greater tribe of Toascos. Their name of Paya is derived from the stream on the banks of which they live, a tributary of the Gualambre, which empties into the Patuca River. Later I discovered that they kept aloof from the Spanish speaking Indians, renegades, who were Christianized and called themselves Honduranians. The same conditions which I had found to obtain in Nicaragua, on the eastern coast, obtained here also, and I soon was aware of what I must do and how I must speak in order to gain their confidence.

I showed them my wounds and they at once administered to my needs. Festering sores were opened and thorns were removed, a *kickareeh* was prepared for me and I was made as comfortable as circumstances permitted. Only the young women stayed aloof and whenever one of them ventured to satisfy her curiosity and came near me or even addressed a remark to me, which of course I could not understand, she was promptly reprimanded by one of the men or older females.

As soon as the briars were all removed from my flesh the wounds healed, and on the second day I was able to walk about and look at the surroundings. It did not differ from any of

the many pagan Indian encampments I had visited. Neither did the behavior of my new-found friends differ from the behavior of any of the savages I had met. There was the same honest, open-faced smile whenever I was addressed by the men; the same voluntary or enforced aloofness and silence of the feminine members, who, except the older ones, would not even answer a remark by me. When I met them out in the woods or on the river bank they would make a wide detour.

I saw a rubber bag, in the making, stretched on a framework of boughs and lying in the water. I immediately took a small stick and drew a picture on it, quite captivating a couple of the men who were watching me. The entire village at once set out to hunt rubber with which to make bags for me to decorate. I did this gladly and at once became a great favorite.

A bag is made in this manner: A sack of ordinary cotton cloth is covered heavily with the milk of the rubber tree mixed with sulphur. At first this mixture turns jet black. It is then stretched on an improvised frame and put into running water so that nothing may touch its outside. In a couple of days the black turns to an ochre color and the sack, absolutely

water-proof, is ready. Marks made by any hard instrument on the rubber-painted side while it is still black at once become white, but gradually as the sack changes to a yellow ochre these marks evolve to a dark brown and are then unalterable.

Only the men, and not all of them, could speak Spanish. The Payas travel long distances to obtain the few articles they are in need of. In the Spanish towns they are often abused, forced into the army, and otherwise deprived of their liberty. Unlike civilized people, they know of no reason why they should fight and kill perfect strangers. Politics does not interest them. There are no economic differences to be adjusted. Whatever needs deliberation and council is talked over by the older men and everybody joins in all labors needful for the village's continued existence. Dire experiences have taught them to leave their women at home when a trip to town is needful; or at least to leave them encamped at a safe distance from the baptized Indian renegade or white man of more cultured communities.

As I was not able to converse with most of the villagers I did what I so often had done

before in similar circumstances. I told them little stories by drawing pictures in the sand, a source of continual pleasure and amusement to them as well as to myself. I made a buzzer of a hollowed nut through which I put a stick weighted at the bottom and held from slipping through the nutshell by a knob. The motion was obtained by pulling and releasing a string which wound itself around the stick within the hollow nut. Other playthings I made for them and even the oldest men could sit for hours laughing and playing with buzzers and whizzers and all kinds of contraptions I learned to make when I went to kindergarten.

In the meantime I prospected and found gold in such quantities that but for a total lack of needed tools and materials I might have accumulated a fortune. Sluice boxes were what I wanted, but I lacked lumber or saws, axes and adzes to cut the lumber from the timber growing in profusion. The bedrock was at an average depth of five feet and was too soft to use as a bottom for a natural sluice box formed in the creek bed without lumber. I finally made a kind of a cradle from a piece of an old canoe, making the receiving box out of flattened bamboo. I obtained some help

for which I paid in toys, and in about two months accumulated about a pound of dust.

The Payas washed gold in a very primitive way in calabashes. I succeeded in inducing them to take a trip down the river and to take me as their passenger. As soon as their mind was made up to go the entire village set to work with their calabashes and washed gold. In two weeks they had a small quantity, enough for their simple needs, and nothing could induce them to continue their labor.

I had expected that my Indian friends would travel down the Guallambre but was soon informed that we would go down another stream instead. The main reason for this more circuitous route is that the Guallambre flows through the section of the Olancho district dotted with Spanish-Indian settlements. The arbitrary taxes, direct and indirect, imposed by every petty authority, still more the enforced detention and conscription imposed upon the so-called *Indios bravos* of the forests, cause these good people to avoid such dangers by keeping clear of the towns.

The river by which we traveled lay nearly a day's journey over a mountain chain. Its name is Amacvass. The Paya language does

not resemble Mosquito or Soomoo. Its sound is much more like the sound of Maya, abounding in the *ts* sound and the throaty *ch* as pronounced by the Swiss. *Amacvass*, however, is clearly Soomoo, *vass* meaning water or river.

Four men and a boy, Cooll, accompanied me on my trip, and I was particularly glad of the boy's presence. He was perhaps fourteen years old, handsome, ever friendly and curious, eager to help me in my labors and quick to learn. Like all the other Paya boys, he had been married in infancy to a girl slightly younger. Such is the custom also among the Soomoos. Connubial relations, of course, do not exist until the proper age is attained. It is merely an ideal relationship. The boy has to pay proper attention to his child-wife, provide her to the best of his ability with those fruits of agriculture or the chase and the results of his handiwork as she requires. She does the same in her feminine sphere.

Another similarity to the Soomoos is the fact that after connubial relations have been entered into, the girl's mother must never meet her son-in-law. I do not remember which has to move into another village, the new family or the mother-in-law, but I think it is the

young couple. When afterward they should accidentally meet, it is incumbent upon the mother to leave and remain away until it pleases the man to take his departure.

Cool was approaching the age where he and his first wife would assume matrimonial relations and he still needed a good deal of training in masculine accomplishments. Some of the young Paya men spend short spaces of time in the mahogany camps on the lower course of the Patuca, where they make sufficient money to start housekeeping with what they consider a complete outfit. A few yards of Osnaburg (unbleached cotton), a pot or two, and maybe a spoon. Jewelry is, of course, much cherished by men as well as women, but the most highly-prized ornamentation is an old Spanish cut-bit, a crudely stamped and irregularly shaped Spanish coin. They are worn around the neck as necklaces and I have seen many such pieces of great antiquity and value.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Up Haunted Waters to the Fearful Land of Dead Gods.

WE embarked on the Amacvass and sped with the strong current. On the second day we entered the much broader and generally slower Patuca. Another day brought us to a place which for overawing grandeur, made doubly so by the ever-present danger in passage, is forever stamped in my memory. It is called the *Infernal Portal*. Here the Patuca breaks through a mountain chain. High cliffs, which seem almost to touch each other at their crest, form the banks. The river is much narrowed and its current made extremely rapid. Its course is so strewn with boulders that one descends it with peril.

Rushing past cliffs with a momentum that made me breathless, we narrowly missed rocks which threatened to smash our little boat to pieces. The almost tunnel-like passage was clad in a somber twilight. The perpetual roar of the water echoed and re-echoed from the walls. Along we sped for fifteen or twenty

minutes, at least, at what probably was a mile-a-minute gait. It is not much for a modern aeroplane, but in such a channel, such surroundings, and such a weak craft as a canoe chopped out of a mahogany log, the experience is unforgettable.

One more day's journey brought us to the first camp of mahogany cutters. The *mayordomo*, or foreman, and a few others in higher capacities were Hondurans, white, or nearly so. The majority of the laborers were *sambos* from the coast, a mixture of Indian and Negro, while some were Spanish-speaking Indians with a small sprinkling of Toascos.

My Indian friends were disdainfully received, except by their Toasco relatives, with whom they went into camp at once. My own reception was quite friendly and I was assured that all I saw was at my disposal. "*Esta Usted en su casa*" (Make yourself at home), they said in polite Spanish.

I was eager to reach the coast as soon as possible, but owing to rumors of a revolution was unable to induce the Payas to continue on the journey. The few articles they desired could be obtained from the commissary of the mahogany camp, where the men, including

Cooll, were at once put to work. The *mayordomo*, Señor Nuila, told me that in a few days he would have to go to the coast and I might travel with him. So I replenished my wardrobe and took things easy. Newspapers, a month and more old, gave me scant information of the world's doings. Only he who has himself enjoyed such a trip as I had concluded can realize the amount of loafing, idling and eating a man can do when at last he gets an opportunity of letting someone wait upon him and of getting a variety of food, seasoned and salted. Such luxury I had not enjoyed for three months or more.

The *mayordomo* idled about as much as I did. He was a fairly well read man from the Bay Islands, which formerly belonged to Great Britain and where English is still spoken. He spoke it perfectly and generally made use of it in the presence of others whom he evidently desired to impress with his knowledge. Though well posted on many subjects, he was full of superstitions and strange beliefs. Like others of his kind and race, he knew nothing of the lives of the savage Indians, whom he despised and considered as vermin.

As a devout Christian he thought them unworthy of any consideration.

Wherever one goes in these lands, one hears remarkable stories. Most of them have no foundation in fact. Nevertheless, they are stoutly believed and pass from mouth to mouth. In Bluefields it was a story of a petrified manatee which was supposed to lie in the waters of some little lagoon in the neighborhood. I have spent several days looking for it, taking men with me who insisted they could show me the place without fail. I never found it and can not imagine that the carcass of a manatee or any other animal could become petrified in the brackish water of a lagoon.

Then there was a story of a mysterious tribe of white Indians with blue eyes and blonde hair living on the upper courses of Grand River. Two of them were said to have been caught years ago. They were taken to Pearl Lagoon and kept in restraint. Alas, both of them pined away and died before they could learn the coast's vernacular. So the secret of the blonde Indian tribe remains unsolved.

In Kokolaya there was a story of a man-eating tiger, a perfect albino, absolutely white with red fiery eyes. I was foolish and cred-

ulous enough to spend an entire week, night after night, a prey to mosquitoes, watching and waiting for this perhaps not impossible freak. He never showed up.

At Cape Gracias people spoke in tones of horror of an immense ape that stole women and ravished or ate them. One woman who had been stolen by this beast succeeded in making her escape after a few days. Poor thing, she died in giving birth to a frightful wild thing that immediately took to the bush. And now Nuila, the *mayordomo*, had a story that beat them all.

On one of the affluents of the Patuca river, so his story ran, was a petrified village. The houses and their inhabitants, men and women, dogs and chickens, were petrified and were still in precisely the same positions they were in when through some cataclysm the transformation took place. There were children playing with a dog, a woman busy at the fireplace, and, perhaps, an indication of the thoughts occupying these idle men, there was a couple in connubial embrace.

No, he had never seen it himself, but he knew perfectly reliable people who had seen it. Neither would he dare go up that par-

ticular river. In fact, no Christian would. He had a man working in his camp who had seen it and every assertion could be proved by him.

I became interested, though far from convinced. When the men returned from work we called in the man who was supposed to have seen the petrified village. Pedro was his name, and he was an elderly man about fifty, a Christianized Indian. He said that when he was a young man he and his father while hunting for rubber had run across this scene. They had been very much frightened by it and had run away as fast as their legs could carry them. They did not even dare return to the neighborhood to gather in the rubber from the trees they had cut. He seemed utterly sincere, made the sign of the cross and with many an *Ave Maria* insisted that to venture near that bewitched place would mean certain and horrible death.

I went to sleep that night dreaming of petrified villages and people and such, and when morning came I was quite resolved to try and find this miraculous scene. I regret not to be able to remember the river's name. One and a half day's travel, I was told, would bring me to it, but I could not induce any of the men

to accompany me. I spoke to my Payas, but they proved disinterested, though I promised them better pay than they could earn in the mahogany camp.

My shotgun and a fair supply of powder and shot proved to be a great inducement to Cooll, but I hesitated to make the trip with such a young lad. One thing seemed sure; as no one had dared to brave the mysteries of the bewitched lands for many years I must expect to find a growth-covered river and thickets difficult to traverse. To go down such a stream is laborious enough, but to go up, to carry the canoe over rapids and falls, is not feasible for one man.

I finally induced another one of my Payas to come with us. We informed ourselves of the route of travel, obtained the loan of a smaller canoe than we had made our voyage in, stocked up with a week's supply of all that was needful and left the mahogany camp, much to the despair of its occupants.

Our course was downstream. After about eight hours of paddling we entered a smaller river coming from the south. Here we camped and after a night's rest proceeded up the stream for the better part of the day.

Toward evening we entered the creek upon the banks of which the object of our trip was supposed to be.

It was too late to proceed, so we encamped again and starting again in the early morning hours, soon reached an impassable barrier in a broad though extremely shallow rapid. We stopped and while my companions busied themselves with preparations for a camp, I sauntered through the woods.

I criss-crossed the forest. The growth of underbrush was dense and nowhere could I discover the signs of rubber hunters, the tell-tale marks of a machete. I finally returned to camp. Cooll had caught several *shreek*, which were roasting on the fire. After a repast, all three of us explored the vicinity. We searched for several hours and I began to doubt the existence of anything petrified when a sudden call by Cooll drew my attention. He was not within my sight and as all was quiet for the several minutes I occupied in nearing him, I paid no more attention and gave no more thought to his exclamation.

Standing on rising ground, I looked into the bottom below, apparently the bed of a dried-out streamlet, covered with pebbles.



CHACMOOL, AN ANCIENT IDOL IDENTICAL WITH ONE FOUND BY THE AUTHOR IN THE LAND OF DEAD GODS. THE LIVING MAN IN THE PICTURE IS A MAYA INDIAN.

CARVED ROCK FOUND IN THE HONDURANIAN WILDERNESS. THIS PHOTOGRAPH, OF ANOTHER EXPLORING PARTY, WAS MADE WHILE WEHDE WAS IN THAT REGION.





MAYA INDIAN FROM TIERRA DE GUERRA.

LIKE ALL THOSE ABOUT HIM, HE IS A TRUE SAVAGE, RESENTING ANY INVASION FROM THE OUTER WORLD.



FAMILY OF MAYA INDIANS FROM ZONE OF CULTURE.

IN THE LARGER SETTLEMENTS THESE PEOPLE ATTAIN AN ASTONISHING DEGREE OF FINENESS.

Descending, I saw a remarkable sight. Cooll and the elder Indian were kneeling before a human figure lying on its back. Its face was turned toward me and its legs drawn up, leaving the knees above the ground. I was dumfounded and called out. The two Indians paid no attention to my calls. They remained in their attitude, bending their faces forward and touching their foreheads to the figure before them.

I approached and addressed Cooll. There was no response. In a short while he and the other man rose, stepped aside and looked at me as a child looks when caught doing something that it thinks it should not do. Not a guilty look, by any means, but as if some one's secret has been discovered and there is a doubt of its propriety.

I spoke to them but received no answer.

Now I examined the figure before me. It was carved of stone, its hands were lying over the trunk. The abdomen contained a large opening, now filled with dirt.

In later years I saw that figure repeatedly. The Mayas of Yucatan call it *Chacmool*. If I am rightfully informed it represented the

goddess of agriculture. The opening in its abdomen served for burning incense.

After an impassive silence my two companions joined me in a further search and away from the pebbly bottoms we found two monoliths, single carved stones resembling the totem poles of our northern Indians, and a carved rock, oval in shape and fully twelve feet in length. It closely resembled a snake's head and was covered with decorative carvings and hieroglyphics, as were the monoliths. These remnants of a past culture were covered with vegetable growth and hidden in dense underbrush. One of the monoliths was no less than twenty feet high, the other one not over twelve. Both were deeply imbedded in the soft soil and their original height is a matter of conjecture.

The attitude of my Indians clearly showed that they still cherished the memories and worshipped the deities of their forebears.

I was not willing to leave this place without a closer examination. But as the day was too far gone we finally returned to camp.

All next day was spent in laborious and steady search. We found nothing; not even some small bit of carving, which I wanted

as a souvenir. The petrified village with its people had dwindled to a *Chacmool* and two monoliths, carved rocks such as Peten, Coban, Quiché and Yucatan harbor by the thousands.

We were ready now to return to the mahogany camp and embarked at an early hour, but not before Cooll and the elder Indian had paid another visit to the idols of their forefathers. We made the trip without any untoward event and arrived at the mahogany camp after a week's absence.

Though the mahogany men had been certain that something dreadful would surely befall us, they professed no great surprise at our safe return. Of course, I told in detail all we had seen and experienced. No one believed my story and I have no doubt that Nuila as well as Pedro and all the other good Christians still tell the tale of the petrified village. No doubt they recite my own finding as proof of their story.

In a few days the time for Nuila's departure for the coast had arrived. During our absence two boat loads of laborers and another *mayordomo* to replace Nuila had come from Brewster's Lagoon. So I parted from Cooll, my

good friend, and the other Payas, and in a large well-fitted canoe made the coast in four days.

When we arrived at the village of Brewster's Lagoon we found a sloop awaiting us to take Nuila to his home in Ruatan, one of the Bay Islands. My intention was to go to Truxillo, the largest town on the Honduranian north coast. Here I wished to prepare for a return to the Guallambre in quest of gold. However, as Nuila assured me that I would much more readily find an opportunity for passage from any of the Bay Islands to Truxillo than I would from Brewster's Lagoon, I consented. We embarked during the night and taking advantage of the land wind blowing off shore in the early morning hours, reached Ruatan in good time. I was given a hearty welcome by Nuila's family and his friends. His assertion that there were boats for Truxillo almost daily proved incorrect, however, and after ten days I was still idling on the island.

CHAPTER XIX.

I Take Part in a Revolution and With Four Others Am Sentenced to Death.

NUILA'S cousin, Leonardo Nuila, was the handsomest man I ever saw, well educated and a fluent talker, of charming personality. He aspired to political honors and was therefore *persona non grata* with the powers in Tegucigalpa, the capital of Honduras. Leiva was president of that republic at the time and he and Nuila had been enemies since youth.

I found Utila fairly crowded with visitors, residents of the mainland. A secretive air prevailed wherever they met in groups and it soon became clear to me that plots were being hatched for the overthrow of the Leiva government. In due course I was approached and, unable to resist the lure of military honors and glory, I agreed to join the party. I took little real interest in the motive behind the plan for revolution and considered the whole matter in the spirit of an adventure. Had I not always heard that these spasmodic

revolutions were only farces and comic opera?

La Ceiba, on the mainland about sixty miles west of Truxillo, was decided on as the easiest place to take by a *coup de main*, it being a new settlement devoid of all fortifications.

We embarked for this town in two sloops, about thirty of us, and arriving after a few hours' sail, invited everybody to a frolic and a dance. All notables including the *comandante* accepted the invitation, and while the hilarity was at its highest, it was incumbent upon me and an American named Wright to ask the *comandante* and a few other prominent men to join us in a glass of champagne. While we were thus entertaining a selected crowd in a small side room, Nuila and a few of his followers stepped in and blockading every exit declared the entire assembly prisoners of the provisional government, which was at once declared existent.

It was easy. The *comandante* surrendered at once, throwing in his entire company of soldiers with their accoutrements. Not a shot was fired.

Next day was spent in stumping the town and neighborhood. Patriotic speeches were

made and promises given as highflowing as any ever uttered in the heat of an American campaign. Small settlements in the vicinity were occupied and military drills executed.

The fruit steamer *Oteri* was due from New Orleans and when it arrived, its purser, a French Creole named Comagere, came ashore and informed us that his ship carried an amount of guns and ammunition destined for the Leiva government and which was to be delivered in Truxillo. We needed that material and as we were also informed that all was not properly manifested we made this an excuse for confiscating the *Oteri* and its cargo.

Making profuse apologies to the flag which the ship flew, it being the American flag, we compelled captain and crew to take a body of select men to Truxillo, which town we captured by a surprise attack. Excepting Puerto Cortez, we now had practically the entire coast under our control.

Nuila was really very popular and the grievances against Leiva were so many and so serious that we received help from all quarters. Nuila and a following of several hundred men, including Wright and me, returned to La Ceiba, where the capital of the

provisional government had been established. Emissaries and troops were sent to the interior.

Everything was progressing well when we were informed that benevolent Uncle Sam had taken the confiscation and enforced service of the *Oteri* much to heart and was insistent in his demands for exemplary punishment of all the participators in this outrage. Leiva, therefore, was enabled to make a bitter fight and except for the immediate coast our progress was completely stopped.

In due time the *Oteri*, which we had not detained after our exploit in Truxillo, came again from the States. Captain Pizzati, in charge of her, had engaged the services of a group of white adventurers, soldiers of fortune, and had put himself, with ship and crew, at Leiva's disposal. Without any ado they commenced a bombardment of our unfortified town while we were at the same time attacked in our rear by government forces under General Domingo Vasquez. Our losses in dead and wounded were severe. We could not make a prolonged stand and when night fell Nuila, Wright, I and several others took refuge in a mangrove swamp closely pur-

sued by the enemy. After nightfall we endeavored to flee to safety.

Most roads were blocked and when morning came we found ourselves on a low and sandy promontory within sight of places we knew to be occupied by government troops. We could not retreat without being discovered, neither could we stay there, except in momentary danger of being captured. The only hope I could see was in lying down quietly and pretending to be driftwood. This we did and suffered all the tortures of hell in that tropic sun.

Everything might have been well if some of the enemy had not casually strolled along our promontory. As soon as they saw us the alarm was raised and we had to run for the mangrove-covered shore. We reached the thicket all right but were at once surrounded.

The mangrove is a peculiar tree sending shoots from its branches into the water-covered sod wherein it grows. The result is an almost impenetrable thicket. Trees, branches, shoots and roots are generally covered with sharp-edged barnacles. To have to travel in such a jungle is agonizing.

Indiscriminately, the troops fired into our shelter. We did not answer, could not do so without revealing our location. But we were suffering from thirst and hunger and finally concluded to surrender.

Our captors took us to La Ceiba. Not one of us was ill-treated except for a sharp lecturing directed to our native leaders. Wright and I were treated with exasperating contempt, until an American soldier of fortune serving under Leiva, probably feeling that after all his role was as contemptible as was ours, and that only the fortunes of war had put him in an advantageous position, befriended us, and we had no more reason for complaint.

We were conveyed to Truxillo and placed in confinement. A court martial was held and we were condemned to death. Within a few days the sentences were executed in the cases of Nuila and one Peralta. We were led out to witness the shooting of our leaders.

Both met their fate stoically and with perfect reserve. Nuila begged not to be shot in the face. Peralta said nothing. "*Viva Honduras!*" were their last words.

I shall never forget the needless brutality of the officer in command of the firing squad. It was his duty to give the *golpe de gracia* or *coup de grace*, a pistol shot fired into the victim's head at close range, to end his sufferings if by chance he should not have been killed outright. Disregarding the body of Peralta, this brute advanced to Nuila's form and loudly applying vile epithets emptied his revolver, shot after shot, into his face.

Emilio Castillo was this valorous soldier's name and when I met him, years afterwards, he was suffering from a loathsome disease, miserably living on public charity in San Salvador. I considered his punishment just, though I, too, tendered my mite to sustain him.

Wright and I were kept separated from our fellow-prisoners and for weeks were kept in suspense. The *comandante* was a whimsical fellow. Ordoñez was his name. Each morning, with sinister face, he would inform us that he expected news that day and orders to shoot us. As the day passed he would grow more jovial, imbibing good nature with every cup of *aguardiente*. Toward noon he would become quite cheerful and as the evening pro-

gressed his mood always changed to one of great hilarity. He visited us several times each day, bringing us delicacies and more strong drink than was good for us, especially for Wright, as drunkenness was this otherwise agreeable companion's great weakness.

We had never been subjected to any close search, and I was still in possession of a goodly amount of golddust, as well as some British pounds and American currency, all of which I carried in a belt next to my skin.

Perspiration and irritation caused sores which became so troublesome that I asked Ordoñez to permit me to consult a doctor. The only physician in Truxillo was an American, Dr. Boice, who also was the local American consul. He came, examined me, and supplied medicine. He also recommended and urged the *comandante* to change us to more healthful quarters. Consequently we were given a room in the barracks. Our new room was a spacious one and afforded a pleasant view of the ocean. Officers and privates alike treated us with great consideration, but in spite of that we could not bring ourselves to believe that their apparent kindness came from their hearts.

We could have escaped several times. But while we were pining for liberty, we always felt that the soldiery was only waiting for an opportunity to apply the *ley de fuga*.^{*} By making it appear that a chance for escape is at hand, a prisoner is induced to make a break for liberty and is shot in his tracks. A favorite way of disposing of any one who cannot legally be done away with.

The fortifications of Truxillo containing the barracks and our quarters were of ancient Spanish origin. Immense thick walls enclosed a paved courtyard. There were strongly built living quarters and guardhouses and sentry boxes mounted at convenient places on the wall's summit. The walls themselves were buttressed on all sides, but especially toward the sea. The fortification extended seaward, close to a bluff, at the bottom of which spread a mangrove thicket.

One of the barred windows of our room was located almost straight above a buttress which stretched out to the verge of the bluff beyond. The bars were old and so rusty that we experienced little difficulty in breaking them with our hands and a broomstick. Our plan

^{*}*Ley de fuga*: law of flight.

was made. The rainy season was drawing near and with the first rains the moss-covered buttress must become slippery. The intention was to slide down, risking a fall into the mangrove thicket, and proceed eastward, where numerous Caribs had formed a settlement. There we could borrow a boat with or without the owner's knowledge and make our way to Utila, where we were sure of being hidden by the friends of Nuila until we could make sail for Belize in British Honduras.

Knowing that the buttress was too steep to afford a foothold, we managed to obtain a second broom and impatiently awaited a real and self-made chance for escape.

The rains arrived. As usual, they came in torrents accompanied by violent thunderstorms. About ten o'clock at night we considered our time had come. I ventured first. A bit of rope was fastened to the window. I crawled over the ledge, holding onto the rope, until I had obtained as much of a foothold on the buttress as was possible. Mounting my broom, as a child mounts his hobbyhorse, I leaned my body well back, putting my entire weight on the broom. Letting go of the rope, I slid down to the end of the buttress and

tumbled into the bottom of the bluff. The mangrove trees broke my fall and I arrived safely. Signaling to Wright was out of the question. Storm and rain made every such effort vain. So I merely withdrew to one side and awaited my companion. In a few minutes he came slipping down the buttress and tumbled into the branches of the trees below. He endeavored to rise and stand on his feet. It was impossible. He had broken his right leg below the knee.

With great pain he succeeded in getting up. How to get him out of the jungle was a great question. Climbing over the swaying roots and shoots is difficult enough for an able man, and simply impossible for a man in Wright's condition. To carry him through such a network was beyond my strength and nothing remained for me but painfully and with my bare hands to break and tear a pathway toward the sea, the shortest way out. It was a terrible job and it took me several hours battling with that barnacle-covered, pliable network of twigs before we reached open water. Then came another predicament. The water was turbulent. The breakers washed our legs from under us. Innumerable times we were

knocked down and Wright suffered fearfully. He stood it all like a man and uttered neither oath nor complaint.

One thing became clear to us; we could not travel any great distance, and it was very doubtful if I alone could manage a boat in that sea.

Just to the east of the old town of Truxillo is Caribtown, an agglomeration of huts inhabited by so-called black Caribs. These people are supposed to be the descendants of negroes taken from slave vessels by British men-of-war and colonized along this coast. There they still live in their own villages; they have kept their race pure. In most of their settlements they still speak their African language and retain their African customs. They are clean living and honest and beyond some agriculture or fishing obtain their livelihood as skippers on small vessels, sloops of hardly more than twenty tons burden. While in reality citizens of the Republic of Honduras, they are loyal to Great Britain. In other words, they are hyphens and therefore not highly esteemed by their government.

Caribtown was our only hope. If the Caribs treated us with the kindness we hoped for, all

would be well, and as we could do nothing else, we made our way there.

The town was asleep at this hour and all houses were closed. We found a vacant hut, entered it, and wringing out our clothes, lay down to rest. When morning came and life stirred we made our presence known and several of the older men, all of them knowing of our existence, promised to assist us. We were taken to a small hut outside of the village and provided with food, mosquito bars and other necessities that made existence here possible.

I sent a note to town to Dr. Boice, telling him of what had occurred and begging him to come to Wright's assistance. He came promptly, but the broken leg was so much swollen that he had to wait a week before he could set it. He returned in due time and made several calls before Wright was in condition to travel. Our whereabouts were kept secret and it seemed that the authorities never made a serious effort to find us.

Our seclusion lasted fully a month. We then settled our score, small indeed, and engaged a Carib skipper to convey us to Belize, where we were safe from all prosecution.

CHAPTER XX.

Belize Is No Paradise, and We Leave It for the Dread Land of War.

I UNDERSTAND that since my visit there Belize has celebrated an extradition treaty with the United States. Up to that time, however, British Honduras might have served as a haven of refuge for all sorts of American crooks and criminals. It might have—but it did not. The reason is, that any one not hopelessly demented would have preferred extended residence in any American penitentiary to even a few weeks' existence in Belize. I gathered the impression that every official of the crown, from the governor to the lowest constable, had been sent here for punishment.

Built on sea level, the town was surrounded by water and swamp. There was no drainage. Not one per cent of the houses contained toilet facilities. There were but a few comfort stations, built over water. As these stations contained no partitions, there was no privacy. Footsteps on the wooden floor called a million catfish and big crabs, with which every chan-

nel was alive. These places were patronized only by the poorer people. In the better residences all offal went into tarred tin buckets, which had to be emptied at a given signal about nine o'clock at night, when they were taken to the seashore, opened and cleaned. The sea breeze carried the stench through the town and I soon learned that the only way to evade the horrible smell was to get a boat and sail out into the open sea for an hour. Whenever I failed to do that I was nauseated.

Fully as disagreeable was the population. I never met so obnoxious a lot of human beings before. There were some negroes who showed culture and a certain pride of race. A few of them had enjoyed a European education and took an interest in the world's affairs. The great majority, however, were low and mean. Their incessant gibbering and loud-mouthedness, their haggling and boastfulness, was intolerable. They were unclean morally and given to petty thievery. American darkies were not tolerated in Belize, on account of their frequent depredations. A few of them occasionally had drifted to Belize from railroad camps in Guatemala. They acquired a habit of beating up the Britishers and as one

of them could easily whip ten times his weight in Belize negroes, it was found advisable to deport them.

The meanest white stranger could count himself lucky if he succeeded in evading matrimony here. All the native colored girls considered themselves too good to marry men of their own people. They must have a white man, even if he be the vilest renegade. While they were waiting for some unlucky vagabond, however, they were quite content to put up with their own boys, and Belize maidens apparently were very prolific.

We had intended to take steamer for New Orleans. Unfortunately, it was impossible on account of quarantine regulations, which forbade ships to carry passengers except during a few winter months. To stay in Belize was unthinkable and we soon developed a plan to proceed to Progreso in Yucatan, where we hoped to take a Ward liner for New York.

There were no boats plying between Belize and any Mexican port and we concluded we would take a chance on an occasional "lift" from some small boat collecting dye wood along the coast.

We got as far as Bacalar easy enough. It is an insignificant place on the border between British Honduras and Yucatan. We had heard a good deal of the savage Indians of Yucatan, but what we had seen of savages so far caused us to disbelieve these stories. Our curiosity became thoroughly aroused, however, on hearing tales of wonderful ancient ruins, and we were determined to see what there was to be seen.

There was a store in Bacalar, where Maya Indians from Yucatan traded turtle shell, dye wood and other produce for such manufactured goods as they were in need of. The store's manager was a German. He received us kindly and as he had lived there many years, spoke the Maya language and possessed the confidence of the Indians; he proved of great help to us. He, too, advised us to keep away from the territory of these hostile people. What he told me of their history and of their mode of life I found to be essentially correct.

In the days of Cortez, the Mayas had developed by far the greatest culture of any of the Indian races in either of the Americas. The Spaniard, eager to stamp out their pagan beliefs and practices, destroyed whatever was

readily destructible of this culture and forced the Indian into a state of bondage. In 1848 the Mayas rose against their masters, killed whomever they could, devastated the entire country, and even laid siege to Merida, Yucatan's capital. They were not defeated until a considerable army from northern Mexico was sent against them. Then they retreated to their caves and forests, where they led a most mysterious existence.

Some of them occasionally came into the small settlements, worked a short while on some plantation and again disappeared into the hinterland. They were in great dread of the Mexican, in fact of any stranger. Whoever ventured into their haunts was mercilessly killed. What little trading they did was with British Honduras and as some of them made frequent trips to Bacalar and Belize, the only places where they could obtain powder and shot, their treatment of an English-speaking stranger coming from the south was not so drastic as the treatment accorded to any one coming from the north or west and speaking Spanish.

The Mayas still retained the Christian belief inculcated by the Spaniards, but they did

not permit priests to visit them. About this I heard an odd story in Belize, the truth of which was positively affirmed by the storekeeper in Bacalar.

It had happened only a short while before our arrival in British Honduras that the headman of some Maya village, accompanied by a small following, came to Belize for trading purposes. Eager to spread the gospel, a priest courted him and obtained permission to visit his village to baptize children. He went there and performed his priestly duties. The news spread and soon after the good father had left the peninsula the head chief appeared on the scene and held court. The headman, the parents who allowed the baptismal rites, and the children were all put to death. The remains of the little ones, put into sacks, were hung into trees as a warning to others who might allow any but native Indian priests to perform any ceremonies.

All these stories merely increased our desire to visit the *Tierra de Guerra*, the Land of War, as the territory of these Indians is called, in spite of our German friend's earnest advice that we stay away from that region. When he saw that we were thus determined,

he succeeded in obtaining a guide for us, an Indian who had often been to Bacalar, spoke English, and whom he considered dependable.

I still believed that I had money enough to carry on a trading business with these Mayas. If I could get a guide and interpreter to take us to the head chief, I thought it extremely likely that we might be welcome to him and that we could establish mutually profitable relations.

With that object in view and with prospect of a passage clear through this land of mystery, something we were told no white man in modern times had ever achieved, we set out, well provided with equipment, including a few presents for the chief.

Getting an early start, we followed a trail running northward. We met more people than I had anticipated. All of them eyed us curiously, children and women in evident fear, while the men ignored our salutations and merely exchanged a few words with our guide. We crossed few creeks and there were but few undulations of the soil.

Towards evening we arrived at a village. Some of the huts were made of clay. All were

oval in shape and roofed with leaves. We made a scant meal of *tortillas* and beans, and early in the morning proceeded on our journey.

We repeatedly encountered men armed with spears, bows and arrows, while a few of them carried muzzle-loading shotguns. Water became scarce and vegetation less verdant and thick than I was accustomed to. The bush seemed suffering for moisture and the *guarapates* soon covered our bodies. *Guarapates* are blood-sucking insects, first cousins of the American tick. The heat was intense and we repeatedly rested in caves, a few of which contained cool and refreshing water.

For four eventless days we traveled on. Occasionally we encountered pyramids of cut stone, some of which rose to a height of fifty or sixty feet, but so far we had not seen any of the celebrated ruins. About noon of the fifth day we were suddenly surrounded by several hundred armed men. They looked vicious enough, of perfect physique, and wearing nothing but loin straps. They remained absolutely mute, evading even a meeting with our eyes. One of them, a leader apparently, spoke to our guide in unfriendly tones. We were informed that the chief had

been told of our arrival, that he demanded to know our intentions and who had given us the right to come. We answered that the German trader in Bacalar had encouraged us to come, that he was sending him a present and that it was our mission to try to obtain the chief's consent to open a trading post; that we desired to see the chief in person and had no intention of imposing our permanent presence on him or his people if he should not be perfectly willing for us to do so.

The answer was that the chief was on his way to meet us and had left his capital, Chan Santa Cruz, the same morning. He was scheduled to arrive the next day and we could not proceed on our journey until he had given his sanction.

We could do nothing but make camp, though there was no water near, and what little we carried in our gourds was insufficient for our needs. The men kept strict watch over us all through the night. I awoke several times and could always see their figures standing silently about.

About ten o'clock of the next day the chief came. There was nothing to distinguish him from any of his followers but a pair of white

cotton pantaloons. He was inclined to stoutness, sinister of face, and it actually seemed to pain him to show gratification at my gift of a double-barreled shotgun which I claimed the German storekeeper had sent him.

His first question was: "Do you speak Spanish?" We denied this very positively. He spoke it quite well apparently, but as we claimed not to be able to understand a word of it we had to employ our guide and interpreter. The chief made no secret of his displeasure. He talked but little, and we felt at once that our scheme would avail us nothing.

There was a vast difference between these people and other savages I had met. I had never seen one before who did not find delectation in playfulness. These Mayas looked as if they suffered a chronic grouch. They never smiled, and their voices showed, if not an ill temper, at least such a decided reserve as to amount to unfriendliness. Wright said, "We are in a pickle," and I quite agreed with him.

Our hopefulness regarding the establishment of a trading post left us and we did not even venture to suggest that we be allowed to proceed on our journey to the north. To re-

turn to Belize was extremely disagreeable and after talking the matter over, Wright and I concluded that we would try to reach the sea due east. Through our interpreter we told the chief that we had arranged for a boat to pick us up and to return us to where we came from. He was not pleased with this, but as our guide was under the impression himself that such was the case, a conversation in which the advisability of this was discussed in Bacalar having been witnessed by him, the chief finally granted our request for safe conduct seaward. We were curious to see his capital, Chan Santa Cruz, but he seemed so unwilling to have us stay in his dominions that we were fearful of asking any more favors and left the same day for the eastern shore.

Two and a half days' march and the sea was reached. During all these days we were surrounded by armed men who spoke never a word. Some of them kept ahead of us, others were at our sides, not traveling with us, but sneaking through the bushes and only occasionally coming into view. Others brought up the rear. I do not know how or when these men slept, for whenever I awoke during the night I could see them silently standing guard.

Reaching the water, we could do nothing but await some dye wood cutter's boat. Their camps, and there are few of them, are scattered along the coast. These laborers lead an extremely sorry existence, always in dread of the Indians, who, however, seldom venture near the sea except for some particular purpose, when their stay is but a short one.

We now followed the beach in a northerly direction and after a couple of days reached Ascension Bay, where we found the first dye wood camp. Three brothers, Belize octoroons, were working here. They appeared surprised at our arrival, were eager to learn whence and why we came, and after satisfying themselves that we were not pirates and were otherwise harmless fellows, treated us hospitably.

They had a sailing dory of about three tons' capacity and were perfectly willing, for a consideration, to convey us to the Island of Cozumel, sixty or seventy miles north. One of the brothers had gone years before to Tulum, whither he accompanied an English traveler who had come to visit those famous ruins, and it was arranged that we make a short stop there. We set sail and with a fair wind reached this place in twenty hours.

Tulum was a revelation to me. I had never thought that buildings of such magnitude and splendor had existed on this continent before the arrival of Columbus. In later years I visited Chichenitza, Uxmal, Mitla and others of the better known ruins, but Tulum was the grandest of them all.

To see it all would have required great effort. The old walls were covered with vegetation, which would have had to be cleared away. Big trees had grown between the rocks, lifting them, bursting them asunder and tearing down the walls. The main building stood with its back to the sea. The magnificent stairway in front with its elaborately carved railing, the huge lintels, the intricately sculptured walls, were all things which we greatly desired to examine more closely, but to clear them of the covering growth would have been a two weeks' job and we were not prepared for such an undertaking. The immensity of the entire structure was the imposing feature and I spent many hours in trying to fathom how the builders, primitive people at best, solved the many mechanical problems which confronted them and how they managed to accom-

plish such wonders without the use of steel tools.

We arrived at Tulum during the night, spent the next day there and toward evening set sail for Cozumel. Here we found a village with a well appointed store where we could obtain many little luxuries. We stayed three days, taking long strolls and seeing a good many places which evidently had been the sites of temples or palaces. There was not enough of them left to talk about.

The first schooner leaving for Islas de Mujeres gave us passage. Mujeres consists of two islands, sparsely inhabited and, save for a few small but well preserved houses, more like large sentry boxes, offered nothing in the way of Maya ruins. I remember seeing in one of these little structures the names of the officers of a Texan man-of-war and the date of their visit scratched into the stones.

After a few days we obtained passage to San Felipe, an insignificant port on the north coast. We were told that the entire northern part of Yucatan was inhabited by peaceful, hard-working people and as we had become intensely interested in the ruins, of which we were told there were many scattered through-

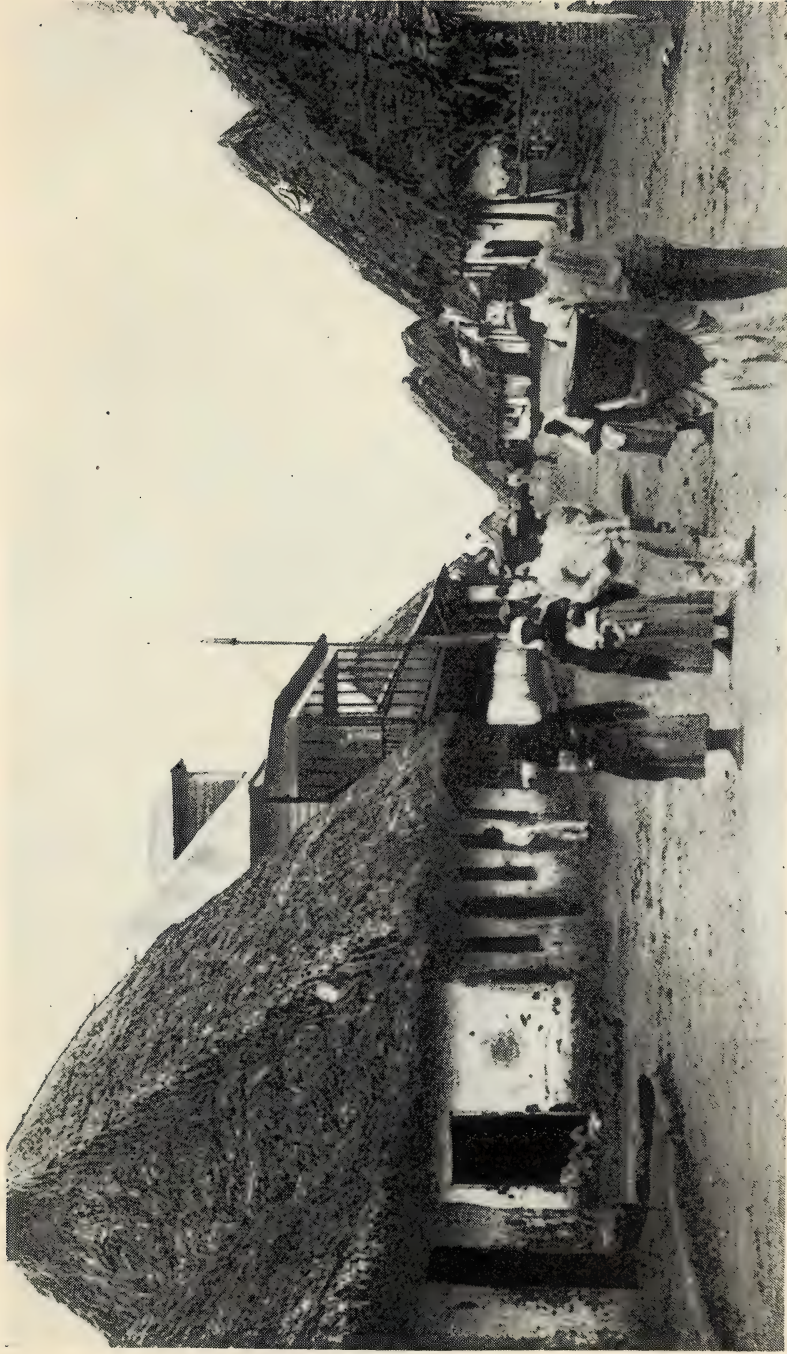
out the land, we resolved to walk to Merida, the capital, or rather to the terminus of the railroad in Izamal, a distance of 150 miles.

As we had been informed that we would reach towns, even large cities, daily, we carried no baggage and started our hike in good cheer and spirits. The first ruin we encountered was a disappointment, in a way. It was not a Maya ruin, but the wreck of an old Spanish church. It must have been a very imposing structure. Some fractions of walls and a few pillars were still standing. Its name was Tshlaka. The place was destroyed by buccaneers. We spent the night on a neighboring hemp plantation and continued our way early in the morning.

The forests are not nearly so dense as those I had been accustomed to and water was to be found only at the bottoms of caves. Only once did we strike a pond, and though the water was very warm, we enjoyed a swim.

We encountered a good many ruins, but none of them was of any importance. Most of them consisted of nothing but shrub-covered pyramids built of hewn stones.

After the first few days we arrived at towns of considerable size. The largest one was



CARIBTOWN, ADJACENT TO TRUXILLO, HONDURAS. IT WAS NEAR THIS VILLAGE THAT WRIGHT AND WEHDE FOUND REFUGE AFTER THEY ESCAPED FROM THE SPANISH FORTIFICATION WHERE THEY LAY UNDER SENTENCE OF DEATH.



SWAMP NEAR CARIBTOWN, WHERE WRIGHT AND WEHDE WERE HIDDEN BY THE CARIBS FROM THE SOLDIERS OF THE FORT FROM WHICH THEY HAD FLED IN THE NIGHT UNDER COVER OF STORM.

Tizimin, where I greatly admired an old ecclesiastic building of the Spanish renaissance. The people struck me as being culturally far above any I had met in Latin America. Streets and houses were well kept and the inhabitants made the impression of possessing a high degree of refinement.

Surprising to me was the amount of Maya spoken even among the educated whites. Wherever I had been in Spanish America, the Indian vernacular was taboo in polite society. Even among the baptized Indians Spanish culture had been adopted, though in some places the veneer was pretty thin, and the language and customs of the aboriginal were no longer existent. It was different in Yucatan. Here the Spaniard had failed to destroy indigenous vernacular and manner; instead of that, he himself succumbed in part to nativism. And it is well so.

The Mayas are a handsome, intelligent and clean living people, strong of body, energetic and industrious. Class for class, they have no superior on earth and few equals. Whites who came to conquer the land in the days of Cortez and whose descendants are still the intellectual leaders also possess these good qualities in a

remarkable degree, and besides being able to speak the vernacular even adopt the native ways of dress. It is a pleasure to behold a woman in her every-day attire of pure white, a cool and comfortable shirt-like dress, simply and artistically embroidered.

The white men, especially Americans, Englishmen and Germans, have built railroads all over Latin America. They are almost invariably the builders and managers of industrial institutions everywhere in these lands, except in Yucatan. Here native intelligence, initiative and industry have built the railroads and run them as no road in any of the other Central American countries is managed. The same thing holds good in every other line of business. I never saw a foreigner in Yucatan in a leading position in any of the large *henequin* (sisal hemp) plantations or factories where the raw material was worked.

The towns were picturesque and fascinating. We passed Citas, Tuncas and many others not recorded on the map. In several we spent a day or so visiting old monasteries, churches and other buildings. Everywhere we received the kindest treatment and found men of apparent consequence who delighted in showing

us whatever was notable, giving us historical sketches of their town, of the *Ancianos*, as they called the old Mayas, and of their Spanish conquerors.

We finally reached the terminus of the railway at Izamal, spent a day there in the company of an old padre who took us through a wonderful church and monastery, and then proceeded to Merida.

I would have liked to have stayed there for a while, I had taken such a fancy to the people as well as to the country. But the question of how to make a living arose and as native talent was ample in Yucatan, we took a Ward liner from Progreso to Vera Cruz, whence we left at once for Mexico City.

CHAPTER XXI.

The Paint Business Peters Out—Revolution Again, and I am Close to Death Once More

I INTENDED now to go home, and home was no longer in Germany. My parents had left the old country about two years previously and had established themselves in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. When I arrived in Mexico City, however, my financial condition was such that I had barely enough to buy a ticket for such a great distance, and I would have arrived home penniless, something my pride prohibited.

For years I had now lived a life of such freedom and abandon I doubted if I ever would be content to stay in any cultured community. I concluded, therefore, to stay in Mexico and work until I could visit the folks and afterward return to some of my previous haunts in Latin America in good style.

I opened a paint shop on the *Callejon de la Chinampa*, a block from the beautiful Alameda, and found competition with the native artisan very difficult. In fact, I was far from

prosperous and before long was hard pressed financially. Luckily, I succeeded in obtaining a contract to paint the curtains for several theaters and succeeded in getting money enough out of it to pay my debts and to liquidate my business. I then provided myself with a kit of tools and took the railroad as far south as it was built, namely, to the city of Oaxaca. From here I intended to work my way through to Nicaragua again, travel down the Segovia river into the Wanks and return to the banks of the Guallambre river and my Paya friends.

Oaxaca is a sizable city and I found work enough to employ me profitably for three weeks. I then bought a burro to carry my baggage and walked to Tehuantepec, a journey which ordinarily would not take over a week, but as I stopped at every likely village to paint a few signs I spent almost a month on the road.

The ancient ruins of Mitla are not directly on the shortest route from Oaxaca to Tehuantepec, but I was reaching out for all possible ideas for use in decorative design, and willingly made the necessary detour. Mitla held disappointment, however. The decora-

tions on the walls there betrayed the timidity of those who created them. Variety was lacking, and the tracery which had evolved the friezes on the face of these sections of rock was weak, inconsequential and monotonous in its repetition. There were a few exceptions to this rule. Taken singly, some of the decorative *motifs* were charming, and I made copies, subsequently adapting them effectively to other mediums.

My journey to Tehuantepec was over a rough and rugged road—over chilly mountain heights six or seven thousand feet above sea level in the morning and through heated valleys at night. Usually I followed the small trail used by the mounted mail carrier, and thus passed through the harshest sections of the country. Small hamlets there were many, large towns few. In all of them I obtained work. There is a lure about seeing one's name in print or paint and the mere fact that most of one's neighbors are unable to read is no deterrent, neither is the fact that one himself may not be able to read. But where the written letter does not avail, illustration becomes desirable, and most of my work not only bore the legend of the shop keeper's

name, but also gave the particulars of his occupation in a picture. I was even called upon to decorate coffins in the same pictorial manner.

For several months I was harbored by the town of Tehuantepec, fifteen miles from the Pacific by railroad, the hottest place I had struck in my travels. The native Indian, the Tehuanos, vie with the Mayas in stalwartness. They are handsome and their attire is equally as charming. Their women wear a peculiar head covering resembling a dress, sleeves and all. I was told that in the early days the Indians visited the Spanish settlements stark naked. Compelled by the authorities to don clothing, the women invariably denuded themselves as soon as they left town, for convenience carrying the dress hung over their heads. In the course of time this became their head covering and it has remained so until this day. White, beautifully embroidered, starched and ironed so that the skirt part surrounds the head in a wide circle, they are wonderfully becoming. They are expensive, I know, because I was compelled to pay for one.

Upon reaching Tehuantepec I drove my faithful burro into an *estanca*, or wagon yard, where farmers or travelers may lodge and put up their teams. The horses are stabled while the men find a bare-walled house in which to camp.

I arrived in the evening, turned my animal into the yard, as no stalls were provided, and made myself comfortable in the quarters provided for humans. In the early morning hours I was aroused by the excited exclamations of a vociferous female. A fair traveler had washed her headdress and hung it on the yard fence to dry. My donkey had found it and chewed it to bits. I do not recall how much I had to pay, but do remember that at first I thought it an exorbitant sum. Upon inquiry I found out that this finery was expensive, indeed.

More sign painting jobs came to me in Tehuantepec than I had expected and I left the town well heeled. Buying a horse, I now traveled in better style and set out along the Pacific coast, which here runs to the southeast, for the frontier of Guatemala. The only town of any consequence I passed was Tonalá

and in a few weeks I reached the border town of Tapachula.

Tapa is the imperative of *tapar*, to cover; *chula* is an endearing term applied to a girl. *Tapa te chula* therefore means: Cover yourself, my girl. Remembering the origin of the *Tehuana* headdress, the meaning of the name Tapachula is readily understood.

Here I was in a real frontier town, full of such lawless elements as one finds in frontier towns of all lesser cultured lands. Gamblers and horse thieves predominated. But business was good, though the living hard. Agriculture, except coffee, was here an uncertain business, ants destroying practically all crops. Almost all foodstuffs were imported and the few foreigners subsisted on canned goods and liquor. Their behavior accorded with their diet.

In Tapachula I became acquainted with a unique political institution, the *Jefe Politico*. This official is not responsible to anybody but the president who appoints him to office. At this time it was Porfirio Diaz.

The state of Chiapas, wherein Tapachula is situated, had abolished capital punishment,

but as Porfirio Diaz considered that his people needed an occasional execution he saw to it that such took place. His representative, the *Jefe Politico*, was therefore given free reign to inflict death wherever and whenever he considered extreme punishment desirable. The town had been without a *Jefe* for some time and as lawlessness increased Diaz sent a man to put the fear of the Lord into the hearts of the people. He arrived soon after I came and at once set to work to clean up. Without trial and merely led by his supposed knowledge of human nature, he ordered men shot who were accused of petty thievery. For two weeks he had a man shot every morning at some cross-roads, where the body would remain for twenty-four hours.

It is an easy matter to detect dishonesty among such primitive people as these Indians. They are nothing but children and a falsehood is easily perceived by a superior in intellect. Some people develop ability to read childish minds to a remarkable degree, and this ability is the main qualification for the appointment as *Jefe Politico*.

In Tapachula was a German firm, Roberto Henkel and Company, for which I did con-

siderable work. This firm had repeatedly suffered losses by theft and complained to the *Jefe*, who asked them to report the next instance. A box of soap was missing one day and the *Jefe*, notified, promptly appeared. After exchanging a few pleasantries with the foreign employees, he commanded the native porters to form in line. He looked them over, spoke a few words, and at once picked out one Indian and accused him of being the thief. The poor fellow broke down and admitted his guilt. He told where the box could be found and after its recovery he was taken to the crossroads and shot.

An American named Cady was stopping at a hotel kept by a white Mexican, one of the ten per cent which has no perceptible strain of Indian nor other mixture in its blood. Cady's trunk had been opened and some trifling articles stolen. Cady reported his loss to the *Jefe*, who sent for the hotel keeper. This man's reputation was not good, though his intelligence was far superior to an Indian's. He was told that if the goods were not returned by morning, or if any similar complaints came in, he would be shot. The goods were re-

turned that day and no more pilfering occurred at the hotel.

How many innocent people were deprived of life in that manner is hard to say, but the people of Tapachula became scrupulously honest in record time.

I prospered as work was plentiful. Still, I pined for the Guallambre river and its placers. So after a while I took the steamer at San Benito on the Pacific and took passage for Corinto in Nicaragua. During this voyage I met several Honduranians. I knew one of them who had been a follower of the unfortunate Nuila. They were getting ready for the overthrow of the Vasquez government, which had in the meantime succeeded that of Leiva. There was my chance, I thought, for success meant my unhindered sojourn in Honduras, plus all kinds of privileges and assistance in the placers of the Guallambre. I readily joined them and forthwith became a captain in the Honduranian revolutionary army under its chief, Policarpo Bonilla.

My uniform as captain consisted of a red band around my left sleeve, plus my regular clothes. We were armed with Remington rifles, which originally had been muzzle-

loaders used in the American Civil War, but which had been made over into breech-loaders and sold to Latin-American governments.

We had the active help of Zelaya, president of Nicaragua, who promptly declared war on Honduras. As I was well acquainted with the east coast, with Mosquitia, I was ordered to join the *Expedicion del Norte* under the leadership of General Miguel R. Davila, who in turn also became president of Honduras. We crossed the continent and arrived at Bluefields by way of Greytown.

It was a solace for me to get back to the old familiar haunts, and I was tempted to desert the army and stay. But the lure of the drum and my cherished desire for the Gualambre made me continue. We proceeded to Cape Gracias, fought an engagement at Ilaya, on Honduranian soil, and continued our invasion in a westerly direction.

I had heard of a German colony on this coast, the so-called Burchard concession, and was eager to visit it. Burchard, an American, had obtained a grant of land here. Going to Germany, he succeeded in finding dupes who bought his holdings and settled on them. The

land was all Burchard had claimed it to be, rich and fertile, the only drawback being its inaccessibility. No deep water, no market, and in consequence stagnation. I was much surprised to find its leading man a townsman of mine, the son of our preacher in Dortmund. He had entered the German army, became an officer of artillery, and was now tilling the soil and preaching the gospel to his followers. Zealots they were, all of them, and when some time afterward I met two of his followers, young fellows who resented the corporal punishment inflicted upon them because they had refused to attend a prayer meeting, I heard to my amusement that I had furnished the theme of a lengthy sermon in which I was held up as a horrible example.

We found the conquest of the north coast impossible, as we could not provide the necessary food and returned therefore to the Pacific coast by way of Greytown. Across the lakes of Nicaragua and Managua we traveled to Chinandega and finally made Honduras, arriving at Tegucigalpa in time to assist in laying siege to the town, which still harbored what was left of the so-called regular forces under President Domingo Vasquez.

While passing Bluefields our little army was joined by a party of foreigners led by my old-time companion, Wright. There was a youngster from New York state named Strang, who lost his life at the engagement in Ilaya. There were Hansen, a Danish runaway sailor; McClintock from Kentucky; Oscar Griffith, a Texan; and an Englishman whose name I do not remember. The latter took to the swamp during a fight and did not show up again.

A stream divides Tegucigalpa from an equal-sized town, Comayaguela, and after we had taken Comayaguela by storm I was ordered to hold the bridge spanning the river. We expected Vasquez to make a sortie with a body of picked troops, mostly Americans, and this bridge was about the only avenue by which he might escape. A Pennsylvanian, named Zipser, who had joined us in Nicaragua, I had placed at the corner of a large building at the foot of the bridge. He called out: "They are coming!" I hastened to his assistance and peering around the corner did see some movement beyond. I took aim with my rifle and fired, but was shoved aside by Zipser, who exclaimed: "Let me get at them.

You can't shoot for sour apples!" He pushed me away from the protecting corner and before I could get back under cover I received a shot through the throat. The valiant Zipser ran toward the rear.

I dropped to the sidewalk, tried to rise but could not. Blood gushed from my throat, to right and left, and I considered myself done for. Thought of mother and the folks changed swiftly to thought of what a fool I had been to take a part in the domestic affairs of other nations. Then came a feeling of such complete peace and restfulness as may be experienced when, overtired, one stretches out on a comfortable couch. Suddenly I felt disturbed by Hansen's call, "They got Al." Wright appeared at once and against my wish carried me into the building. I was fully conscious, felt luxuriously comfortable and had no thought of anything but sleep; cared for nothing but to be left alone.

My companions cared otherwise. Lifting a door off its hinges, they placed me on it and had me carried to the rear by a couple of Indians. Wright accompanied me. At one place the way led through water. Here we came under the enemy's fire. One of my

bearers was shot. He dropped and I fell into the water. Wright got me out and, taking the killed Indian's place, helped to bear me to safety.

It was the last day of the war. Within an hour or two Vasquez succeeded in breaking through and all was over but the shouting.

Nobody seriously considered any possibility of my recovery. We had no physician and I lay for three days before I received any attention worth mentioning. An elderly native woman of the better class washed me and removing my clothes, saturated with blood, put a red woolen shirt on my back. I felt inexpressibly grateful to this angel and though I have forgotten her name I shall never forget her kind deed. She was a relative of Vasquez, the man I assisted in vanquishing.

My body turned black down to the abdomen. The wound was full of pus, and death seemed certain, when Wright found a Hollander, a hospital assistant. The Hollander improvised a *sound*, sterilized it, and pushed it clear through the wound's channel, removing all the pus. I improved at once. Daily treatments by irrigation followed and in a few days I was out of all danger. Fortunately I

was hit by a small caliber bullet. Had the missile been from one of the rifles carried by the main army my throat would have been torn to pieces.

While my recovery was rapid indeed, it took about two months to regain sufficient strength to undertake a trip to the north coast. Conditions—political, industrial and economic—were bad. There was no money to be had for the present and relying on President Bonilla's word that I would be taken care of, I proceeded to Truxillo, where I waited, waited and waited.

My urgent requests brought no result and when I finally did get sufficient money to proceed to the Guallambre, which I reached by the ordinary route over Jutigalpa, I found that the entire district had been monopolized by a newly-founded Honduranian corporation. I had not kept my secret closely enough and came too late. It pleases me to report that the wealth of the Guallambre placers was not so large as I had supposed.

Again I took to the bush. Mosquitia was a thing of the past. King Clarence had abandoned his throne and was living on British bounty in Jamaica. His kingdom was now the

District of Zelaya and formed a part of the Nicaraguan republic. I have never returned to Bluefields, but am told that the political change has improved all conditions there.

For two more years I followed the ever-changing career of a prospector, washing barely enough gold to keep myself supplied with the most needful things. A life full of hardships and dangers, though ever buoyed by hope. Nothing but blind luck kept me from perishing in the wilderness, as so many companions perished in time. I buried a dozen of them, without counting Indians.

There was Pelletier, a Frenchman, who fell down a precipice, five hundred feet; Shumaker, an Iowan, who fell from a rubber tree, a fall of not more than twelve feet. He broke a few ribs and probably suffered some other internal injury. He lived for two weeks, suffering intense pain and begging me to kill him or to leave his gun where he could reach it. We were two hundred miles from any town where we might have obtained help and I could only watch him die slowly—ever so slowly.

There was Beckwith, who was swept down a waterfall. The stones ripped his flesh to

the bones in dozens of places and his abdominal wall was pierced so that I could see his intestines. He did not want to die and fought death to the last, but he had to go. There was Cadwallader, a diamond in the rough. He jumped overboard in the Bay of Honduras, trying to recover the hat which had been blown off his head. The sharks took him before my eyes. It hurts when I think of them. They were good fellows. God bless 'em.

CHAPTER XXII.

Guatemala's Exposition Opens Late and the Rains Play Havoc With It.

THE year 1896 had arrived and I heard that Guatemala was preparing an international exhibition, a World's Fair. Here I meant to try my fortunes, hoping to earn enough to pay my long-cherished visit to my parents, brothers and sisters. I had kept up a correspondence with them as regularly as circumstances permitted, sometimes one letter in seven or eight months, sometimes less often.

I was at the headwaters of the Segovia River, which in its lower courses is called Rio Coco and Wanks or Wanki. It is by far the longest river in Central America and its source is quite near the Pacific Ocean. The western coast being so much nearer, I planned to travel by the shortest route, and proceeding to Corinto in Nicaragua, took a Pacific Mail steamer west and north for San José, main port on the Pacific side of Guatemala.

A railroad connects San José with the City of Guatemala, running one through train daily

in the forenoon. The other train goes only as far as the town of Esquintla, and as my steamer arrived in the afternoon I could proceed only to that place.

I had not felt well for several days and when we arrived at San José I had considerable fever. There were no accommodations for transients at the port and I was compelled to take the train. When we arrived in Esquintla I was seriously sick, burning with a high fever and barely able to walk.

Yellow fever is endemic in this neighborhood and is much dreaded by all people. I was refused shelter at the only hotel as the owner feared I might develop this disease. The hour was late and being too weak to search further, I spent the night on the narrow sidewalk in front of this inhospitable hostelry.

I did not feel better in the morning but managed to get to the railway station and aboard the train. I lost consciousness and when I recovered my senses found myself in the public ward of the hospital in the city of Guatemala.

It was not long before I was addressed in English. A short fellow, a foreigner, dressed in the garb of a nurse, spoke to me, asked how

I felt and volunteered the information that he had taken possession of my belongings. He also advised me to have myself moved into the so-called *Casa de Salud*, the pay ward of the hospital, where I would be under his care. As I had sufficient money to pay the charge I readily assented and soon occupied a clean and comfortable bed in a well-kept room. In due time the house physician and his staff appeared, examined me and did the needful.

Three weeks I stayed, having a severe case of malaria, the so-called black water fever, where the patient is almost scared to death when he finds himself urinating what apparently is pure blood. It is really a very pernicious form of malaria but I recovered.

The American nurse was a unique fellow. Harry Cole was his name. He hailed from Chicago and had been a jockey. Coming to Guatemala with a stable of horses, he lost a race, was accused of having "thrown it," and took this accusation so to heart that he attempted suicide by shooting himself in each temple. Both bullets glanced off, or were flattened on his thick skull, I don't know which, and he was taken to the hospital, where he was completely restored to physical health.

A slight dementia remained, a religious form. He joined the Catholic church and remained in the hospital as a voluntary nurse. He had saved the lives of many men but steadfastly refused to accept payment from any of them.

We became great friends and later, when I was well established in business, he was an ever-welcome visitor, though he never joined in any of the revelries other friends and I delighted in. He would sit and attentively listen to stories, only occasionally reproving some particularly bold raconteur. When the conversation lagged he would open up on the beauties of home and the States, the good living there and the pleasant people. He sincerely disliked Latin-Americans and was somewhat inclined to monopolize all existent virtues for his own countrymen.

"Now would it not make you homesick," he would say, "if I was to read these recipes for you? Would they not make your mouth water for your mother's cooking?" And he would pull forth a cook book and treat us to imaginary flapjacks and New England dinners. I never saw Harry without his cook book, but he never forgave me when I called his attention to the fact that his book, accord-

ing to the title page, was an adaptation from a German cook book by Henriette Davidis. He tried to obtain another, a full-blooded American one, but could not get it in Guatemala City.

My stay in the capital was enjoyable. There was work enough and my income was fair. The great trouble was that I could not save any money, but that was not the country's fault. It is a beautiful land with a hospitable and in the main generous people. The surrounding country is full of scenic beauties. The old City of Guatemala was repeatedly destroyed by earthquakes and floods of mud and water emitted by the volcano *Agua*, in whose crater the fluid accumulates until an eruption is caused by some quake. The new city, built on a site protected from such cataclysms, is about thirty miles from the old capital, whose wonderful ruins I several times visited. There are lakes, Amatitlan and others, which were a continual lure to me.

Several circumstances coincided to make the big exposition upon which I had built my hopes a dismal failure. President José Maria Reina Barrios had made ambitious plans at a time when the country was prosperous. The

coffee market had long been favorable on account of a world-wide shortness of supply caused by warlike conditions in Brazil. Being a coffee producing country also, Guatemala profited greatly thereby and money became abundant. A transcontinental railway was being built from Puerto Barrios on the north coast, and its completion was timed to facilitate transportation of exhibits and visitors to the capital.

Overnight a crash came. Brazil, restored to peace, unexpectedly threw a large coffee crop on the market. Down came the price. Guatemala was faced with bankruptcy.

Construction of the exposition buildings had been let to French contractors and the work was too far advanced to permit discontinuation. The railroad was not half finished. The exhibits either had to be shipped via Cape Horn or Panama to the western seashore from where the capital could be reached by another railroad, or they had to be carried on muleback from the terminus of the transcontinental railway. The expected visitors failed to arrive and soon the land became beclouded with pessimism.

In spite of every drawback, the United States and all the manufacturing nations of Europe were represented, as well as all Latin-American countries.

As there is but little divergence in the products of the latter, commercial motives played but a small role in these exhibits, which consisted mainly of agricultural products, specimens of handicraft and many picturesque representations of native scenes. And how well they compared to the dry-as-dust showing of such mediocre machines as the United States and the European countries had sent, with visible reluctance and doubt, as a bid for trade!

I well remember a swamp scene from Costa Rica. It was a large bit of jungle enlivened with well-mounted tapirs and monkeys, brush-dogs, sloths and all the animal life I had learned to know so well. It was made on such a scale that the number of animals did not cause the appearance of untruth generally shown in such representations. Contemplation made me homesick for the Mosquito shore.

Expositions seem never to be ready in time for the scheduled opening. This one was de-

layed by three months, fateful ones, for the rainy season was at hand.

The buildings were beautifully decorated in pale blue and pink colored stucco. They reminded one of the pictures one sees of palaces and kiosks in fairy tales. They were not waterproof, however, and when the first torrents had drenched the walls their appearance was mournful. Nor was only the coloring obliterated—a good deal of the stucco was dissolved and had vanished.

The formal opening, held on a Saturday, was attended by officers and crews of two United States men-of-war, the cruiser Philadelphia and the gunboat Marietta, which had been sent by the government at Washington to attend the festivities. The ceremonies included parades and drills by the Yankee sailors, who were afterward given the freedom of the city. Nothing was too good for them, their money found no takers, and the good citizens vied with each other in showing hospitality. Wine, of course, flowed freely, so freely that by Sunday morning not another drop was to be had until the warehouses had been opened and stocks replenished.

There was much hilarity, but I failed to see one case of real drunkenness. The only fight that occurred during this long night of revelry involved myself. As before stated, the exposition buildings were erected by Frenchmen. When on the last day the finishing touches were given and the flags of different nations hoisted, these Frenchmen refused to have the German colors shown. Thinking me an American, they indulged in vile language and as I still had some work unfinished on banners welcoming the visiting men-o-war's men, I at once went on strike. Billingsgate passed to and fro and we were close to blows when the president, making the rounds once more, was attracted by the altercation. I told him what had occurred. He supported me and the German colors were shown with particular prominence.

After the day's parades I was sitting in the barroom of the *Gran Hotel* with some German friends. One of them drew comparisons between the appearance of American and German marines. I took umbrage at his remarks and after a few words joined some Americans seated at a neighboring table.

Here the conversation turned to my little strike and its reason. One of the Americans upbraided me for taking Germany's part and became indecent in his language. Before anyone could stop us we were at each other's throats. We had always been on good terms and though the hostility now aroused did not endure for many weeks, our fight was a bitter one.

It was ever thus. Equal love and appreciation for the land of my birth and for the land of my adoption caused conflicts within myself and with others, often resulting in ill-feeling and worse with people whom I liked and esteemed.

Guatemala's finances did not permit completion of the railroad. The people were not willing to have foreign capital finish the job. They wanted a national railroad or none. President Barrios thought differently and as Congress refused to sanction foreign control and ownership of a national necessity he adjourned it and compelled the members to walk from the capital to the terminus of the railroad and back, the round trip being almost one hundred and seventy-five miles. Without giving them a rest, he called them to a meeting

and asked whether or not they now approved of a railroad built under any circumstances. The "yes" was unanimous.

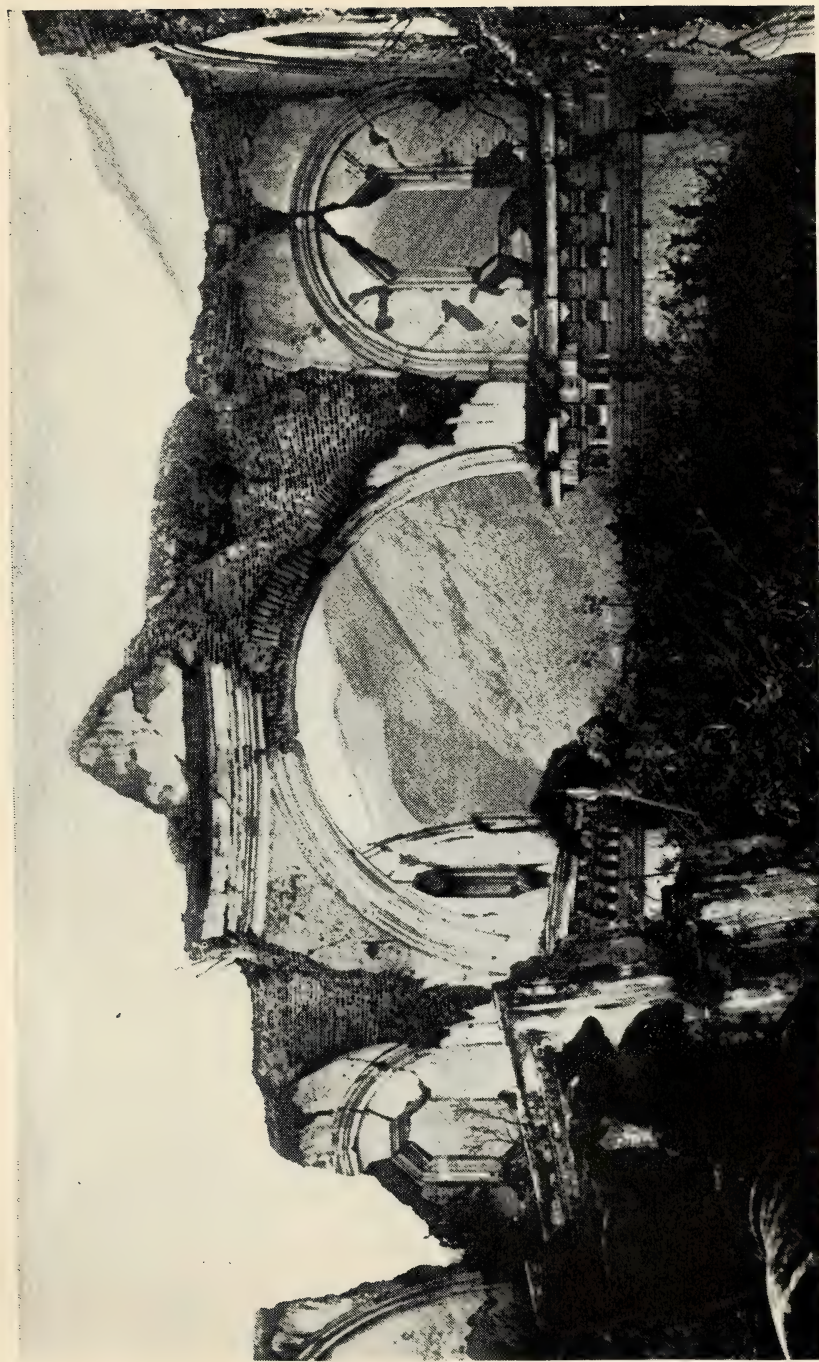
CHAPTER XXIII.

Miller Rescues a Girl and President Barrios Is Shot and Killed.

BARRIOS did not enjoy his victory long. Revolution broke out, and although he quelled it, he soon fell victim to an assassin. His taking off is interwoven with a personal adventure.

In Guatemala City I met up again with Joseph Miller, a gold miner I had known here and there for several years. Miller was a wiry, active chap, had left school early in an Iowa town, but had developed keen initiative and could be depended upon in a pinch. The lure of the yellow metal had called him from one field to another, and I felt that it would keep on calling him all his life. He had located a property of large promise in Honduras and had come to the Guatemala capital for recreation.

We took in all the sights and I did everything I could to afford diversion for Miller. But he was restless, and I was aware that he wasn't enjoying himself particularly. It was



RUINS OF ANTIGUA, FIRST CAPITAL OF GUATEMALA, DESTROYED BY THE VOLCANO AGUA REPEATEDLY UNTIL 1773, WHEN PRESENT CAPITAL WAS BUILT ON A PROTECTED SITE. THIS SHOWS WALLS OF A TEMPLE BUILT BY THE EARLY SPANISH FOLLOWERS OF CORTÉZ. THROUGH THE CENTRAL ARCH ONE LOOKS UPON DISTANT MOUNTAINS.



RUINS OF THE CATHEDRAL IN THE DEAD CITY OF ANTIGUA. THIS IS A REMARKABLY FINE EXAMPLE OF SPANISH ARCHITECTURE OF THE BAROQUE PERIOD.

plain that there was something on his mind. Presently I knew the answer—he was lonely. He needed a woman in his life to take the trail with him, to make a home for the two in the wilds, and to share his fortune if he found one. Finding the right woman was a problem in the tropics. It is not easy anywhere, of course, but as we discussed the question, rambling along a high winding road past El Carmen, a monastery half in ruins, we realized what a vast gulf lay between Guatemala City and civilization.

Woman's estate is low and obscure in Latin-America. Travelers from the States are apt to be shocked by the obvious fact that she is regarded largely as a chattel. I was less sensitive then than now to the injustice of that; was more inclined then to accept things as I found them, especially if they bore the sanction of centuries.

There were three types of women from which Miller might draw. One of the Ladino class, from the lower walks of life in the cities, would have been easy to get, but her kind was unfaithful and otherwise undesirable. A savage Indian woman ordinarily was unobtainable, and anyhow was deficient in household

experience. There remained then the woman of the Carmencita type, the Carmencita who had bent over me as I awakened in the strange hut in Mosquitia. I told Miller of her that day, and as I talked a sense of elation and yet of pain came to me, for the hour of that farewell recalled itself with vividness; what hopes Carmencita had builded upon me, and how they were shattered with my going. That was the kind of woman Miller wanted—an Indian girl from a small village far from the routes of travel, a woman purely human and unspoiled by intimate contact with the renegades of the towns.

This was asking a good deal, it occurs to me now. But there was a place in the City of Guatemala where such a woman could occasionally be found. It was the *Luz Roja* (Red Light), a brothel, not as brothels were in the cities of the United States nor as they are operated under government supervision in Japan, but much viler. The *Luz Roja* was a penal institution where a woman convict might serve her sentence, or earn the amount of her fine and thus buy her release. Profits accruing went to the authorities, the municipal and national governments each getting a percentage.

A file of soldiers, commanded by an officer, was on daily duty. In front of the entrance a sentinel in full accoutrement marched up and down, while his companions lingered in the *zajuan*, or vestibule.

The women were not necessarily there of their own volition, though this was the general supposition. An Indian girl from some far-away village might be brought in by some press gang seeking men whom they could enlist for army service. Or she might have accompanied her family on a trading trip to town and have excited the covetousness of some official or officer who would have an obliging judge sentence her on a trumped-up charge.

I have the highest regard for the Latin-American, drawing the line only at those who dabble in politics, civilian officials or members of the army, which here is only a political tool. Unscrupulous to a degree, these classes are capable of anything, be it ever so odious.

I have known a good many foreigners, who, compelled to spend their time in the bush or plantations, went to the *Luz Roja* and there selected a girl, paid her fine and took her along. A man who is a fair judge of human

nature seldom regrets this unconventional way of obtaining a helpmate and companion.

Miller decided to visit this institution. Not wishing to go there in the evening, when most frequenters make their calls, we went early one afternoon. The sentinel stood at attention as we entered the door. On a bench, along the corridor, were ten or twelve soldiers, shaking dice, playing cards, killing time. We passed them and entered a large room, the *sala*.

It contained a table, standing in the center, and a row of chairs of various patterns was filed against the walls from which hung a few obscene pictures. That completed the furnishings. We heard feminine voices and laughter in an adjacent room, mingled with a man's jesting notes. The man came into the *sala*. He was the officer of the day, a lieutenant, and seeing us called out: "Come on, girls, here are customers."

Twenty or more women filed in. Some of them were quite young and others appeared to be anywhere from forty to forty-five. The Madame told us to take our choice. We had no inclination to do that and easily withstood the personal approaches of the bolder girls.

We offered to treat and the Madame called to a soldier to bring a case of beer. The lieutenant joined the crowd and entertained us with a few hackneyed jests.

When the girls were led in we had noticed one in particular. She was a full-blooded Indian, well built and remarkably handsome. A bruised eye, scratched face and torn dress manifested that she had been in a fight. She was shy, kept aloof, and answered the coarse remarks of her companions and of the lieutenant with silent looks of bitter hatred and defiance. Miller moved his chair in front of her and tried to engage her in conversation. She persistently avoided his eyes and remained silent. "She is a savage Indian from Honduras," some one said. That was as engaging to me as it was to Miller and I, too, stepped toward her. Miller addressed a remark to her in the Toasco language and she gazed at him in mute though pleased surprise. I could not follow the conversation Miller now addressed to her, as I had never mastered that vernacular.

The girl at first gave short answers. Gradually, however, she became more friendly un-

til the Madame observing it, approached us and said: "You cannot take her."

"Why can't he?" I asked.

"Because she belongs to Colonel Toledo and nobody else can put a hand on her," she replied with decision.

Again there was a hateful and defiant look in the Indian girl's eye. The lieutenant now joined sides with the Madame, applying a repulsive name to the girl. Our spirits were thoroughly aroused and our personal feelings toward the Toasco Indians would not permit us to keep our peace. It was clear that the girl was kept in that place against her will. I could readily see that Miller would take her out if it was humanly possible.

Several visitors arrived. Selecting their company, they disappeared into rear rooms while the lieutenant joined his soldiers in the corridor. Miller approached the Madame, slipped a ten-peso note into her hand and told her he would have the Indian girl or none. The bribe was eagerly accepted, but the taker was evidently fearful of the consequences if the girl's owner, as she called him, Colonel Toledo, should find it out. "Come back to-

morrow after the guard has been changed," she whispered. Miller again addressed a few words to the Indian girl, promising to see her again. She evidently felt that we meant to be her friends and her look of gratitude was sufficient proof of increasing confidence.

We paid our score and left. I gave Miller what knowledge I had of Colonel Toledo, and what I knew did not put our minds at ease. The colonel was a shoemaker by trade, short and wiry, sallow-complexioned and black-bearded, full of energy and meanness. I knew him quite well. He still owned a shoe shop on *Calle Real*, though he was rarely seen there. He had been a partisan of Barrios before the latter became president and was still his obedient servant and member of his body-guard. A big man in politics, shrewd and unscrupulous; a good man to have nothing to do with.

But all this could not deter Miller. His mind was made up. Come what might, he would have the girl.

Next morning we went to the United States Consul General, Colonel Pringle, and submitted the matter to him. He said it would be legal for us to try to liberate the girl in

the proper manner by paying her fine. He, however, would have nothing to do with it inasmuch as Toledo was interested.

I was casually acquainted with the dean of the faculty of law at the national university and knew him to be a high-minded man. To him we went and easily obtained his promise to find out on what charges the girl was booked and to advise us of the best way of obtaining her release.

Early in the afternoon Miller, alone, again passed the portals of the *Luz Roja*. The guard had been changed and another officer was on duty. But the object of his visit was not in the *sala*. He looked inquiringly at the Madame. "It is all right," she said; "you go with this one," and indicated the oldest and least comely woman present. "Yes, come," this one said and led him through the *patio* into the rear section of the house. Opening a door, she said: "There she is. I am going to my room—the next one to the right. When you are through come and get me. We must go back to the *sala* together."

In the far corner of the small room which Miller entered was the Toasco girl, standing straight upright. Her body, bare above the

waist, showed her muscles in a tension as if prepared for a violent effort. As soon as she recognized Miller she relaxed and assumed an air of docility. A salutation passed in her vernacular and he said: "I have come to help you." His abstinence from any personal contact soon dispelled whatever distrust she still possessed, and within a half hour Miller had her story.

She came from some village in the Camasca mountains, was married to one of the young men in her village, and accompanied him on a trip to Jutigalpa, where he fell into the hands of a press gang and was forced into the army. Rita was her name. He was called Cooll. Helpless, far from home and surrounded by hostile Spanish-speaking, Christianized renegade Indians, she went with her man, following his regiment wherever it marched.

The revolution going on in Guatemala caused unrest and alarm in neighboring Honduras. Among the troops sent to guard the frontier was Cooll, Rita still following. Strict watch to prevent desertion relaxed as the distance from home increased. Their desire for freedom and their homesickness grew stronger, and one fine day Cooll and Rita took

to the bush. By some misadventure they crossed the boundary line of Guatemala and again fell into the hands of a recruiting officer, who, disregarding Cooll's nationality, forced him to don the uniform of the Guatemalan regulars and sent him to the seat of war.

Cooll was killed, and Rita, not knowing what else to do or where to go still followed the army, like hundreds of strumpets, so-called *soldaderas*. Not being of that type, however, she resisted every attempted approach, fought like a wildcat, bit and scratched until few men dared molest her.

When the revolution was quelled the main part of the army marched to Guatemala City, whence the men were sent back to their homes. Colonel Toledo, as member of the president's bodyguard, was present at an inspection of the army. Descrying Rita and being struck by her wild beauty, he sought to possess her, made repeated unsuccessful advances and finally attempted to use force. Rita mauled him severely and in revenge he caused a friendly magistrate to send Rita to the *Luz Roja*, where by the use of influence and threats he compelled the Madame to reserve her for his own diversion.

He had visited her frequently, but her spirit was far from being subdued, and on the day before we first saw Rita she had fought him so ferociously that he called several soldiers to his assistance. She was now kept in captivity, starved, ill-treated and abused.

When Miller repeated that story to me I was impelled to help and encouraged him in his endeavors. The name of her man, Cooll, interested me. I thought it might be my young Paya friend and though the name is somewhat common among these Indians I wanted it to be my Cooll because it would give me an opportunity to repay his fellow-villagers for the kindness bestowed on me in sore distress.

The first thing to do was to institute legal proceedings. The dean had been true to his promise, but the judge in the case was so unwilling to do justice that all manner of legal obstacles were put into our way and the thing lagged.

Naturally, Colonel Toledo heard of our endeavors and we had to guard against him. Miller was especially in danger. He seldom ventured out evenings unless accompanied by friends. On several occasions he had been in peril of bodily injury or worse. Native

ruffians, officers of the army, accosted him in attempts to start rows. He was on his guard, however, and avoided every altercation.

These were turbulent times in Guatemala, for although Barrios had remained victor in one revolution, there was much discontent and continual rumors of new uprisings. Martial law was declared, the city was patrolled by the soldiery, who stopped people at random, searched them and arrested them whenever they liked.

One night Miller and I joined some friends in a poker game. Toward midnight six of us decided to accompany Miller to his room in the *Gran Hotel*. Passing along *Calle Real*, we had neared the street on which the hotel is located when we were stopped by a file of soldiers and lined along the sidewalk. The officer in charge drew his sword and with words unnecessarily harsh ordered his men to search us.

We felt that his insulting manner was deliberately calculated to induce our resistance, which inevitably would have ended in our murder. Miller and I seemed to have been singled out for special attention and I weighed in my mind what chances for a getaway we

might have if I knocked the officer down. Two soldiers had just inserted their hands into my pockets when a shot rang out in the near neighborhood, apparently from around the corner on the opposite side of the street. At once there were shouts and the approach of hurried footsteps followed by a fusillade of shots. "*Revolucion!*" came in excited tones from the lips of the soldiers. The officer looked perplexed, and I suppose we did, too.

Four or five men came running around the corner from whence the shots had emanated, shooting apparently at nothing in particular, and calling out: "The president has been assassinated!" Seeing the squad of soldiers who had stopped us, they ceased their running and one of their number commanded our captors to take the assassin dead or alive. In the brightness of the arc light hanging over the crossing I recognized the spokesman. It was Colonel Toledo.

Encouraged by the timely presence of the squad of soldiers, Toledo and the rest of the presidential bodyguard retraced their steps and we too crossed the street and approached the corner, eager to witness whatever might happen. Reaching the crossing we looked up

the street and in front of the German Embassy saw a human figure prostrate on the sidewalk. Farther away was a policeman calling out that he had caught the assassin.

Now we could see the valorous Toledo in all his bravery and glory. Sword and pistol in his hands, he rushed up, followed by his gang, and immediately we heard and saw shot after shot being fired into the corpse of Barrios' slayer.

We did not venture too near. Arriving at the point where the president's dead body lay, we helped carry it into the German Embassy, the Ambassador having opened the door to inquire into the cause of the tumult.

Barrios' slayer was a Swiss, a stranger who had arrived in the capital a few days previous. Oscar Zoellinger was his name, and he had been employed in a bank in Quezaltenango. In a spirit of revenge for the killing of his brother during the revolution, Barrios had ordered the summary execution of the banker in Quezaltenango. Zoellinger avenged the death of his employer, and while the dead president had to be buried secretly for fear of popular demonstration and the profanation of his corpse, his slayer's body lay in state,

riddled with bullets and slashed with swords, but decorated with flowers.

So the hated Barrios regime was ended and his followers fled precipitately, Colonel Toledo among them. There being no one now to raise objection, Miller readily obtained a release for Rita. She had never been booked according to law and there was no fine to pay.

The two started for Honduras at once, and Miller wrote me afterward saying that Rita was a fine girl, that both were happy, and that he was finding increasing signs of gold. He was teaching Rita to read and write English, and she was as delighted as any child of the north as she learned to fashion the alphabet. Her man Cooll whom she had lost, however, was not my Cooll. They had not come from the Paya River village, but from another tributary of the Patuca.

The excitement caused by Barrios' death did not subside quickly. I believe the history of the next few days has never been written, and as subsequent occurrences shed light on politics in some of the Spanish-American countries I will briefly record them.

Congress met in extra session, deliberating on the next steps to be taken. There was a

night meeting, interrupted by the appearance of a man known as a shyster lawyer, a fellow of ill repute and heretofore of no importance in politics. He was Manuel Estrada Cabrera, who came with a few followers, all of them heavily armed. Under threat of a fusillade he compelled Congress to recognize him as the provisional president, claiming in high-sounding phrases that he did not desire to hold office permanently and that only the need of his beloved Fatherland compelled him to end the existing uncertainty in such a drastic manner. Congress acquiesced.

Fair and free election undoubtedly would have ended in favor of an elderly gentleman named Marroquin, who was held in high esteem by all who knew him. His only opponents were people who were willing to surrender the country's resources to spoliation by foreign capital.

After the Congressmen recovered from their surprise Marroquin was approached with a request that he and a few of his chosen friends proceed to the presidential palace, now occupied by the usurper Cabrera, and there make a plea for guarantees of good faith in order to pacify the populace and to avoid domestic

strife. Marroquin did as requested and Cabrera received him very kindly. The self-appointed provisional president repeated his promises of willingness to retire from office as soon as a regular election could be held. He also offered guarantees and suggested that Marroquin choose a body of good men and take over the office of *comandante* of the capital, which would put him in absolute charge of the greater part of the national army. Marroquin selected his staff on the same day and according to agreement with Cabrera proceeded to the *cuartel* to take over the command of the city.

Meanwhile Cabrera had hatched a plot with the old *comandante*, a renegade Spaniard. Marroquin and his staff were to be admitted to the *cuartel* and led into a room, where he and his entire suite should be put to death. The Spaniard then would go to the mint, take all the money he could find, and flee to Salvador. And so it was done.

At noon the next day I was called upon to come to the *cuartel* to figure on the job of re-decorating a room. I went. The room was the one in which this wholesale murder had been perpetrated. Blood covered the walls

and floor. Even the ceiling, a low hanging sheet of painted cotton, was splashed with blood. In the *patio* was a pile of human corpses—Guatemala's best men!

Cabrera naturally was victor at the election. His government was immediately recognized by the world and lasted almost twenty-five years. *He was one of the first presidents of an American republic to declare war on Germany, to make this world safe for democracy!*

CHAPTER XXIV.

War Breaks in Cuba and Black and I Set Out To Join Roosevelt.

ECONOMIC conditions in Guatemala went from bad to worse. Repeated forced loans on the banks caused a devaluation of paper currency. Metal was not obtainable and my moderate savings, all in paper, were worth nothing.

In spite of the sorry state of my finances I felt rich enough to pay the fares to Salvador for myself and a Nicaraguan, General Manuel Argüello B., who being *persona non grata* with the new government of Guatemala as well as a political refugee from his own country, to which he could not look for succor in case of any persecution by President Cabrera, was anxious to leave his domain and seek refuge in Salvador. There he expected to find friends and help among his many countrymen who had fled from Nicaragua in fear of Santos Zelaya, then president of that republic. The Argüello family was promi-

nent and had many branches. The letter B. marked the particular branch he belonged to.

General Argüello had been my commander during that war which ended the Vasquez regime in Honduras and which so nearly ended my own career when on the last day of hostilities I received the gunshot wound through my throat. He had behaved very decently toward me on that and other occasions and I was glad of a chance to repay his many kindnesses. Penniless, he eagerly accepted my offer to travel with me and at my expense. He returned to Nicaragua afterward, was imprisoned by Zelaya and died from the effects of ill-treatment received in prison.

The railroad station in Guatemala City was closely watched by government agents. Nobody of whom President Cabrera had the slightest distrust or who might possibly entertain an idea of starting or abetting a revolution against him was allowed to leave the city. Numerous men trying to buy tickets at the depot were simply thrown into prison. General Argüello was sure to be thus detained and I could not be certain of not being treated in like manner.

Carrying only the most necessary baggage, we left Guatemala City on foot and in the early morning. We walked to the next station. Finding that place unguarded, we bought tickets to San José, Guatemala's chief port on the Pacific coast, and took the first train.

As we left Guatemala City we encountered a large dog, a blue Dane, who playfully stayed in our company, although we gave him no encouragement. I even tried to chase him away, but he took my action as indicative of willingness to play with him and insisted upon coming with us.

I do not know who first suggested that we take him to Salvador. Anyhow, we concluded that as we had but little money we might improve our finances considerably by taking the dog and selling him later. We had ample reason to regret our avarice.

First, we had to buy a full-fare railroad ticket for *Zampa*, as we named the dog. Arriving in San José, we paid lodging for the brute at the hotel. The steamer we had intended to take was two days late and when it arrived we had to pay a boatsman extra for conveying him to the vessel. San José has no

harbor. There is an open roadstead and passengers and freight are carried through the surf on human backs, deposited into boats and thus brought aboard the ship. It happened to be on a Sunday, when the boatsmen exact double rate. We had to pay.

The steamer was a German Cosmos liner. These ships made trips of six months' duration, plying between Hamburg and the west coast of the Americas, going north as far as Guaymas in Mexico, touching at every port after doubling Cape Horn, carrying passengers and freight, but mainly loading coffee for German consumption.

In Lima, Peru, a crew of deck laborers was taken on board which stayed with the ship until toward the close of the journey, when Lima was reached again. These laborers were mostly Indians who, shipping from vessel to vessel, spent very little time on shore. They quickly learned the language of their environment, and as on these Cosmos liners the language mostly used was low German, I was startled and amused when I heard these American aborigines converse in the clearest Hamburgese "*Plattdeutsch*."

But "*Plattduetsch*" or not, we had to pay half fare for *Zampa*, and when we reached the port of Acajutla in Salvador, an open roadstead like San José, we paid to have him taken ashore. We paid his fare by rail to Sonsonate, forty miles inland, and paid for his keep at the hotel. Almost a hundred dollars I had spent upon the brute so far and I was getting nervous about it as I was at the end of my financial resources. I was offered fifty dollars for him, but the General felt so sure we could easily get five hundred for him in San Salvador, the capital, that I abided by his judgment.

Sonsonate was a hot and sleepy town of about 5,000 inhabitants. From the window of my room in the hotel I could watch the continuous eruptions of Izalco, a small but active volcano. Every six or seven minutes a tremendous pillar of smoke shot toward the heavens. At a height impossible for me to guess even approximately, the smoke spread into all directions, air currents apparently being absent. Gradually it took the shape of an immense tree in dense foliage. Then the base of the tree trunk vanished and slowly the smoke cloud, rising higher and higher, thinned and disappeared.

It was a glorious sight, much enhanced when, at night, the smoke shaft and its spreading top were richly illuminated by the fire-belching crater below, and streams of fire poured down the mountain side. Subterranean rumbles were constant, generally followed or preceded by sharp detonations. We became so accustomed to the dozen or more earthquakes daily, we soon paid no attention to them.

Despite this apparent precariousness of existence, the town showed few marks of destruction. It had been built on a site safe from severe shocks, while all around, for miles and miles, huge blocks of lava, rent mountains, deep crevices and uprooted trees were silent testifiers to nature's destructive force. Springs, hot, warm and cool, abounded. Their waters were credited with curative qualities. Everybody bathed in them and nobody, except the town's elite, ever thought of wearing bathing suits or drawing a sex line. Paradise, indeed!

But there was no business in Sonsonate, and we had to cut our stay short. The city of San Salvador was our next goal and in order to be able to settle our score and buy railroad

tickets we were compelled to sell some of our belongings.

The General had a fancy vest, the correct thing for a gentleman's afternoon wear. It was his only vest, but being quite dispensable, he sold it. I sold my watch and chain, and between us we raised the needful for the journey.

The railroad did not run into the city of San Salvador, but came to a sudden stop about ten miles from it. From this point we took saddle mules and the General and I, always accompanied by *Zampa*, rode into the capital as it behooves gentlemen.

Nearing its outskirts, we encountered some Indian field laborers. *Zampa*, ever friendly and playful, ran toward them. Thoroughly afraid at his size, the Indians scampered away, *Zampa* following. We galloped after him, calling, "*Zampa*, here *Zampa*!" But *Zampa* kept on going and we never laid an eye on him again.

That was the only time in my life I ever stole a dog. So help me God, I never will again.

We arrived in the city about noon and registering at a hotel we ordered the clerk to take good care of our baggage (which we solemnly alleged would follow by ox cart toward evening), dined, and strolled through the streets. The General had many friends and acquaintances here, and the only thing we could do was to endeavor to make a loan somewhere.

We called at the house of Don Rafael Lacayo, a Nicaraguan refugee who had married a wealthy Salvadorenean woman. "He is out, gone to the cockpit," we were informed and inquiring the way we immediately took the same path. Arriving, we found a half dozen or more Nicaraguans, all of them acquaintances of the General, including Don Rafael, from whose house we just came.

By the time that greetings had been exchanged two cocks were brought in and were examined by the onlookers, who immediately began placing bets.

"Give me your pocketbook," said the General to me. It was bare of any money and merely held a few cards.

After the long, sharp and pointed gaffs had been fastened to the cocks' spurs and they were about to enter into mortal combat, when no-

body had eye or ear for anything except that which was about to take place in the pit, the General, lifting my empty pocketbook, shouted to Don Rafael:

"One hundred *pesos* on *Negrito*—the little black one!"

"All right!" was the acknowledging reply, and I trembled for the result.

Central American gamblers are usually not trustful souls. As a rule, one has to put up actual cash when placing a bet. But General Argüello's manner was superb. And the fight was on. The cocks, their heads low, were eyeing each other with deadly mien, ready to sink their gaffs into each other's flesh. The suspense for me was awful. I knew nothing of gamecocks, had never taken any interest in that sport. I knew the General to be a connoisseur, but I knew also that he frequently had picked the wrong rooster. The possibility of our being publicly denounced as cheaters rose to a certainty when, after the first jump and flare, our little black bird bled profusely, while the enemy showed no sign of having been touched.

But *Negrito* was game. Four times the birds attacked. Claws up, they flew at each

other simultaneously. Both scored, both bled, both were visibly growing weak. A fifth time they lunged at each other. Our opponent buried his gaff into *Negrito's* breast and could not extricate it. It cut a terrible gash. *Negrito* was dying.

With one last vicious effort he pecked at his slayer, lay down on his side, and died just as the other cock turned tail and endeavored to escape, which his failing strength did not permit him to do.

There was a great chorus of cheers from our side. For *Negrito*, though dead, had won. In a cock fight it is not necessarily the cock which dies that is proclaimed loser, but the one that turns tail. A battle ending in death for both is won by him who lives the longer.

We collected our winnings. As no more cocks were brought in we were not led into temptation to risk our sudden wealth, and went to the hotel in jubilant spirits.

I found plenty of work for a few weeks and was getting along nicely when the Spanish-American war broke out. Thinking that my experiences would be of value to the United States and not liking Spain any too well, I at once decided to get into the excitement and

hoped to become one of Roosevelt's rough riders. The newspapers were full of T. R. and his plans to wipe up the earth with Spain.

There was a circus in San Salvador, a regular American circus with its following of gamblers and easy-money men such as I had learned to know in Texas. I dropped in at the cook tent and discovered to my joy that Harry Black was business manager. We had known each other in Mexico and Guatemala, and I had great admiration for him.

Black was a character. He had knocked around the world trying his hand at everything. His wits had been sharpened on the rocks of necessity. People took to him readily; he was at home anywhere. He had endurance and humor, every minute of life being an adventure to him. Black delighted in analyzing the other fellow's game and then beating him at it. His intuition was uncanny. No one ever saw him when he was not completely confident, nor when he did not carry his head high. He could make strangers believe almost anything.

Patriotism was oozing around in Black's veins as it was in mine. He was fired by the speeches Roosevelt had made and regarded

him as a great leader. Spain needed to be taught a lesson, Black agreed, and he was going to help do it. Anyhow, he was tired of the circus business and the Central American climate, and needed a change. We would go together to see Roosevelt in person and enlist. Maybe I could get in as a captain, with all my experience in fighting in the tropics.

Two other patriots were likewise eager to sacrifice the circus business for their country. One was Ollie, a bareback rider; the other Dottie, a singer. They hadn't been in any wars yet, but they decided they would be nurses, for they realized that both had sympathetic natures and never could do too much for people who were in trouble. So they were going with Black and me.

We came to that decision sitting at a table in the *Ganso Verde* (Green Goose). In numberless glasses of liquor we pledged our services to the United States. Then we went back to the circus lot, where Spanish sympathizers couldn't hear us, and sang patriotic songs. Next day we prepared for a journey across the continent to Puerto Barrios, on the north coast.

Santa Ana, forty miles west, was reached by rail. Here Dottie's thirst got the better of her and she stayed behind. We were in a hurry to get to the war and couldn't wait. Dottie was a brunette and was partial to *aguardiente*, the native white rum. We three survivors hired mules and set forth across the mountains, east and north. Three hundred miles or more to go! A slow process, and we had no patience.

At dusk of a certain day we halted at a small settlement in Salvador called San Francisco and obtained lodgings for the night at the home of a miller. This man had a face lined with so many wrinkles that he looked only five or six years younger than Methuselah, of whom he said he had never heard. He wore an enormous black felt hat with a peacock's feather standing high above it and kept the hat on in the house.

He plied us with questions about the outside world and weighed all the answers carefully, closing one eye half shut as he listened. As the conversation proceeded, the miller's tones changed; it was plain that he was skeptical about some of the answers that we gave him. Finally he put one question to Black

with the air of a challenger who is ready to do battle. Moving close to Black and looking him squarely in the eye, the miller said, slowly and distinctly:

"A man who came by here last year told me that in New York City there are buildings five and six stories high. . . . Is that so?"

Black played safe. "There may be," he said. "I never saw any of them."

So the miller let us stay overnight. I was certain in my mind that if Black had confirmed the story about the tall buildings the old man would have cast us out for liars.

Ollie was worried as we crossed the line into Guatemala, wondering what had happened to Dottie. She talked much about the poor girl we had left alone in Santa Ana, until we silenced her by explaining firmly that she was worrying the mules and slowing them down. After that she just brooded and we got along better. At Zacatecas we abandoned the mules and finished to Puerto Barrios by train.

We were out of money again and had difficulty in persuading a Carib boatman to take us to Belize. But his wife could not resist the tinsel circus finery Ollie displayed to her and she induced her man to convey us in con-



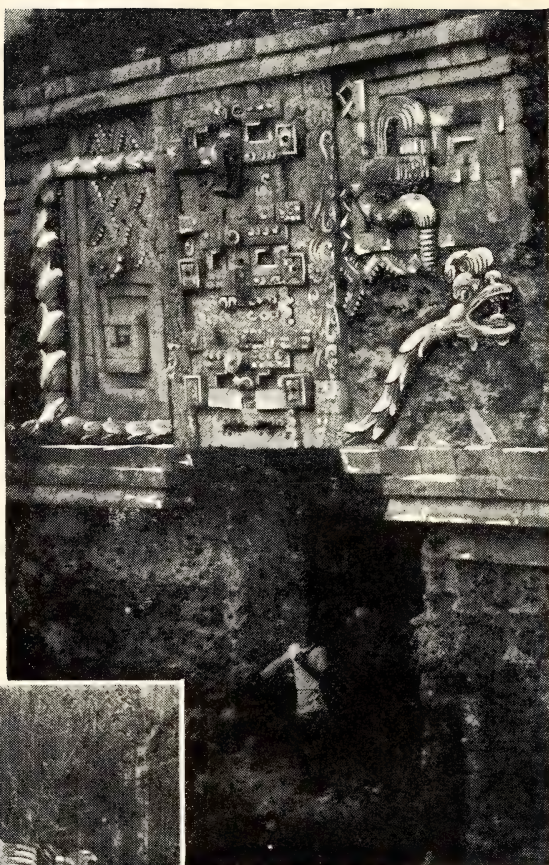
CONVENT EL CARMEN, WEST OF THE CITY OF GUATEMALA. THE SUN SETTING BEHIND THIS VENERABLE EDIFICE MADE A GLORIOUS PICTURE.



CHURCH OF SANTIAGO, MAIN CATHEDRAL IN THE CITY OF GUATEMALA.

MAYAN RUINS
AT UXMAL,
YUCATAN.

DETAIL OF ARCH-
ITECTURE AND OR-
NAMENTATION,
SHOWING THE
LEGENDARY
FEATHERED
SERPENT.



THE HEAD ABOVE RE-
QUIRED TECHNICAL SKILL
IN CARVING. BUT HERE A
CRAFTSMAN HAS CLEVERLY
SOLVED THE MORE DIFFI-
CULT PROBLEM OF PORTRAY-
ING A SERPENT'S HEAD IN
THE FLAT BY ASSEMBLING
CARVED STONES. ITS ASPECT
IS HYPNOTIC, FRIGHTFUL.

sideration of a dress such as a bareback rider performs in. She was twice Ollie's bulk and it took considerable effort to make the dress expand to get two hundred and fifty pounds of black flesh into it. But it was achieved, all but the tights. Bare of leg, she was an imposing sight as she displayed her finery to a crowd of admirers.

We were to sail in the morning, and late in the evening, as we were preparing to retire, who should make his appearance but Harry Cole, my old friend and erstwhile nurse in the Guatemala City hospital. The war had transformed him completely. His religious dementia had given way to a fervent patriotism. He too was penniless and only desired to be able to join the United States forces.

On that day the news of Dewey's victory in Manila Bay reached us. Our enthusiasm was unbounded and I doubt if Americans anywhere celebrated events in a more devoted spirit than we did. Of course, Cole came with us and after a few days' sail along the coast we made Belize. We had no funds, but Harry Black was with us, a circumstance almost as good as ready money.

It was Black who enabled us to get lodging and meals at the hotel in Belize without much cash. The common silver coin of Spanish America is the *peso*, about the size of a United States dollar, but worth much less, usually only about half as much. For convenience they are wrapped into rolls of fifty. Black had a few pieces of heavy brass rod, the exact length and thickness of a fifty-*peso* roll. They were wrapped in heavy paper, sealed, and to all appearances were real cash. Belize has its own currency, of gold standard, and silver *pesos* have to be exchanged at their market value. We went to the hotel and registered. Black asked: "How much are *pesos* worth today?" The answer did not satisfy him, and shoving his wrapped brass rolls over the counter he requested the clerk to lock them in the safe. Thus our credit was established.

We had hoped to work our way back to the United States, but we found that even if we had had money we couldn't have entered this country, inasmuch as all southern ports were then quarantined against passengers from Central America. Even Black's diplomacy failed to work upon the local U. S. consul; he said he was powerless to help us. So we

had to stay, and to find work, which wasn't easy.

Sentiment against the United States was uniform in Belize, people in all walks of life displaying antipathy and hatred. In order to get a job, Black was compelled to pass himself off as an Irishman, which he did capably, while I featured my German birth and allegiance. Less adaptable, Harry Cole could do neither. Popular attitude exasperated him, and he went about defying the community and getting into scrapes. Just as we learned beyond all question that there was no chance of our achieving our ambition to join Roosevelt, Harry heard that a racing outfit was quartered at a small town down the coast, where the horses had been in winter quarters. Nothing could hold him when the turf called, and he rejoined the ponies at high speed.

I remember a Spanish steamer, the *Guillermo Lopez*, which in the earlier days of the war repeatedly managed to run the American blockade, carrying supplies to the Spanish forces. There was nothing illegal about that, but the blockade steadily tightened, and no longer daring to show the Spanish colors, the ship's captain prevailed upon the obliging

British officials in Belize to change her registry from Spanish to British. The United States consul raved about it, but to no avail.

Immediately after reaching Belize I succeeded in obtaining a contract to paint four small new houses. Black assisted and we were thus enabled to pay our hotel bills and to procure passage on a British tramp steamer going to Progreso in Yucatan. The war was still on, but we saw no prospect of getting to the States nor to Cuba either. Accordingly, we went to Merida, fifteen miles inland, and began casting about to make a living. On my previous visit there I had fared badly, but things were better now, and we managed to make a livelihood with the painting, doing both signs and houses. But while this provided all necessities, it did not bring enough to pay passage elsewhere.

Just as the war ended, Black figured out an advertising stunt and made enough money in a short time to take Ollie and himself to the States. Subsequently he went to the Philippines and became purchasing agent for the government there. In that office he spent several million dollars buying supplies. I did not see him again for twenty-five years.

A year and a half I stayed in Yucatan. Not long after my arrival an itinerant photographer, Leonard Webster, came along, and as he was not conversant with the Spanish language I joined him as a solicitor and interpreter. We did not open a gallery, but took interiors, groups, views, as well as portraits at our patrons' homes. As Webster was a capable man and we were the first photographers in Yucatan to make platinum prints, we did very well.

After we had worked Merida thoroughly, we journeyed throughout the Yucatan peninsula. Together we went to villages and plantations, taking pictures according to the prospective customer's suggestion. Upon returning to the city we developed the plate and printed one copy which I then submitted and with which I took orders. Delivery was made by me alone. Often I found my customer absent, when I simply left the pictures with a neighbor or merely deposited them where they were sure to be found, attaching a note asking that I be met with the amount due us at a given time on a certain train, or that the remittance be forwarded to us in Merida. We never lost a cent and I know that many of our

customers went to a good deal of trouble in order to meet the train I was supposed to travel on. Repeatedly it happened that I missed the train and then the money was given to me by the station master with whom it had been left. Surely, Yucatecans would be hard to beat for honesty.

Now I visited Chichenitza,* Uxmal and other notable ruins. Many of the walls were sufficiently clear of growth to permit close study of their ornamentation. Most of the decorative *motifs* are taken from animal forms, while some of them seem to have been copied from woven patterns. Most admirable is the manner of conventionalizing. To adapt a natural form to the limitations of conventional design is not easy, when one considers its nature as well as the nature of the tools which must be used and the uses to which the finished object is to be put. And how handicapped were these early artisans without iron or steel tools! I am told that not a trace has ever been found of any implement used in the construction of these wonders of architecture.

*Two expeditions to probe the mysteries of the Mayan ruins in Central America are in preparation as this book goes to press. One is to be sent to Guatemala by the American Museum of Natural History in New York City, and the other will be dispatched to Yucatan by the Carnegie Institution of Washington, D. C. The latter proposes to carry on a ten-year program of archaeological research in Central America.

There were immense walls, made entirely of stones, a foot and a half to two feet thick. Each stone had been cut into a perfect X shape and so placed above others as to form a lattice. Most of the lintels were straight, rectangular stones of great size and weight, richly adorned with pictorial representations and hieroglyphics. Some doorways tapered at the top, the sides approaching each other by overlapping, thus resembling the back of a stairway.

Probably all the buildings were constructed to fit the requirements of a most sinister religion. They were overwhelming in their grandeur and overawing in their ornamentation. Many of the ornaments were laid out on a gigantic scale, towering above what I had seen in Mitla. Viewing some of the decorations, I felt a shudder go through me. How their appearance must have struck terror to the primitive people for whose benefit they were made!

The main *motif* was the serpent, the rattlesnake in particular, portrayed in front view, kept rather flat, and executed by assembling properly carved stones. Only in one place did I see an attempt at rendering a portrait of a

serpent. Its body was immense. The head, carved from one stone, with mouth open, protruded from the wall; the body disappeared beneath an ornament and reappeared beyond, where it was entwined with the body of another snake, the entire decorative scheme being thus reiterated around the building. Reappearing from beneath the ornament and hanging above the serpent's head was the tail, a rattler.

I had never seen a rattlesnake in these regions, but Mr. Thompson, at that time the United States Consul, an eager student of these ruins, assured me that he had seen many and that once he had been attacked by one. He had entered a cave, having been lowered into it by a rope held by his Indians. By the light of a torch he carried he saw a large rattler, which at once struck a combative attitude. On an agreed-upon signal he was hoisted and regained the earth's surface. The snake followed him into the open and was killed. Mr. Thompson took a photograph of the dead reptile held by an Indian, and was kind enough to present me with a copy of it.

But Yucatan could not hold us forever. We had worked the territory to the best of our

ability and not to bad advantage. I had the necessary means in my pocket and was now determined to visit my parents.

Quarantine again was on in southern ports and I took passage on a chance steamer for New York. Within three weeks I was safely home in Milwaukee with the family I had not seen in eighteen years.

CHAPTER XXV.

With My People Again for Fourteen Quiet Years.

HOME at last! Mother was there, getting old and feeble. Father, whom I had known as a two hundred-pounder, now weighed barely half of that. Sister Anna whom I had set out to meet and to protect in New York was happily married. A younger brother, Emil, a confectioner, was the main support of the family, which included Sister Eleanore, an invalid, and Elsé, the youngest, who had no definite personal recollection of me. Only Fritz, my older brother, was missing. He had died a year before my arrival.

My folks were not prosperous, and it seemed that my years of roving were ended. A confidential talk with a physician revealed my father's ailment to me and I knew that his days were numbered.

I obtained a job, but could not work. I was out of my sphere. I took sick, a rheumatic affection. Then I suffered an attack of appendicitis, and my system was so full of

malaria that the doctors feared for my life. Gradually, however, I improved and was again looking for some suitable position. My sisters noticed an advertisement of a local jewelry concern seeking an apprentice for its engraving department. After much coaxing by my sisters I applied for the place. I was whiskered like a pard and when I said, "Mr. Bunde, I saw in the paper that you are looking for an apprentice for your engraving shop," the answer was, "Yes. Have you a son who would like to learn the craft?"

I explained and found a sympathetic ear. Mr. Bunde advised me to go to Chicago, where I might find a trade school. I went, enrolled and worked like a beaver. Within half a year I became sufficiently competent to command a fair wage. I also attended night classes at the Art Institute, augmented by a course in a correspondence school, and progressed rapidly.

Then my father died, thus finding his only possible escape from pain that was appalling to watch. My brother married, and I found it wisdom to take my mother and two sisters to Chicago, where we established a comfortable home and where I grew stronger and stronger physically. It had taken a long time

for me to grow accustomed to family life, but I discovered that it had many advantages.

I became naturalized, believing I owed it to the United States to make myself an American in every sense of the word. Memories of my birthland had grown dim. I liked the people about me, and the enterprise of the cities here, the up-and-coming spirit and the belief of the Americans that nothing was impossible for them.

During leisure hours I constructed jewelry, using as *motifs* various detail taken from the mural decorations of my old friends, the Maya Indians. They were odd and exotic looking pieces, and I was encouraged to offer them to the directors of the next annual exhibition of industrial arts at the Chicago Art Institute. All were rejected by the jury of selection.

But I never gave up easily, and next year I offered the same pieces again. This time they were accepted, and presently a letter came from the American Federation of Arts in Washington, D. C., requesting the loan of several specified pieces for a traveling exhibition. Then I received an inquiry from Miss Irene Sargent, professor of the history of fine arts at the University of Syracuse, asking for

the source of my inspiration, followed by a request for a sketch of my career, which was subsequently published in *The Keystone*, leading trade journal of the jewelry profession. That was elating. I was getting somewhere.

In the course of time I established myself in a studio in the Fine Arts Building and earned a sufficiency for the modest wants of our family. To sit there creating things, according to my fancy, to work precious metals into objects of beauty, as I perceived beauty, was joy indeed. Thus fourteen years passed. Toward the end of that period my sister Eleanor died, a tragedy which drew the rest of us even more closely together than before. Her going made me apply myself with fresh intensity to creative work. She had liked to watch me.

CHAPTER XXVI.

*Then the Great War Comes and I Leave to
Serve My Native Land.*

LIVING in an atmosphere of art, I was perfectly contented. I joined few organizations, had but a small circle of friends, and as my clientele was exclusively Anglo-American I practically forgot that I was German. Then came the Great War. I shall not attempt to discuss the wrongs and rights of the belligerents here; that discussion has filled many books, and doubtless will fill many more. But I want to tell about the effect of the war upon my own life.

Everywhere the minds of the people were clouded by propaganda; they had no chance to get at the facts underlying the conflict. Those facts were buried beneath mountains of printed paper, issued from both sides, citing grave charges against the respective enemies, charges usually unsupported but voiced with such solemnity and such profound sense of outrage that they were eminently plausible. Countless lies were spread by both sides. But

the British had the advantage. They were more clever than the German propagandists, quicker of wit, and their basic facilities were greater. They had the advantage of open communication, and they had newspaper men who had the imagination and ingenuity which enabled them to build the greatest propaganda machine the world has ever seen. Lord Northcliffe headed that machine; his own vast syndicate of newspapers and magazines was the nucleus of it; and to that was added, by purchase or by alliances born of capitalistic necessity, the *key* newspapers of the United States, dailies which not only held a commanding position in their respective cities, but which fed the wires of the press associations with "news" for transmission throughout the land. So by virtue of their better equipment, the lies disseminated by the Allies far outnumbered the fictitious news stories emanating from German sources.

Then the Allies proclaimed a blockade and forbade neutral trade with their enemy. Meek compliance to the British demands was given by the neutrals, the United States included. Big American manufacturers hastened to convert their factories into munitions works and

to make barbed wire for the trenches, straining every nerve and sinew to assist the Allied powers.

When we of German leanings attempted to ease the sufferings of our blood kindred by sending food for the civilian population and hospital supplies for the wounded, we were prohibited from giving any such help. This prohibition by the British was unlawful, but they got away with it; and we were prevented from stilling the hunger of our own mothers, innocent of any hand in the war-making, and from helping to heal the wounds that shells, made in our adopted country, were inflicting upon our brothers.

My friends and patrons called on me. They patted me on the back, saying what a good man I was and what a lot of blood-reeking Huns my countrymen were. That was hard to endure. I found myself avoiding people because it was difficult to keep my feelings from tearing loose. In the quiet of my studio I did a lot of thinking about Germany and all the people I had known in Buende and Dortmund. One by one those people marched before me. Sturdy, industrious men and women mostly, though some had their pretensions and their

vanities and here and there was a lazy man. But I could picture none of those men as killers nor outragers of their kind. They loved life; they wanted peace. What did they know of the necessity of world markets and a place in the sun?

What could I do to help Germany and those people in Westphalia, my home province, I asked myself. How could I get into the game and do my share? For I must help. I must give all that I had to the cause of those who were dear to me. Nothing else was important to me now. What mattered art and the creation of beauty by one individual when across the seas men were wantonly destroying the most beautiful of all things—human life?

I called upon the local German consul, told him of my varied experiences, and offered my services, but found little encouragement. He had been approached by numberless people in the same manner, and had grown weary of listening to the most crazy proposals from cranks, men who thought they had some discovery or invention by which they could annihilate entire armies.

But during the first winter of the war a German colonial official arrived in Chicago.

He had been illegally taken by the British from some neutral vessel. Imprisoned in Australia, he succeeded in effecting his release and was now trying to reach Germany. He bore a great resemblance to me, as I had looked six or seven years previous. He wore a beard, precisely as I had in those years, and had about the same amount of hair on his head as I had then. In the meantime I had grown quite bald, but as I had a few old photographs of myself, I felt sure that he could travel home on my passport, if I could have the old picture put upon it.

I talked it over with him and exacted his promise that he would urge the German government to entrust me with any mission worth while. I acquainted him with my versatility, my bushwhacking experiences, and particularly enjoined him to see that I be given the opportunity to bring succor to the Germans fighting in Africa. He consented and I proceeded as follows:

Going to the Federal Building I made application for a passport, asserting that I wanted to go to Denmark. After taking my affidavit and attending to other details the official said: "Where are your photographs?"

I pretended not to know that photographs were required and he informed me that on account of the war all passports had to show the bearer's portrait. I then requested permission to send him mine by mail. It was granted and I sent the old photographs which, as I stated before, resembled my German friend fully as closely as they did me. In due time the passport was issued and served its purpose well. It was returned to me by mail from Norway.

Now I had an intercessor in Berlin and impatiently awaited news. Within six weeks or so I was summoned to see the German consul. I complied and was asked if I was willing to go to the Orient, there to use my American citizenship in furthering German interests in any legal manner that would suggest itself and under the advice of local German representatives. He could not give me much information about the precise nature of my expected service. It might be assistance in buying arms and ammunition or otherwise helping East Indian patriots in an impending revolution. Perhaps I might find a way of forwarding much needed material of war or hospital supplies to the German troops fight-

ing a lonely fight in Africa. Then again, German commercial interests needed neutral elements as middlemen in trading with the enemy. Whatever it was, I would be well provided with money and given all possible help.

I was afire with the desire to go and readily accepted.

As I had never been in the Orient, I considered it advisable to meet a few people who were conversant with conditions over there. Through an acquaintance, Gustave H. Jacobsen, I met Heramba L. Gupta, a Hindu patriot, who gave me much needed information. Going to New York, I met Dharendra Nat Sen and Jodh Singh, also East Indian patriots who considered the time opportune to free their country from the British yoke. From them as well as from certain German sea captains and shipping agents I learned much of the unparalleled commercial power of Great Britain.

Ninety-five per cent of all shipping facilities in the Orient was and is in British hands. If a neutral skipper dared refuse obedience to British dictates, he would find no wharfing facilities at his next port. A neutral port, in-

sisting on equal treatment to all, would find itself boycotted by British and Allied shipping and consequent stagnation of business, as almost none but Allied ships were sailing the oceans. Naturally all hastened to comply with British requests, and subjects of the Central Powers were having a hard time of it.

My mission was a very personal and independent one. I was to go accompanied only by Dharendra Nat Sen, who was supposed to act as my interpreter and confidential advisor. Nevertheless, I was asked to meet a couple of other men who intended to proceed to Siam, where they were to train Hindu patriots in the manual of arms. I met them by appointment at Jacobsen's house. George Boehm was one of them, while the other one called himself Scholz or Sterneck. Both of them had served in the German army, and Boehm, a former sergeant-major, had also trained American volunteers during the Spanish-American war. Their mission to Siam was a very definite one and had nothing to do with mine.

Obtaining a new passport caused a few difficulties. My first passport had to be handed in and new pictures had to be provided. The great difference between my new photographs

and the old ones was apparent at once and Washington seemed unwilling to believe my explanation that I had merely shaved my beard and had my hair cut since the first paper was issued. But at last everything was straightened out and I prepared to depart for the Far East.

CHAPTER XXVII.

*Off to the Orient; I Charter the Henry S. and
Am Chased by Men-of-War.*

MY studio was turned over to my sister with a promise that I would keep her sufficiently well supplied with art objects and curios to continue business.

I had engaged passage on the *Manchuria*, due to leave San Francisco within a week. Arriving in San Francisco, I was met by Dharendra Nat Sen, who informed me that Boehm and Sterneck had taken passage on the same steamer. I had a couple of days to spend at the Panama-Pacific Exposition, which was then open, and in due time boarded my ship.

Instructed to present myself at all convenient German consular offices or embassies, I called upon the newly appointed consul in Honolulu, and also visited briefly aboard the interned German gunboat Geyer. There was nothing to be learned and I continued my voyage to Manila via Yokohama, Kobe and Nagasaki, arriving without mishap.

The consul in Manila had orders for me. In the bay were various German merchant vessels, self-interned. Many ships of all belligerent nations had run into this neutral port for protection at the outbreak of the war. British as well as German craft had been disguised to evade capture, but the former had changed their appearance back to regular colors and makeup and had long left for their regular routes. The authorities, however, refused to allow the Germans to repaint or otherwise resume their normal appearance while still in port.

Several of the interned German vessels carried cargoes of small arms—shotguns, revolvers, rifles and ammunition for them. Originally these had been destined to Chinese ports, having been contracted for by Chinese military factions long before the opening of the world war, and had been ordered diverted. I had been instructed to take over these war munitions and deliver them to East Indian patriots for use in their own country against England.

All goods then in transit could legally be transferred to neutral bottoms and sent to their original destination. The local agents of the

Hamburg-American Line had obtained permission from the port authorities for such trans-shipments and were awaiting a vessel which would be willing to carry this particular cargo of small arms without touching a British port.

As I have said, British economic pressure was applied to all ships or shippers who tried to be neutral and there was no ship to be had that dared to incur British disfavor by running out of Manila without touching an Allied port, there to submit to search and possible seizure of cargo. It was up to me to find a way to deliver these before-mentioned goods into the hands of Indian patriots.

I looked about for a suitable vessel that I might charter. There was one, the *Eclipse*, an auxiliary schooner of about a hundred tons. The captain was a German by birth and claimed to be a devoted patriot. I approached him and he talked it over with the owners. A charter price was agreed upon, but before the papers were drawn up the skipper approached me with a demand for money to be converted to his own use. When I demurred, he resorted to threats. Regular blackmail. I dropped him and his ship at once and he imme-

diately reported my endeavor to the authorities and to the British consul.

Two weeks passed before another ship was brought to my attention. It was a similar vessel, the *Henry S.*, flying the American flag, but owned by a German. I struck a deal, mutually agreeable; charter papers were duly made out and the ship was put into sailing condition.

An American ship must be commanded by an American captain. One was easily found, a harmless fellow and a thirsty soul. I took care to ship a goodly stock of alcoholic beverages for his benefit. As first mate I engaged a young German officer from one of the interned merchant ships. Joseph Tuligowski was his name, and he was not only an ace, but the ace of trumps. One thing handicapped me; I had no capable engineer for my emergency crude oil motor, and none was in sight.

Boehm and Sterneck were still in Manila. They could find no way of reaching Siam, their intended destination, and begged me to give them passage to any port from which they might be able to sail. As the consul, too, seemed anxious to get rid of them, I agreed

to take them with me and signing Sterneck on as quartermaster, carried Boehm as passenger.

Our small cargo was taken on board and the captain made the usual necessary application for clearance papers. These were flatly denied on the ground that there was doubt of our intention of really going to the port for which we asked clearance papers, which was Shanghai.

The chief collector of customs, Dr. Herstein, a Galician by birth, clearly went beyond his authority when he refused us clearance. Our charter papers were legally drawn up, we had taken on our cargo in a legal manner, and if we finally had arrived in Timbuctoo instead of the port we cleared for it would have been the business of the Timbuctoo authorities to demand explanation, not of the authorities of the port we came from.

While still in Chicago I had been charged by the German consul never to violate the laws of the country wherever I might be, but to engage counsel whenever there appeared a doubt as to my legal rights. I at once enlisted the help of an attorney and we fought for my rights to the best of our ability. A rigid examination of myself, captain, mate, passenger and

crew followed and Herstein finally saw himself so hopelessly cornered that he took me aside and told me he was acting according to special instructions from Washington.

"If you want to fight the issue," he said, "I will refer every question to Washington and you will have to wait a year before you will get your clearance. But," he added, "if you will return your cargo to the ships they were taken from I will allow your clearance."

It had been plain to me from the beginning that he merely wanted to detain me in Manila until some Allied war vessel could be sent down to intercept my ship. Our battle had lasted from Saturday to the following Wednesday, time enough to gather a fleet at the entrance to Manila Bay, and now I could clear—in ballast. All those fine phrases uttered in the White House about Germany being as welcome to sail the oceans as were the Allies, if they could only find the necessary ships, proved to be sheer cant. I had the ship and crew, and the legal right was on my side. My cargo, if captured by a belligerent, was subject to seizure, according to law, but to run that risk was my privilege.

When the cargo had been returned to the boats from which it had been taken, the captain went ashore to obtain clearance. Herstein demanded my reappearance before he signed the papers. I commanded the mate, Tuligowski, the petty officers and crew to remain on board the *Henry S.* under all circumstances, and proceeded to Herstein's office. He knew that our new clearance was for Pontianak in Borneo and merely told me briefly that if I returned without having made Pontianak my first port he would confiscate the ship upon my return.

I left him and walked to the waterfront, where I was met by the captain, Tuligowski, the boatswain and every petty officer. I demanded to know why they had come ashore. The harbor police had compelled them to, they reported! This was another illegal action of the local authorities, as a ship can never be legally deprived of all its officers. Somebody in authority must be left on board.

I became suspicious of crooked work and at once went to the ship, taking my men with me. An examination of my stateroom and personal effects did not show any sign of having been tampered with, and as soon as the

captain appeared with the clearance papers we hoisted anchor. Upon endeavoring to start the engine, however, we discovered at once that it had been disabled by foul play. The cylinder heads were cracked, screws had been loosened, the exhaust pipe wrenched out of place, and other damage had been done.

The *Henry S.* was an old sailboat built for the whaling trade, had seen service for over fifty years and only recently had had a crude oil motor installed. Her timbers were fairly sound and she was considered seaworthy, though but a moderate sailor, capable of making not over six knots an hour under power alone. She proved incapable of beating against the wind on a dead motor, as the propeller, dragging through the water, made all headway impossible.

The wind was fair and as we hoped to be able to repair our machine while sailing, sufficiently at least to reach some port in Dutch India, we concluded to take a chance and, hoisting sails, left Manila behind us.

Diversion of my cargo caused my orders to be changed; I was now to proceed to the Malay Archipelago. Numerous German ships were interned in ports there and I might find the

Dutch authorities more honestly neutral than the Americans had proved themselves to be. Precisely what cargoes I could find, we did not know, and my future movements depended upon the desires and wishes of several German consuls and officers whom I was to meet after reaching my next destination.

One was Lieutenant-Captain Erich von Moeller, who had been commander of a small German river gunboat in Canton, China. His ship, the *Tsingtau*, having no real fighting value, was sunk and he and his officers and crew scattered to the four winds. Von Moeller himself and several others had reached Manila, where they were threatened with internment, though British officers reaching this supposedly neutral port under similar circumstances had not been molested. Managing to escape, von Moeller finally reached Java, where the Dutch admiralty, under British pressure, ordered his internment.

He made complaint, as here, too, British officers who had taken refuge from possible capture by the raiding cruiser *Emden*, had remained footloose. He was promised a hearing and in the meanwhile given liberty on his word of honor not to escape. The hearing

never took place and as time passed his patience was strained. Finally he addressed a letter to the Dutch Admiralty, saying that unless it saw fit to redeem its promise he would no longer consider himself bound by his pledge. No attention was paid to his letter and after two weeks the captain went into hiding somewhere not far from Batavia.

Another German of courage was hid in Borneo—Captain Lauterbach, former navigation officer of the *Emden*. He had been put in command of a captured Russian vessel, sailed his prize into Tsingtau, and had therefore missed being present at the *Emden's* glorious ending.

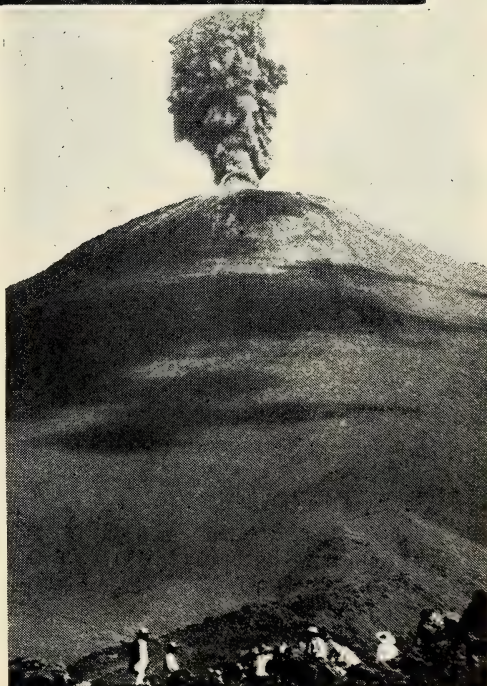
The *Emden* was a fast light cruiser which made amazingly successful war on Allied shipping. Her commander was Captain von Mueller. One of her many notable exploits was her sailing into the British port of Penang on an island off the Malay peninsula, sinking with torpedo and gunfire British, Japanese, Russian and French war craft, setting fire to oil tanks on shore, and escaping without a scratch.

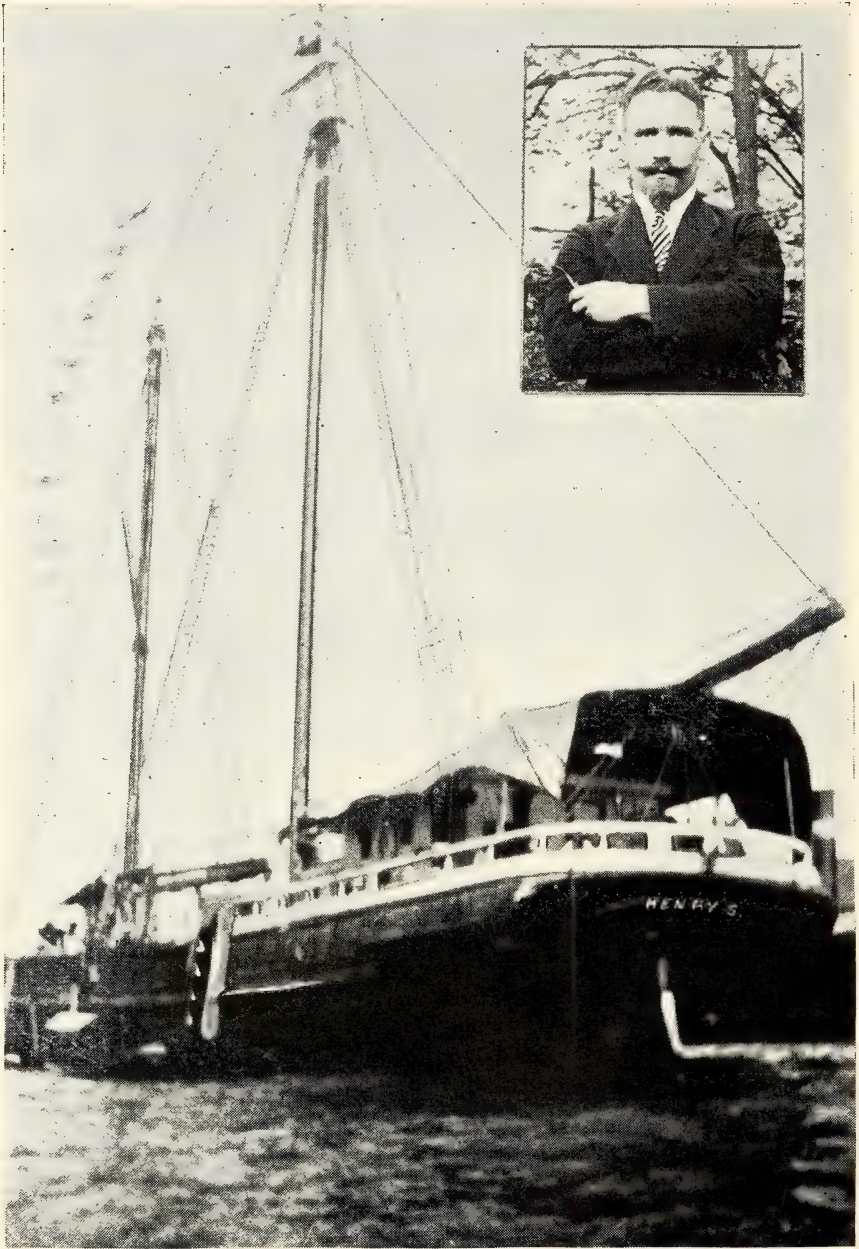
On November 9, 1914, she arrived at Port Refuge in the Keeling Islands, an important



PRE-COLUMBIAN
 RUINS AT CHICHEN-
 ITZA IN YUCATAN.
 CHEN IN THE
 MAYAN LANGUAGE
 MEANS WATER.
 CHI-CHEN-ITZ-A
 MEANS THE MOUTH
 OF THE WELL.

MOUNT IZALCO IN
 SALVADOR, OBSERVED
 FROM THE AUTHOR'S
 WINDOW IN SONSON-
 ATE. IT APPEARED
 SUDDENLY DURING A
 CATAclysm IN 1793,
 ATTAINING A HEIGHT
 OF 1700 FEET, AND
 HAS BEEN IN ALMOST
 CONSTANT ERUPTION
 EVER SINCE.





THE ONE HUNDRED TON SCHOONER HENRY S., CHARTERED BY WEHDE, AND THE OBJECT OF PURSUIT BY MEN-OF-WAR IN THE MALAYSIAN WATERS, WHERE THE AUTHOR ESSAYED TO TRANSPORT GUNS AND AMMUNITION TO EAST INDIAN REVOLUTIONISTS. SMALL INSET SHOWS JOSEPH TULIGOWSKI, MATE OF THE HENRY S.

cable station. A crew was sent ashore, commanded by Lieutenant Hellmuth von Muecke, for the purpose of destroying the station. While this crew was thus occupied the British heavy cruiser *Sidney* appeared and gave battle to the *Emden*. With the wide difference in tonnage and guns the result could only have been disastrous to the German cruiser. Lightly armored and of only 3,600 tons displacement, the *Emden* carried five guns of 10.5 centimeter gauge on each broadside. The *Sidney*, of 5,700 tons displacement, was heavily armored and carried five guns of 15.2 centimeters to the broadside.

Although everything was in favor of the British, the battle stretched out from 8:30 a. m. to 6 p. m. British reports that the battle was a running fight of only sixty minutes' duration were false. The *Emden* did not strike her colors.

After destroying the cable station, Lieutenant von Muecke boarded the all but derelict schooner *Ayesha*, hurriedly put her into a semblance of sailing condition with incomplete and defective materials, and with his crew of two officers, six non-commissioned officers, and forty marines, crossed the Indian

Ocean. Touching at Padang in Sumatra, they were joined by several stranded Germans who wanted to join their country's forces. In three months of slow voyaging, the wind failing them often, the party reached the Arabian coast. Then they started across the desert, with 2,000 miles to go as the crow flies before they could reach Constantinople. That journey deserves a volume in itself.* It was a tortuous march, with great suffering from thirst and from the extremes of both heat and cold. Hostile tribes of Arabs repeatedly attacked the forty-nine men. Some were killed; some died of disease or succumbed to hardships.

But I am getting ahead of my story. . . . I had been specifically ordered to put the *Henry S.* at the disposition of either Lauterbach or von Muecke or both, and to do whatever they might decide upon. The question of obtaining war material from interned German vessels and taking them to German East Africa, or turning them over to Hindu patriots, was to be seriously considered.

*The story of that flight homeward has been told by von Muecke in German and was published in book form by Ritter & Company, Boston, Mass., but has not yet been translated into English. It is entitled: *AYESHA*.

My mission, therefore, was absolutely legal and so long as I carried no contraband cargo, the *Henry S.*, flying an American flag, was neutral ground, and was not even subject to seizure. According to law any German to whom I chose to give passage could not legally be captured.

We passed Corregidor after dark and soon gained the open sea, where we ran into the searching rays of a large man-of-war. We could not make out her nationality, but immediately changing our course toward the south, we managed to escape her, probably unseen.

I have stated that the *Henry S.* flew the American flag and had to have an American captain. I complied with the law, which did not forbid my giving him sufficient drink to keep him in good humor. My first mate, Tuligowski, was the man I depended upon to guide the ship wherever I cared to take her.

Our destination, Pontianak, lay to the south-east, and our course lay along the shore of British Borneo, but as we knew that we would most likely be captured by Allied ships, we ran due south, keeping within insular waters until we reached the Celebes Sea, intending to sail through the Macassar Straits, and to ap-

proach Pontianac from the south. We worked hard on our motor and succeeded in getting some service out of it. A twelve-hour run was the most we ever got in one stretch. I had not been able to hire a competent engineer, and the three men I engaged as such, two Filipinos and an American Negro, proved absolutely worthless. I knew nothing about machinery; Tuligowski, capable though he was, could not thoroughly repair the engine; and our troubles increased day by day.

We were hardly out of sight of war craft and though I knew that no Allied forces could lawfully chase nor take us within insular waters, we had reason to fear that Washington would wink at any transgression of the law. So we took a zig-zag course, hiding in narrow channels between islands, until we reached the Celebes Sea, which we entered through the Straits of Basilan at Zamboango.

Every time we stopped our engine, with intention or without, we could start again only by using a shot of carbonic acid gas, and as this happened often our supply of it ran down rapidly.

The weather was very changeable. Frequent squalls and heavy rains favored us, as

they obscured the sight and often made us invisible to any pursuer. Our narrowest escape was during the first night in the Celebes Sea. We were going along through a heavy rain, without lights, when we were overtaken by a man-of-war playing its powerful searchlight in all directions. We were not far from the Sulu Archipelago, and hoping to be able to make one of the islands, immediately made for the north. Somehow or other we had not been seen, there was no pursuit, and we swung back to our route toward the Macassar Straits.

Engine trouble continued and the incompetence of our engineers became exasperating. The worthlessness of Filipino mechanics is beyond belief, though our Negro was no better. All three frequently went to sleep on their job.

I remember having all of them working on the engine. They were below and I could hear them hammering and tapping. Gradually the noise of their tools lessened and soon ceased altogether. I went below to see what they were doing. One was lying on his back beneath the engine. He held a wrench in his hand as though he were working. But

bilgewater was splashing over him, and he was sound asleep, as were his companions.

The sailors were no better. Tuligowski had sent one of them up to scrape the mast. He was sitting with his legs through the roping and plying the scraper. I was on deck, reading. Something dropped near me. It was the scraper. I looked up. The sailor sat still, his head leaning forward against the mast. He was asleep and snoring.

We ran into a heavy gale at one time and it was necessary to shorten sail. The jib had to be taken in, but the sailors were afraid to go out on the boom. We had to compel them by liberal applications of a rope's end.

A wonderful crew to man a ship on such a cruise as this!

Boehm, who was my passenger, was desperately seasick all the time, and had been ever since leaving San Francisco. He tried his best to overcome it by force of will, but in vain.

Besides chickens and ducks, I carried a pig on board. The pig was as sick as Boehm was, and I will never forget one occasion when Boehm, sick unto death, was leaning over the railing. The pig, right behind him, was sup-

porting itself by leaning against Boehm's legs, and both of them were doing what seasick creatures always do.

It was the season of the wet monsoon, a strong wind blowing regularly from the southwest, dead against us. We had approached the northern terminus of the Straits of Macassar. Again our engine had stopped, and we had expended our last carbonic acid gas in a vain endeavor to get a new start. The machine was killed for good. We used every artifice we could conceive of, but no go. We tried to tack against the wind, but the propeller, dragging through the water, handicapped us, and we were driven back constantly. Beating toward the east, we encountered a calm and remained there helpless.

Our charts showed a town in the vicinity—Tolitoli, in Celebes—and hoping to find carbonic acid gas there, I proposed that we make this place in our lifeboat, an open motorboat of one cylinder, eighteen or twenty feet long.

Taking Tuligowski, a German quartermaster, the Negro and one Filipino engineer with me, I left the *Henry S.* before daybreak, ordering the captain to follow me into the bay

as soon as the wind arose. We stopped at some little island where we succeeded in obtaining a Malay fisherman to pilot us to the town.

We arrived there about noon, but found Tolitoli to be an insignificant village, where we searched the half dozen stores in vain for carbonic acid gas. We left during the afternoon, landed the pilot at his island, and not perceiving the *Henry S.*, went into the open sea, anxiously scanning the darkening horizon for our ship.

Then we encountered seas too heavy for our small boat, and eddies, formed by the tides running through the channels among many islands, demanded our greatest efforts.

Our motor stopped. The waves broke over us and we had to bail the water out with our hats. We had no sail and only by herculean energies could we keep the boat's prow against the wind. All that long night we fought for our lives.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

We Borrow Gasoline From the Enemy and Make a Getaway.

THE sun rose at last, but revealed nothing of our *Henry S.* We had no means beyond two oars to proceed in any direction, and the land wind of the early morning threatened to take us away from the protecting shore. We had neither food nor water, an earthen vessel containing the latter having been broken by the heavy pitching of the boat. The land breezes died down, and in a dead calm we made our laborious way toward the shore. If the night had been one of strain and stress, the day with its fierce heat and hard labor at the oars was as bad. Suffering from thirst, we succeeded in reaching dry land toward sundown.

We were near a nameless Malay village and were not hospitably received. The inhabitants, pirates and headhunters, a vicious looking lot, made us fearful of spending the night ashore.

After procuring a few cocoanuts and feasting on them, we pulled our boat several hundred feet off shore and, maintaining a night watch, slept as well as we could, lying criss-cross on top of one another in the bottom of the launch.

We had no idea of what had happened to the *Henry S.* Had she been captured or had she foundered? Why had not the captain followed and picked us up as we had arranged? Tuligowski and the two engineers set to work to repair the motor and as we did not know how far we would have to travel, and being low on gasoline, I engaged a native sailboat with its boatsman, and taking the German quartermaster with me, sailed back to Tolitoli to obtain a few gallons of this precious substance. At night I returned with a drum of it, but found our motor not yet in working condition.

By afternoon of the next day we succeeded in making the motor work, though on the batteries only; when the magneto was turned on the mechanism moved backward, and, devoid of means to correct this fault, I concluded to run on the batteries, hoping to be able to make the lighthouse whose shining lamp was

within plain sight every night. I thought surely its keepers would have tools and conveniences for making repairs. I hoped also that they might be able to give us news of our ship. At any rate, they probably were no head-hunting savages nor pirates, but Dutch officials.

Haltingly we managed to make the small island and its inviting tower. The lights worked automatically. Not a soul was living there.

In utter disgust, we deliberated on what to do next, when suddenly we saw the *Henry S.* bearing out to sea from behind some point of land. Our joy was unbounded. She was scarcely two miles away. We signaled, she perceived us, and we at once climbed back into our launch. Getting the last few sparks out of the batteries, we safely reached her side.

"Boehm is dying!" was the first word the captain gave me. As soon as I had clambered on board I went to him. He had fallen down the companionway during heavy weather and suffered from what proved to be a strangulated hernia. He was in a pitiful condition, but I could give him little aid.

The captain reported that he had been unable to follow us into Tolitoli Bay, as the monsoon and gales had driven him constantly back, and though he continued to tack and to beat, he could make no headway.

As our motorboat was being hoisted the stanchion running through its bow pulled out and the boat plunged head-on into the sea, where she was completely submerged. We saved her, but the salt water penetrated the motor and made a repair by us quite impossible.

At Tolitoli I had heard of a large gold mine at Palele, a hundred-odd miles to the east, with Dutch engineers and an ice factory. There I hoped to be able to get repairs and carbonic acid gas, and as I also surmised that there we would be able to find medical attention for Boehm, I at once ordered the captain to 'bout ship, and we proceeded to that port.

We arrived in its neighborhood becalmed, placed Boehm in our rowboat and I with Tuligowski and a few men pulled for shore, where we were received kindly by the Dutch mine officials. *Mynheer* Ledebour, the chief engineer, had Boehm carried into his own

house, where he was taken care of by a Javanese bachelor of medicine.

A steam launch was sent out to tow the *Henry S.* into port, where her engines were examined by competent mechanics. They advised complete renewal of many parts and a thorough repair and overhauling of others. Their limited facilities, however, prevented them from doing the needed work.

I was advised to arrange for a tow to Macassar by the next coastwise steamer, which was due within a few days, and as I could do nothing else, I waited.

The steamer arrived, eastward bound, and I interviewed the captain, trying to induce him to tow my ship on his return voyage. He declined every offer, but told me that I might come with him to Menado, the capital of Northern Celebes, from where I could cable to his owners in Batavia and make arrangements directly with them. I acted accordingly and soon reached that port.

The local agent cabled at my request. The answer was a flat refusal.

Here I was, a seafaring man in distress and unable to get help. It seemed to me that there must be a law compelling the giving of as-

sistance to distressed ships, and I was anxious to talk with some trustworthy man conversant with maritime law and customs.

I told the people in Menado that I was an American collector of curios and a student of primitive arts, a subject with which I am fairly well acquainted. Visiting stores, I spoke to many people, nearly everybody being able to speak English. I told them of my situation and inquired for an American consul. There was no such official, but there were German and Norwegian consular officers. I was anxious to see the German, but rather than to inquire for his office I systematically walked the length of every street, eagerly looking for the sign with the imperial German eagle. I could not find the consulate, but in a roundabout way found out that the German consular agent was employed in a Dutch commercial house and was named von Fischer. I called on him, introduced myself as an American artist, charterer of a ship which was now in distress at Palele, and to whom help had been refused. Could he do something for me? Could he advise me?

He was very friendly and offered to take me to the governor and there intercede for me.

I accepted gratefully and together we proceeded to the governor's palace, where this highest functionary apparently was well acquainted with my condition. "If you were in real distress," he said, "the law would compel our assistance. But your ship is a sailing vessel and though your machines are broken down, you can still proceed under sail, if not in the direction of Macassar, then back to Manila, where the wind will carry you easily." I achieved nothing and von Fischer and I left the palace.

Now I disclosed my true character to him and he appeared surprised. He recommended that I call on Mr. Rempis, local agent of the Hamburg-American Line, and that I communicate by cable and in code with Manila. I spent several hundreds of good guilders, but the cable company, under British control, failed to forward my message.

I succeeded in buying one container of carbonic acid gas, which had been laying in one of the stores for years. There was nothing else for me to do but to wait for the return trip of the steamer and rejoin my own ship.

A week passed. Von Fischer and Rempis saw to it that I was not lonesome. One of them

introduced me in the only club, the *Societait Minehassa*, while the other one took me on horseback rides across the country as far as the shores of the Molucca Sea.

An amusing incident occurred at the club one evening. The news had arrived of the conquest of Warsaw by German troops and a group of young Germans were seated at a table celebrating this success. I was keen to join them, but had to be circumspect as I was supposed to be purely American. However, after a while I approached their table and, congratulating them on the good news, in English, of course, asked if I might sit with them. They graciously acquiesced and upon some coaxing accepted my invitation to join me in a few bottles of wine, which we emptied to the success of the German arms. They could all speak English and one of them, a sewing machine agent named Eckhardt, had been in America. I saw him lean over to a neighbor and heard him audibly whisper in German: "Say, I bet that American is a damned hypocrite. They all are, I know them—may the devil take them." It was hard for me to keep a straight face.

I determined to try to find a passage through the Molucca Sea, but not having any charts, bought some from Mr. Rempis. While making my selection I rejected one, it being almost a duplicate of another. Through an error both were charged to me and when I made payment I asked Mr. Rempis in the presence of his clerk, speaking in English of course, if the returned chart had been credited to me. Mr. Rempis asked his clerk, in German, and this young man replied: "Oh, what's the use? That American millionaire will never know the difference." Rempis blushed, and we both were highly amused.

At last the steamer arrived. I took passage and sailed. Eckhardt, the sewing machine man, was my only fellow-passenger. We left Menado during the night, arriving at Palele in the early morning of the second day. I had grown suspicious, as the behavior of the captain and other officers struck me as singular. They had avoided meeting me and never appeared in the dining room for their meals.

As we approached Palele I saw in the offing a large man-of-war, and as our steamer turned her nose into the bay I could see my little

Henry S. at her anchorage and close to her was moored another large cruiser.

Eckhardt had not arisen yet and as I thought that he possibly could get some information from the captain I knocked at his door. He opened and was dumfounded when I addressed him in German, asking him to go on the bridge to interview the captain for me. He recovered his wits quickly enough and needed little information. The captain proved to be a veritable clam. He would say nothing.

As soon as the customs official appeared, he addressed me saying that Captain Unbegrove, commander of the Dutch armored cruiser *Tromp*, desired my immediate presence. I told him to give my respects to the captain, but as I had a ship of my own, in distress, I regarded it my first duty to visit her. I would be pleased, however, to present myself to him as soon as I could possibly come. Hailing a native boat, a sampan, I proceeded to the *Henry S.*

Here I was informed that within a day or two after my departure for Menado, the *Tromp* had arrived, closely followed by another man-of-war, the Japanese cruiser *Akashi*. The latter was intent on our capture,

while the Dutchman merely came to guard the neutrality of Dutch waters.

The *Tromp's* officers had visited the *Henry S.*, examined our log and made suitable entries. They attested our innocence as to cargo and merely stated that our papers, with the exception of those covering the charter, were intact. These charter papers I had carried to Menado with me and I later caused the Dutch officers to declare so in the log. The *Tromp's* surgeon had performed an operation on Boehm, who was now well taken care of and doing nicely.

I visited the *Tromp*, where I was considerably received by its commander. I insisted that I was merely an American artist, collector and student of primitive crafts. I claimed to have selected German ship companions as I did not care to sail seas unknown to me with nothing but Filipinos. How much of this was believed, I do not know. It seemed to me that Captain Unbegrave wavered considerably in his beliefs, as did also his aides. All of them, however, were courteous and punctilious in their behavior.

Now I spent a few days intensely scheming how to elude capture. Captain Unbegrave had

forbidden the people on shore to render me any assistance. I could not buy oil nor have any repairs done, and one sole container of carbonic acid gas, as old as the hills, was nothing to depend on for a sneak-away, even if we succeeded in starting our engines again.

I expressed my regrets to Captain Unbegrave for compelling him to stay in such a dull place, but assured him that I would stay until the end of the war rather than break my pledge to my Hindu friend, Sen, whom I passed off as my body-servant, or to any of the German crew, to all of whom I had given my word, as an American gentleman, that I would not leave them anywhere in any embarrassment.

I offered to sail for Manila if he would permit me to leave my friends behind, well provided with means to return to the Philippines by route of Batavia. I also offered to buy for them a native sailboat with which they might evade capture. It was all in vain. The captain would not grant me the slightest favor.

I learned that these Hollanders were living in perpetual fear of Japanese encroachment upon their sovereignty, of having to resent such encroachment, and thereby being forced into

a war which undoubtedly would prove disastrous to them.

Captain Unbegrave referred many of my requests to the Admiralty in Batavia, by wireless, though communication was rendered extremely difficult by the malicious and continual interference of the Japanese wireless apparatus on the *Akashi*.

As all my appeals were in vain, I finally asked Captain Unbegrave if he would permit me to visit the *Akashi*, as I decided there to propose that I would come out and submit to search on condition that the safety of my ship as well as of the entire crew was guaranteed, if my papers proved clear and my cargo innocent. He acquiesced and even suggested that he communicate my desire to the *Akashi*. I was glad to accept his suggestion and he flashed the query: "The charterer of the *Henry S.* would be glad to come out and interview the commander of the *Akashi*. Is the Honorable Commander willing to receive him and guarantee his safe return? My condition is that such a meeting take place outside of territorial waters."

It took the Japanese commander a full day to decide, and when he answered in the affirm-

ative he made no reference to the demanded guaranty of my safe return.

"Shirt sleeve diplomacy," said Captain Unbegrove. "You are an American all right, but it will be the first time in history that the mouse came out of a safe hole to interview a cat," and, fearing treachery, he advised me not to go. I insisted that I would run the risk and he finally gave in. Our motor boat was not yet in service and on account of its being Malay New Year, it proved impossible to hire a native sail boat. So the captain granted me the use of his steam launch and crew under the command of a lieutenant.

The commander of the *Akashi* spoke no English, and two younger officers, speaking it poorly, acted as interpreters. They had numerous questions prepared for me and read them from a paper, noting my answers down. Some of the queries were inconsequential and I answered them, some truthfully and some as I saw fit. It developed that they possessed detailed information about us, even to a list of the names of my Filipino crew. No matter whatever, yet it proved that some obliging American customsman in Manila had furnished it.

One question dumfounded me: "Is there a Japanese house of prostitution in Palele?" I was asked. When I reported this to the Dutch officers I was informed that these places, considered to be of ill repute with us, were known to be Japanese spy centers and that on the occasion of a recent visit to Batavia by a Japanese fleet its admiral had made his headquarters in one of them, compelling high Dutch officials to call on him there.

Finally I was permitted to make my proposition. I offered to have my ship come out and submit to search if my crew and I were promised safety under the conditions previously mentioned. No promise was given. I threatened to stay in Palele until the end of the war, thereby compelling the *Akashi* to waste time and coal watching a miserable lumber schooner. "We muchly patient," was the reply.

I then suggested that I might leave the endangered part of my crew on shore and come out without them. The answer was that in that case the ship's papers would not be clear and we would be subject to seizure. I had not thought of that and expressed my thanks for the information, adding that I

would do it anyhow if the commander would promise to permit me to sail unhindered to Manila. The interpreter replied: "That would depend on the good heart of my commander." I drew myself up and answered proudly: "I pledged my word to my German ship companions not to surrender them to their enemies. The *Henry S.*, too, must be returned to her owners and I can not leave the fulfillment of an American's word of honor subject to such a condition, no matter how good your commander's heart may be."

I preferred to say nothing about the plan of letting my endangered crew return to the Philippines by some native conveyance. It was clear to me that my ship was doomed eventually, however long I postponed the ultimate capture.

I had accomplished nothing and after some refreshments were served the commander asked through one of the interpreters: "Can we buy vegetables or fish in Palele?" There was plenty to be had, but the Dutch commander had interdicted all intercourse with the *Akashi*. I told my questioner so, and added that I would bring them some, but as I was not permitted to buy gasoline I did not feel

justified in spending my small stock on deeds of charity or friendship.

I never dreamed that my added suggestion that they furnish a can of this precious substance would be taken seriously. But they agreed immediately, and when I departed a sailor carrying a five-gallon can of it followed me down the ship's ladder.

I returned to the *Tromp*. Captain Unbegrove and his officers held their sides laughing when they saw the gasoline. The event was celebrated with a few glasses of wine, the first time that any hospitality had been shown to me.

As I had obtained the wherewithal to make a dash in my motor boat from the enemy himself, Captain Unbegrove saw no reason why the embargo should continue and I was able to get anything I wanted from then on. The motor launch was repaired by this time and Tuligowski had rigged a mast and sail on her.

I had resolved to go to Manila, get the needed parts for the ship's engine, and return, if possible. But first I had to see to it that my papers were clear, though I had decided to send my Germans and the Hindu to safety.

I obtained a surgeon's certificate, attesting that Boehm was unable to continue his journey on such a small vessel as the *Henry S.* and that Sterneck would stay with him as his nurse, accompanying him to Batavia. I also was given a certificate by the *Tromp's* chief engineer that the *Henry S.* with broken-down engines was lying, helpless, in Palele. Supplying myself thus with ample proof of what disposition I had made of the ship's missing crew, we prepared for a dash to the Philippines. Captain Unbegrove shook his head, saying we would never reach the islands. He exacted my promise to follow the coast of Celebes, keeping well within easy reaching distance of the Sangi Islands and thus making the southern coast of Mindanao. As he would not permit our departure otherwise, I gave my word, though I did not intend to keep it.

The motor launch was put in as good condition as we could possibly get it, and taking a large tin of water, a few canned goods and a bucket full of hard-boiled eggs, as well as several bottles of brandy, with us, we bade Palele farewell at dusk on a Wednesday. As we passed under the bows of the *Tromp*, its commander and crew waved us *bon voyage*.

Keeping well within the evening shadows of the shore we continued in an easterly direction until there appeared no more danger of being seen by the *Akashi*. We then changed our course for the open sea, straight to the north. Five hundred and fifty miles of salt water before us, we trusted to luck to see us through.

Our motor worked faultlessly for eighteen hours. Then there was an end to its service, and we had nothing but our sail to depend on. The wind came from the right direction, the southwest, but was much too strong for our deeply laden and small open boat, not quite twenty feet long. Outside of myself, there was gallant Tuligowski; Sen, modest and faithful; Clay, the American darky, and one Filipino engineer. The most necessary baggage, water, gasoline and food filled the boat to capacity. There was not room enough to lie down and we would not have had an opportunity of sleeping anyhow, as the monsoon became so strong that two of us had to lean over the gunwale, hanging from ropes attached to the mast, to keep the boat from capsizing. Sharks almost as long as the launch were al-

ways around us. It was five nights before we made our first port.

Our food gave out and for the last two days we had only eggs to eat. Not so bad, if they had not become spoiled in that fierce heat. Luckily, tropical eggs are very small and by carefully removing the shells we could swallow the eggs whole, keeping them down with a generous draught of brandy. Nevertheless, we became permeated with their fragrance.

CHAPTER XXIX.

We Make the Allies Keep Scores of Vessels Patrolling the Indian Ocean.

AT noon of the fifth day we reached Jolo, capital of Sulu. Five nights and four days we had spent in our nutshell, but if we thought that we would be welcomed as behooves men in our situation, we were soon undeceived. The American officials knew all about us and immediately, without giving us opportunity to wash or eat, they put us through the "third degree." At first they would not allow us to take our baggage ashore and plied us with all kinds of foolish questions.

The British seemed to have spread the report that we intended to distribute arms among the Sulus and other restive natives, and as I did carry a new model Winchester the Americans seemed anxious to accept this as proof positive. They were minor officials, however, and as soon as the governor himself appeared on the scene and asked me into his private office, I asked for and got permission to refresh ourselves with much needed baths and

food. He was tractable and agreeable and allowed us to proceed to the only hotel of the little town.

One of the petty officials was an Englishman by birth, Creek by name. He did all he could to impose inconveniences and annoyances upon us. He tried to compel us to sleep in the launch, though it was the rainy season. With the governor's sanction, I paid no attention to him.

We were closely examined by three officials. I gave them a truthful story from the beginning, telling of Herstein's action in illegally refusing me clearance until I had returned my cargo. They examined each one of us separately and compared our answers. Much to their chagrin they could find no discrepancy anywhere and finally permitted us to continue our journey by the next steamer. They did, however, retain my rifle, which I only succeeded in getting back after leaving Manila. I carried it safely home with me.

The steamer *Romulus* arrived and, engaging passage for myself and companions and shipping the launch by freight, we arrived in Manila, where the daily press had indulged in the wildest guesses as to our intents and purposes.

The most amusing story was published in the Manila Bulletin in a "special" from Jolo on August 23, 1915. Speaking of my escape, it says: "*The schooner was looked over by the Dutch cruiser Tromp, and the Japanese cruiser Akashi, which had followed her, waiting outside to capture her. Wehde, however, managed to get away in disguise. Not only that, but he stopped on the Japanese cruiser and borrowed some gasoline which he used to escape with.*" How do they get that way?

I called on Herstein and told him of my misadventures. Presenting my affidavits and companions to him, I asked him to acknowledge their return and sign the necessary papers, so the *Henry S.* could return without danger of being captured by the *Akashi*. He appeared indignant at the statement I had made during my examination in Jolo, in which I had told that he had granted our clearance papers only on condition of a previous return of our cargo. I insisted that I had told the truth and he claimed the contrary. After a good deal of argument, he suggested that I sign a statement putting forth his version of the matter, in consideration of

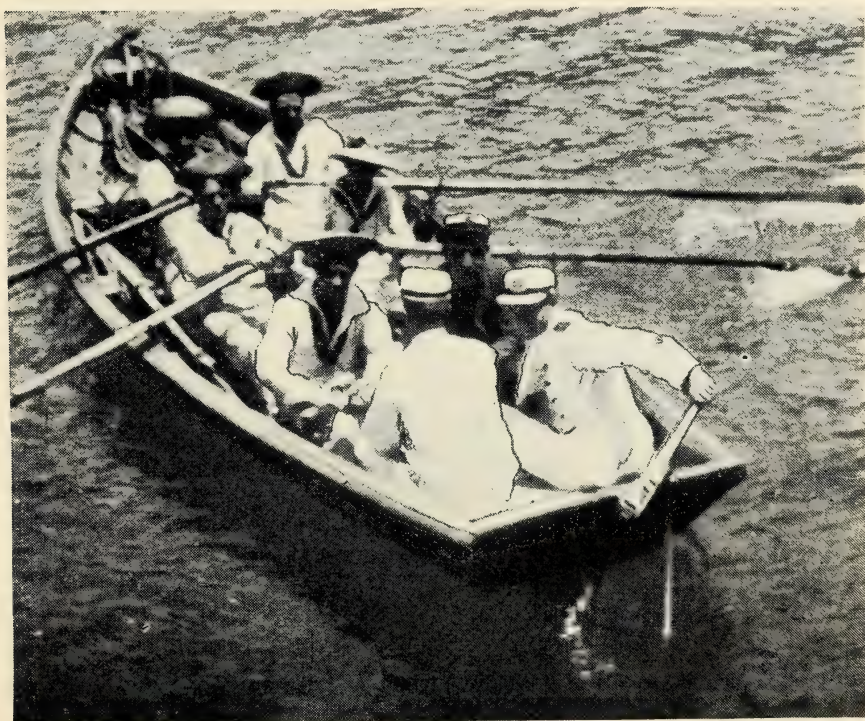
which he would then be willing to sign my papers. I agreed and he signed at once. Taking the necessary documents and making out sailing orders, I forwarded them through the Dutch consulate to the Dutch Admiralty in Batavia, from where they were sent to the *Henry S.* The document Herstein drew up in his own behalf, however, I never signed.

I made my report to the German consul and awaited the return of the *Henry S.* I still doubted that my ship would be allowed to pass and as I heard a lot of rumors of intended foul play I resorted to a ruse.

Writing an anonymous letter to the British consul, phrased in the third person, I spoke of myself as loafing around the Manila Hotel much bored and lonesome. I suggested that he have a woman secret agent encourage me to make advances to her. She could then easily draw me out and learn the real reason of my presence in the Orient and of my trip with the *Henry S.* Within a day or two I received a card from a woman, stating that she had read and heard of my curio collecting trip and being much interested in such matters, asked if she might pay me a visit and view my collection. One of my friends in Manila



THE DUTCH
CRUISER
TROMP,
WHICH WAS
GREATLY
CONCERNED
ABOUT THE
PURPOSES OF
THE HENRY S.



OFFICERS FROM THE TROMP LEAVING THE HENRY S. AFTER A SEARCH
FOR CONTRABAND CARGO.

We Oblet Dei Gratia Missouriae Rex

I Request and beg of all to whom these presents may come
to grant and permit safe Passage, Journey and Residence in further enu-
merated Lands to Our wellbelov'd Subject *Alfred H. Mende*
whose Photograph, Personal Description and Signature are herewith affixed.

The above named *Alfred H. Mende*
leaves Our Realm for the purpose of *Business and Pleasure*
and will visit *The Philippines, Siam, French China, China and Japan*

Given in Our Capital, *St. Louis, Missouri* and under Our Hand and
Seal, this *27* day of *March* A. D. *1916*.

Alfred H. Mende

Character's Signature

Description

Sex *Male*

Age *44*

Height *173*

Weight *57 1/2*

Eyes *Blue-gray*

Complexion *ruddy*

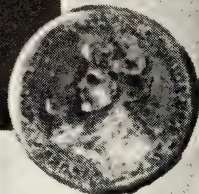
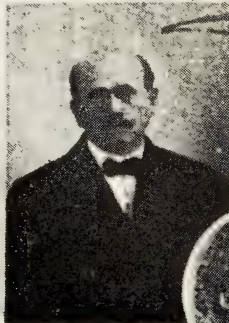
Hair *dark - bald*

Wears *round spectacles*

In the King's Name

John C. Kestell

Secretary of State



THE PREPOSTEROUS FAKE PASSPORT WHICH WAS ACCEPTED BY JAPANESE BUREAUCRATS AND WHICH ENABLED WEHDE TO PROCEED FROM ONE POINT TO ANOTHER IN THE ORIENT.

was Dan O'Connell, editor of a weekly paper. I called on him and asked if he knew this woman and what kind of a person she was. He knew her. She had been a school teacher and came to Manila during the early American occupation. She had fallen from grace and would do anything for money. I extended her a cordial invitation at once, which she promptly accepted.

She was the homeliest, most unprepossessing person man ever was compelled to make love to. But I did, and I shall never forget it. With automobile rides and wine suppers we passed the time until I broke to her the sad news that I could not go the pace any longer as I had no more money, and would have no more until the *Henry S.* got back. Then, of course, I had to explain what the *Henry S.* had to do with my finances. Lowering my voice, I took this woman into my confidence and explained that all the gun-running the Britishers had talked about and the curio-collecting I had talked about was nonsense; that I was actually an opium smuggler and had a vast amount of the dope in hermetically sealed cans under the ship's bottom and in other places. She swallowed bait, hook and all, and made her report

to the British consul, who had the *Akashi* recalled from her vigil at once. The *Henry S.* came back to Manila, her home port, without having been stopped or interfered with. To my disappointment, I could not stay to witness her arrival as the German Ambassador to China, Admiral Von Hintze, had cabled for me and I had to go.

The main thing which impelled me to resort to this trickery was a long and utterly false statement made by Clay, my negro engineer. He made affidavit that the *Henry S.* had met several mysterious ships, taking cargo and passengers from some and delivering them to others. The *Manila Times* of September 15, 1915, printed the whole of it. It seemed to me that a statement thus made under oath would compel the authorities to take action, but as nothing happened I concluded that interested individuals had induced the negro to commit this prevarication in order to make the capture of the *Henry S.* appear justified.

There was a thorough examination of the ship and its crew after her return, but no opium was found. In their discomfiture the officials searched for any old reason to inflict punishment and finally found that Tuligowski

had left a nautical instrument on board, a small object lent to him by the captain of an interned German vessel. A bit of personal property of no consequence, but as a grievance had to be found it was ruled that this old instrument could not legally be included in a sailor's kit, and should have been passed through the customs house. A fine of fifty pesos was imposed.

The object of my journey had not been attained. Captain von Moeller never succeeded in getting back to Germany. He and five companions managed to obtain a small sailing boat and reached the southern coast of Arabia after eighty-five days of sailing. While crossing this land they fell victims of assassins in the neighborhood of Djeddah.

Captain Lauterbach, after an adventurous trip, did reach Germany. He joined his country's forces, was given command of a ship and distinguished himself as a sea scout, serving his fatherland throughout the remainder of the war.

I consoled myself with the thought that with small expense and comparatively little effort we had compelled the Allies to maintain scores

of vessels in the Indian Ocean patrolling the coasts, and to keep many thousands of white troops ready for service in India.

CHAPTER XXX.

*China; I Get By With Fake Passports and
Regale a Patriot With a Dog Story.*

I LEFT Manila on the Japanese liner *Nippon Maru*, ostensibly for San Francisco. When we arrived in Nagasaki, our first port, I took myself and baggage ashore and booked on the first steamer leaving for Shanghai. Owing to the dearth of ships, I had to content myself with a berth in the steerage, but by paying first class passage enjoyed the privilege of sleeping on deck and eating in the dining room.

Before being allowed to land in Japan I had to sign a statement, setting forth the object of my visit, the length of my intended stay, and the hotel I intended to grace with my presence. This was incumbent on every new arrival.

The Pacific Mail Steamship Company had transferred its steamers to the Atlantic, where they now carried ammunition for the Allies, and some of the company's old pilots were out of jobs. One of them, a big beefy English-

man, was in Nagasaki awaiting an opportunity to proceed to Shanghai. He had engaged passage on the same steamer which I intended to take and was also stopping at my hotel. He wearied me with his vilifying talk about Germans, but I could say nothing and beyond trying to change the subject could not help myself.

We walked along the waterfront one morning, where we were being eyed suspiciously by a small Japanese in European dress. After walking around us and viewing us from all sides, he stepped up and said: "Excuse me, gentlemens, to show me your passports." I at once produced my paper and after a glance at the photograph and another glance at myself he returned it, expressing his satisfaction. But the Englishman, like most of his countrymen, held everything Japanese in contempt. He had no papers and was indignant at being accosted. He spoke in an overbearing and insulting manner and protested that he, an Englishman, needed no papers. I stepped back behind him and significantly and encouragingly winked my eye at the Japanese, who, becoming nervous, exclaimed, "No, you no English; you German. You got big neck

like all Germans. You please to come with me." There was no help for it. The Englishman had to go. His consul, being sent for, appeared at once and straightened the matter out.

We were to leave Nagasaki on the afternoon of the next Thursday. A religious festivity in a temple was to take place on the morning of the day of my departure, and I wanted to witness it. The temple is situated on a high hill, ascended by a large stone stairway. Half way up the hill is a spacious terrace, where the main part of the festival, a masquerade and a dance, was to be held. The side of the hill above this large terrace was laid out in small platforms which were rented to the audience. I had rented one of them and was occupying it with an interpreter. While the performance was going on my companion was addressed by some parties standing on the crest of the hill, far above and behind us. He answered in an excited manner.

I turned around and at once recognized the same official who had examined my papers and who had taken the Englishman in custody. I was still wondering what he and his companion might be up to, when my guide said:

"Two gentlemens of the secret police want to see you." After a moment's thought I told the interpreter to ask the gentlemen to request the audience between us and the top of the hill to permit us to climb over their platforms and we would come to see them at once. A few words passed and willing hands were extended to help us to ascend.

Arriving, I was asked to show my passport. I produced the paper, which received a close scrutiny. "This paper good paper," said the little fellow. The other one could not speak English at all. "Yes," I said, "it is an American paper." "American paper good paper," was the final response and it was returned to me.

As we were able to buy beer at the temple I asked the two officials to join me in a few bottles and in the ensuing conversation said: "You have known where I stopped and when I arrived. I have made declaration of my destination in writing. You have examined my passport before. Why do you molest me again now, a few hours before my sailing time?" The little fellow interpreted my question and after exchanging a few words with his com-

panion he said that they had received word from Tokyo and were told to watch for a certain person.

I asked who the person might be and the little one, producing a notebook, showed me my own name laboriously scribbled in English. I was dumfounded, but recovering my wits, I said: "I know him. He is in Manila and I heard that he had been imprisoned as an opium smuggler." Both thanked me profusely for this important information, made notes, and the interview was ended.

A good many Japanese officials of minor positions speak, read and write English after a fashion. Few of them are able to read a list of names, even if it be in their own writing. The foreigner is always asked to kindly pick his own name out of any list. If one of these officials has with much difficulty learned to pen the alphabet in an ordinary Latin script, as English writing is called in Europe, and may be capable of reading it, he would still be confounded by the Spencerian hand as it is written in America. I learned to use this Japanese delinquency to good advantage.

Four o'clock was the sailing hour and I was on board in ample time. At three-thirty the

storm signal went up on the masthead of the harbor office and our sailing was postponed for twenty-four hours. A typhoon was approaching. This delay naturally caused me misgivings for though I had not come with any malignant purpose against Japan, as a German agent I was subject to drastic treatment if detected. Nothing happened, however, and we took to sea on the following day.

The British pilot was on board and there was a British missionary to China. Both indulged freely in Germanophobe talks. I joined them in a glass of *whisky-tansan* and told them a story that made the reverend gentleman roar with approving laughter. It was an old American joke told on a Congressman, only that I adapted it to a German and to prevailing conditions. It runs like this:

"Hans Schmidt comes to Boston and registers at a hotel. The clerk, seeing the German name, refuses to give him accommodation, saying that they will not receive Germans in their hotel. Hans receives the same treatment at every place he goes to and when night falls sits down on a curbstone bewailing his sorry lot. He nods drowsily and suddenly feels something warm running down his back.

Turning around, he sees a dog, hind leg raised as though he intended to kick poor Hans, who indignantly exclaims: 'Who der hell told you I vass Cherman?' " My audience voted me a good fellow and indicated that I was an ideal American.

There was another passenger, an American, representing oil interests. I had bought twenty tons of oil from him in Manila for my journey with the *Henry S.* He knew me and all about me. He confided the secret to these Britishers before we reached Shanghai and his revelation accomplished what the typhoon failed to do. It made them both sick. On the last day of the voyage I encountered his reverence promenading the deck. As soon as he saw me he began to strain. Looking daggers at me, he rushed to the railing. He suffered even more than Boehm had suffered on the *Henry S.* A seasick missionary will ever be a pleasing and flattering recollection to me, especially if he be British.

We arrived in Shanghai where I reported to the German Consul-General, Dr. Knipping. I made a report of my doings and after a few days took a train for Peking, where I presented myself to the Ambassador, Admiral

von Hintze, a man of whom I had heard much and under whom I greatly desired to serve.

Up to the time when war began, the Admiral had been the German minister to Mexico. Being anxious to take part in the war in his proper place as a high officer of the German navy he at once returned to the fatherland, successfully evading the British blockade. Upon reaching home he was selected as the proper man to take charge of German interests in China, where Germany happened not to be represented. If he could not evade capture, nobody could. Again he succeeded in breaking through the British lines and arrived safely in America. Going to Seattle, he shipped as supercargo on a tramp-vessel sailing to Shanghai in the charter of the Dollar Company. The British, knowing that an attempt would be made to send a new German Ambassador to China, were extremely watchful. They searched every vessel and when Hintze's ship was looked over by them, they were obligingly assisted by its supercargo, Hintze himself. They failed to find him. While coaling in Nagasaki the ship was most thoroughly searched, Hintze, lantern in hand, graciously assisting. Of course he was

not found. Reaching Shanghai, he introduced himself to the captain and shipmates as the new German Ambassador and stepped ashore.

The British raved, called him derisively "the Supercargo Ambassador," and ungenerously belittled him. The Japanese were peeved, a common trait of that race, and from mere spite confiscated the steamer upon its reaching the high seas again. It took a good deal of diplomatic intervention to cause them to release the vessel. The Chinese and Germans gloried in Hintze, and his trip to Peking was a veritable triumphal procession. His train and all stations were decorated with flowers and he was met by deputations in every town.

Allied propaganda has discredited German diplomacy so effectively that even Germans have come to believe their diplomats to be the most stupid of all. But density and slow wit do not distinguish German officials alone. Bureaucrats are often dunces because they are bureaucrats, not because they are German, British or American. Horsensense and mother-wit are the results of battle for existence. A man feeding at the crib of office since youth, not compelled to compete at open marts, cannot possibly develop the wit of him who is

compelled to live by his brain. In time of war the moralities of peace conditions are scrapped by everybody and the political slicker, the ward heeler, may become the most valuable helper. I frequently had reason to despair of the capabilities of my German friends, but I always was consoled when I saw the British, the Japanese and others make asses of themselves as gray of theory and as loud of bray as any German.

The ease with which I evaded Japanese vigilance caused me to esteem their abilities lightly. When it was all over, however, and I checked up on all that had passed, I reluctantly came to the conclusion that I had not always got by with my wits, but that the Japanese had often deliberately permitted me to carry on, knowing that my activities were conducted against Great Britain. They were willing to have me pester their detested ally.

I was told by Admiral Hintze to return to Shanghai for the time being, there to busy myself as I wished, and to be ready for any specific service that might be desired. I occupied myself pleasantly by occasional contributions to *The War*, a small paper published in English under the auspices and at the per-

sonal expense of Consul-General Knipping, and I was always gratified to see the British press, local as well as others, especially Canadian, take great umbrage at my writings.

When I made my motorboat dash across the Celebes Sea I necessarily left most of my baggage behind. I did not replenish my wardrobe in Manila, hoping for the arrival of the *Henry S.* and my trunks. So it happened that I finally reached Shanghai much in need of linen.

I had always had a hankering for silk shirts and decided to have half a dozen of them made. The material, to be sure, had to be the best Chinese silk obtainable.

On the morning of my arrival in Shanghai I sauntered up Nankin Road intent on my purchase. On an elaborately decorated store front I noticed a sign informing the passer-by that within was one Chin Sin Loo doing business as "Breeches and Shirtmaker to Gentlemen."

"Just what I want," said I to myself and entered.

Chin Sin Loo, fat, jovial and elderly, was seated behind the counter audibly sipping his morning tea.

"Good morning," I said. The breeches maker got up, clasped his hands before his breast, bowed, smiled and said "*Chin chin*," which is Chinese for "Good morning."

I stated my desire.

"Have got," said the shopkeeper, and he produced a few bolts of as fine a silk as anybody ever had the joy to behold.

"Can you make six shirts for me and have them ready by Saturday?" I asked, rather doubtfully, for Saturday was only three days off. I had decided to take the Sunday morning train for Peking.

"Can do," Chin Sin Loo answered me, and he proceeded to take my measure.

As he seemed so positive I left my order, which he acknowledged by profusely exclaiming "*Chin chin*," which is Chinese for "Thank you."

It was agreed that I should return the same evening for a try-on. He said "*Chin chin*," which in Chinese means "Farewell," and I went about other business.

Toward the close of day I again entered the store. Chin Sin Loo was ready for me and the first shirt proved an excellent fit.

While still trying it on the breeches maker said "*Chin chin*," which in Chinese means "If you please." "*Masta wantye moglam bloidy?*"

I did not know what he meant until he produced a few shirts belonging to some other patron, whose monogram was richly embroidered on each bosom.

Of course such ready marks of identification would not do for me at all. Besides, I could not believe that so much work could be accomplished in such short a time. So I declined, and reiterating that the shirts should be delivered C. O. D. at my hotel, the Astor House, not later than eight o'clock the following Saturday night, I took my final departure.

"You savee C. O. D.?" I asked.

"*Yes, mastah, me savee*," he declared. And after a final "*Chin chin*," which is Chinese for "*Au revoir*," I left the establishment.

On Saturday toward dusk I returned to my hotel from a sight-seeing trip. Asking for my key, I was informed that a package had been delivered for me.

"Was it not sent C. O. D.?" I asked and was told that it was not. It had been taken

to my room and the bearer had left word that he would return.

Going to my quarters, dimly lighted at that hour, I found the package lying on the dresser. Taking it into eager hands I opened it. There were the shirts, soft, delicate and pleasing to the touch. I allowed my fingers to glide over them and to bury themselves within their tender folds. Chin Sin Loo had kept faith. My shirts were delivered in time. The room boy entered.

"Turn on the light," I commanded.

The boy turned on the switch and the room was flushed with light.

And there I stood, shirts in hand. I gazed at them in awe. On each silky bosom was emblazoned a big *C. O. D.*

I made a good many small journeys of some importance, acting as a sort of a courier, not only inland, but also to Japan. The British naturally were completely informed of my character and watched me closely. They had compelled every steamship office to demand passports from everybody wishing to purchase transportation. The names of all intended travelers were reported to the British consulate

and the daily press regularly published lists of outgoing and incoming passengers. An imposition, absolutely illegal, but such is British power. Yet I learned to beat the game.

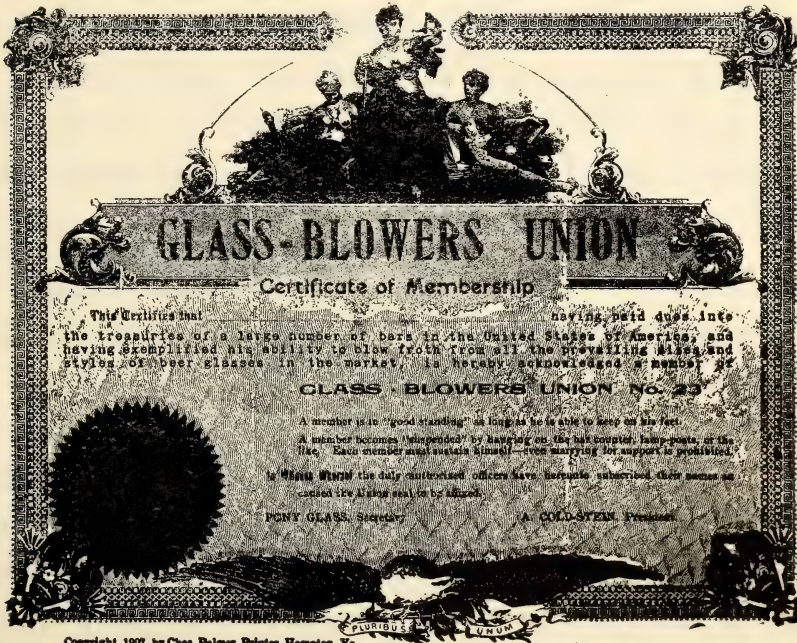
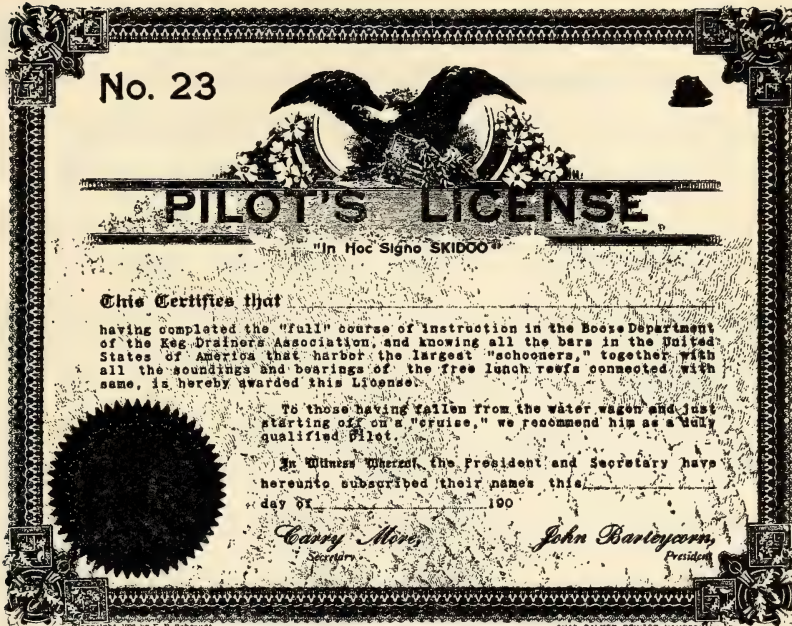
It did not serve my purpose to have the British consul advised of my intended moves and to have my name heralded as going to such and such a place on this or that steamer. Neither did I dare make a false passport for myself, for I, like every other American in China, was under the jurisdiction of the United States and punishable by the American courts there established. Least of all could I risk travel within Japan with false papers, as I had to be prepared always against apprehension and penalties.

As far as I dared go was to make papers for myself that looked like passports yet were nothing but jests. And those papers I dared show only at the offices where I bought my ticket and where people had no legal right to demand anything. I never used the same paper twice and always got by with it. The text was generally executed in old English letters, a type no Japanese nor Chinese and not every white man can read. On one of them the text read as follows: "*We, Cole the First,*

Dei Gratiae, Missouriæ Rex, request and beg, etc." Then follows the ordinary request of permitting passage, et cetera, to Alfred H. Mende. My photograph was duly fastened thereon by a seal bearing the inscription "*Ergo Bibamus*" as well as a portrait of his Majesty, the King of Missouri. The concluding sentence is: "*Given in our Capital Showmee, Missouri*" and so forth. Besides the King's signature the document was signed by *Fiddlersthree*, Secretary of State.

On another paper I founded a new republic somewhere in South America. By combining the names Ecuador and Honduras I made it Ecuaduras and got by with it even at an office in Hankow, where I was waited upon by a smart looking Englishman, who confided to me that he had a brother "living around there somewhere."

In a second-hand book store I ran across some odd copies of old American-made burlesques, certificates of membership in a glassblowers' union and a pilots' association. The latter testified that the bearer was a member of the pilots' fraternity in good standing and was expert in piloting "schooners over the bars." The glassblower had attained a master-



DIPLOMAS WHICH FACILITATED TRAVEL IN THE FAR EAST. CERTIFICATES SUCH AS THESE, WHEN FILLED OUT WITH WEHDE'S NAME, WERE ACCEPTED BY THE JAPANESE AS PROOF OF HIS ABILITY IN IMPRESSIVE SCIENCES. THEY SERVED ALSO TO MAKE JOURNEYS EASY FOR ESCAPED PRISONERS FROM SIBERIA AND JAPAN.

ship in blowing the foam off the glasses, and similar nonsense. They looked officious, the American eagle was represented prominently, and I needed only to cover the printed seal with the bearer's photograph to make them serviceable.

I often made these papers do in procuring transportation for escaped prisoners of war from Siberia and Japan. One Austrian had the nerve to linger in Japan, where the paper passed many inspections until he got into an argument about the war with an Englishman who suspected him. A close examination, aided by the British consul, resulted. As usual, this Britisher did not see the joke, and the Austrian was deported back to Shanghai, where a similar paper procured him transportation to San Francisco.

Most of England's spies were Chinamen, as were ours, and I delighted in playing pranks on them. Money was no object to me and I had time galore. His British Majesty's consul was kind and considerate. He maintained a group of rickshaw coolies near my habitation and I often obliged him by engaging them to drive me for hours, making frequent stops at the homes of friends and foes, strangers and

acquaintances. Where I needed an excuse I had one ever ready, pretending to be looking for some one or something of that sort. On coming out of a house the coolie would see me attentively studying a paper which I would afterward tear to pieces and drop to the roadside. How many of these fragments reached the consul's office I do not know, but his clerks must have sweated many hours piecing them together, either learning nothing at all or getting the wrong "dope" on things.

It was not long though before the British became aggressive. Twice attempts were made to run me down with an automobile. I thought that the first attempt was an accident, though my Chinese attendant insisted it was not, and on the second occasion I could not help seeing that a deliberate attempt was made to get rid of me.

While riding a horse along the *Little Rubicon* I was overtaken by an automobile. I took the inside of the road to let the machine pass. Without sounding the horn its driver made a sudden curve toward me and if my pony had not taken fright and jumped the ditch I would not be here to tell the story. Naturally I took proper precautions after this

and was careful never to go out at night unless accompanied by friends.

To conduct certain negotiations with Japanese seafaring men it was necessary for me to change my abode and I moved to the Hotel Savoy, not a first-class hostelry. An inoffensive German, named Wendt, a refugee from some British possession, was stopping there. He had nothing to do with any of the matters which occupied my attention. I knew through my own information that some one's agents were watching me and I carefully avoided exposing myself. I had registered under the assumed name of James T. Boykin and as I had never been near the Savoy before and did not know any of its habitués I felt sure that my personality was not known there.

How it came to pass no one ever found out, but poor Wendt, whom I knew only by sight, unwittingly gave his life for me. One of the hotel boys pointed him out to a strange Chinese, the faint similarity in the names probably being responsible for it. He disappeared suddenly and his corpse was found in the river a few days later. As his head was beaten to a pulp, the coroner's jury, British of course, found that he had probably come

into contact with a ship's propeller. *Spurlos versenkt*. This happened in the late winter of 1915-16, about the time of the Chinese New Year.

I had still retained a good deal of that lack of personal animosity against the British with which I had begun my service in behalf of German interests and I am glad to be able to say that I met a good many Englishmen whose friendly feelings toward individuals among their national enemies had not abated. They never dared show it openly, but whenever they felt themselves safe from being reported to their consul they did not hesitate to show a cordial attitude to their old friends of German or Austrian nationality.

I remember a trip to Soochow. Two German families with a couple of children had invited me to join their party. We went by rail and as fellow-passengers met two English families with their children. There was no sign of recognition until after the train started. Then the children began to play and romp together, encouraged by their parents, though the youngest one of the Germans could speak no English. We arrived at Soochow station and proceeded on donkeys to the temple ruins

and pagoda. Various other persons were on similar excursions that day. On the return trip sampans were used. A sampan is a small boat, usually sculled by a single oarsman. There was a scarcity of accommodation and when a thunderstorm arose, both the English and the German parties, regardless of national differences, got into one boat, where everybody was solicitous for one another's comfort.

Another time I had been asked to take tea at the house of a German business man. It was on a Sunday and when I was about to take my leave the telephone rang. My host answered it and afterward told me that an old friend and his family had announced that they were coming to call. He begged me to stay and meet them. I remained. The family proved to be English. They had to wait until evening before they dared make their visit, which was an extremely pleasant one. We even spoke of the war and I heard a remarkable and reasonable version of it.

The Englishman was resigned to have Germany win, feeling sure that the German militarists would gorge themselves on the booty. Germany, he contended, would attempt to hold the world in bondage as England had done,

but not having the necessary experience, which England in building her empire had had to gain, she would not succeed in quelling the revolts which inevitably would break out. The German militaristic government would then break down and we would have real freedom and real democracy world-wide. It looked plausible to me and I made this hope my creed.

On the whole, I found the German in the far East much more tolerant than any of his enemies, or the Americans, which were still supposed to be neutral. Not that I ascribe this to a more humane spirit or reasonableness. They were in a hopeless minority. Neutrals feared to accord them neutral treatment, it being distasteful to almighty England, and Germans were grateful for any little kindness anyone bestowed on them. Besides, they were the apparent victors until then and could afford to be magnanimous.

I had arranged to take passage on the American liner *China* early in 1916, but was warned by one of our agents that the *China* would be stopped and that I would be taken off. Naturally I did not go. As soon as this ship reached the open sea she was hailed by

the British cruiser *Laurentic*, searched, and every passenger of unfriendly nationality was made prisoner, being taken later to Australia. This high-handed and altogether illegal proceeding created considerable ill feeling in the States, and President Wilson saw himself compelled to demand the satisfaction that all persons thus forcibly and unlawfully removed from a neutral vessel be set at liberty.

CHAPTER XXXI.

America Severs Diplomatic Relations With Germany So I Am Compelled To Quit the German Service.

IT angered me to think that I, an American, would not be safe under my own flag, and thinking of the way in which the British consul in Manila had taken the bait of an anonymous letter, I resolved to try a similar trick again. I also thought that if I could succeed in creating hard feeling between the Japanese and the British it would further the German cause.

I penned a letter, addressed to a fictitious person in Manila. It was dated back ten or twelve days and was supposed to have been written at some unnamed place not far from Peking. It said in a somewhat enigmatical way that the crew was reliable and contained, besides Japanese, various German-Americans and Hindus. I made use of the names of several German officers, fugitives from Siberia and Japan, of whose existence the British were aware. Lieutenant Kempe, for instance, for

whom I had procured a passport for Norway, in a way which created a good deal of excitement afterward, but the real secret of which was never fathomed, had left secretly for Siberia, ultimately reaching the Fatherland. I represented him as being in charge of the artillery. Captain Sachse, former commander of the *Ilitis*, also a fugitive from Japan and at that time on his way overland to Afghanistan, was supposed to take over the command from the Japanese captain and proceed to a certain coaling station cryptically designated. I then wrote that the letter would be forwarded to Shanghai by a trusted messenger, where it would be mailed in such a way that it would not fall into the hands of the British censor in Hongkong. I mailed it carefully so that it had to come into the possession of this functionary and patiently awaited results.

Within a few days the *Laurentic* was back in the Yellow Sea, stopping every Japanese ship and behaving extremely obnoxiously to the Britishers' yellow friends and allies. One Japanese steamer, not stopping soon enough after the command was given, was fired into. The shot took away a piece of the railing and wounded a few sailors. Nipponese patience

was now at an end. They commanded the British, in no uncertain manner, to get out of Asiatic water or take the consequences. The British "got" in a hurry. The *Laurentic* was sunk by a German submarine soon after reaching European seas.

In defending their seizure of the *China* passengers, the British government forwarded my letter to Washington, where it was submitted to the German Ambassador as proof of "German duplicity" in China.

After it was all over I reported my faked letter writing to the German officials, thinking that they would appreciate my act. But they did not. I was severely reprimanded by the ambassador himself and had to give a pledge that I never again would do anything of the kind on my own initiative.

I was never given orders. I was merely told that such and such a thing had to be done. Could I do it and how would I propose to go about doing it? I would think it over and develop a plan which I would submit to the particular official. Whenever my plan seemed plausible I would be told to go ahead; if some other fellow's plan appeared better, he would go.

I had never done any spying in its proper sense. I did not like that work. It had become advisable, however, to send a man to Vladivostok to keep track of the number of troops being sent from there to France. Hintze asked me if I cared to go and I told him frankly that I had no taste for it. He did not insist, but after a day or two wrote me a letter which I would give much to have still in my possession. I was compelled to destroy it when arrested later on. The letter spoke of espionage, saying: "*It is the last remnant of romanticism in war. It requires courage, cunning, versatility, energy, strength, self-possession and restraint, self-conquest and control, imagination, a warm heart and cold blood. It requires big-hearted men, zealously devoted to their cause; heroes and soldiers who can face death anywhere and any time—even an inglorious one.*"

It was a wonderful letter and though he did not waste a single word in trying to overcome my objections to making the trip, I made up my mind to render the requested service.

My passport had been duly extended, but was not good for Siberia. I could not hope to be able to get the American Consul-General



CARAVAN LEAVING PEKING FOR A LONG JOURNEY ACROSS
THE DESERT TO MANCHURIA.

CAMELS AND MEN ARE PASSING THE GATE OF TUNG-CHI-MEN AT
THE NORTHERN EDGE OF THE CITY.



WATER FRONT AT NANKING.

THE GREAT RIVER OF ASIA, THE YANGTSE-KIANG, APPEARS QUIET
HERE CLOSE TO SHORE, BUT OUT IN THE CHANNEL IT PUSHES SEAWARD
WITH A ROAR AND SURGE.



THE AUTHOR IN THE COURT-
YARD OF THE TEMPLE OF CON-
FUCIUS AT PEKING.



STREET BARBER IN PEKING,
ON THE AVENUE OF TEN
THOUSAND DRAGONS.



SELLER OF MANY WARES IN PEKING, AT HIS REGULAR PLACE OF
BUSINESS ON THE ROAD OF CHUNG-WEN-MEN.

in Shanghai or the Ambassador in Peking to make it cover Siberia. Both knew me too well, and my only chance was at the American Legation in Tokyo. It was understood that without a perfectly good and proper paper I should not make the attempt to reach Vladivostok, but stay in Japan, communicate with Shanghai, and wait for further instructions.

To stay in Japan, travel and remain any length of time, I needed some credible and plausible occupation and as my plan of obtaining an appointment as correspondent for some American newspaper failed, I decided to occupy myself as an artist, sketching oriental flora, the natural growths and their conventionalized forms as used in the industrial arts. I therefore purchased the necessary materials, and procuring transportation by the use of the passport signed by the king of Missouri, made out to one *Alfred H. Mende*, departed for Japan.

The steamer left its pier shortly before noon and I went on board as unobtrusively as I could. All steamers at this time were overcrowded with passengers, and my stateroom, containing five berths, was fully occupied. The names of the occupants, written on a piece

of cardboard, were posted on the door, and my name was given as *Mende*, in conformity with the name I had used in buying the ticket. One of my cabin mates was a Captain *Wade*, an American from Boston, who was in the Chinese Navigation Company's service. He was going to Japan on sick leave.

At tiffin time I proceeded to the dining room and looking for my place card found it bearing my correct name, *Wehde*. I was surprised, but assuming an indifferent air, sat down to my repast. As soon as I had finished I went to my stateroom to get a cigar and found that my name on the door had been corrected to the right one. There could be no doubt that I was known and discovered. Full of forebodings, I nevertheless pretended unconcern and mingled with the other passengers, most of whom were English.

Nagasaki was the first port, and we were there boarded by an official who checked off the passenger list. When he approached me with the request to help find my name, I saw my name again given as *Mende*. I said "That is it," and he was satisfied.

Most of our passengers went ashore and came back crestfallen. The news of the naval

engagement at the Skagerrak, or Jutland, had just arrived and was given out as a great German victory. The British fleet was supposed to have been decisively beaten.

One of my fellow-passengers, an Englishman named Tomkinson, had grown old in his country's naval service. He was a fine fellow, a liberal-minded humanitarian and a thorough gentleman. He took the sad news much to heart, sat aloof, and shed bitter tears. I sincerely sympathized with him and did what I could to console him.

But not all of these Britishers were of that stamp. Cunninghame, a newspaper man, and a few others drowned their sorrow in whiskey, and here too I assisted in dispelling gloom.

A tipsy man will tell the truth, if there is any truth in him, and my present company in their present condition were far from being eligible to the Ananias club. One of them was what is commonly known as a "whiner." He carried on awfully, bewailing his country's fate and roundly abusing Wilson and Americans: "Why don't you come in and save us?" he demanded, and opined that Americans owed that much to their mother-country. Cunninghame, feeling that his countryman

was making an ass of himself, tried to comfort him and, patting him on the knees, said: "Tut, tut, old fellow; don't you know that Wilson is doing all he can? The Americans are providing money and ammunition and if the worst comes to the worst they will save us. I know they will and I know that Wilson has pledged his word for it. He is a good Britisher"—and talk of that kind.

Frequent liberal potions of Scotch with but a little soda in it put the crowd to sleep. Only a few of them took to their beds, most of them lying scattered about the lounges and on the floor. I had imbibed with great care, though I felt the necessity of celebrating the good news. When all was quiet I aroused the barboy, who had retired long ago, and after a generous tip succeeded in getting him to bring me a bottle of German wine. Going well aft, where the noise of the propeller drowned my voice, I had my celebration, singing "*Deutschland ueber Alles*" and all the other songs inspiring my kin to withstand a world in arms as no people had ever withstood before. It was a wonderful celebration!

We reached Kobe, where I and most of the passengers were to disembark. My mind was

not at ease and instead of going ashore at once I lingered aboard and looked after my baggage. An official approached me, saluted, and said: "Excuse me, gentleman; are you Mr. Way—Wee—Wy—" He stuttered and tried vainly to call my name.

The German way of pronouncing my name is *Vayday*, with the accent on the first syllable. Americans pronounce it in a good many ways, my friends making it *Waydy*. Strangers generally make a try at *Weedy*, *Weed* or *Wade*. I have even been called *Wedge*. In fine, English-speaking people do not know how to pronounce it and naturally neither does a Japanese.

I looked blankly at my questioner and said: "My name is *Vayday*," pronouncing my name in the correct and German manner, but putting the accent on the last syllable.

The official looked mystified and I said sympathetically: "Who are you looking for?" Again he had a try and got as far as *Wa—Way*, when I interrupted him and asked: "Is it Wade, *Captain Wade*?" and I put a suggestive emphasis on the Captain. "Yes," he said, looking relieved, "Captain Wade." I just happened to see the captain being driven off

in a rickshaw, but pointing toward Cunningham, who was just about to enter one of these vehicles, I said that I did not know exactly which one of the passengers Captain Wade was, but that the stout dark gentleman over there probably could tell him. He approached Cunningham and as it took him several minutes to make himself understood, Captain Wade was out of sight when the official was finally ready to take the trail. It was the last that I saw of the captain. When I returned to Shanghai, ten weeks later, I inquired for him and was told that he had returned from sick-leave more ill than before, had entered the Shanghai hospital, and died a day before my return.

I passed my baggage through customs and within less than half an hour took the train for Kyoto. There was a man in my coach, presumably English, who eyed me inquisitively as though desiring to talk to me. As we neared the station of Osaka I addressed him, saying: "Well, I reckon this is Kyoto." I made use of the word *reckon* for the same purpose for which I always carried a package of Bull Durham tobacco in my outer coat pocket, leaving its tag hang out. It identified

me as an American. He corrected my apparent error and without more ado said: "Have you heard the terrible news?"

"Yes," I said, "Skagerrak?"

"Oh, no," he said. "But you couldn't have heard it yet. The cable just arrived as I left the office. I am a newspaperman connected with the ——," and he named his paper, which I have forgotten.

"But what is the news?" I asked eagerly, and he sobbed out: "Kitchener is dead!"

One stroke of ill luck after another, it certainly was a time to try men's souls, and an Englishman in Japan was far from being bedded on roses. The Japanese hailed the news of every British disaster with thinly disguised pleasure and when the British, with the help of the Japanese authorities, tried to make the Skagerrak affair appear a British victory the common comment everywhere was: "They have to explain too much."

I reached Kyoto and registering at the hotel in an illegible writing, I mingled with some thirty cadets and officers of an Argentine school ship who welcomed me heartily when I addressed them in their own language. Their company was a godsend to me, for as

they were all in civilian garb I was completely submerged in the crowd and had leisure to think my position over. And I needed to.

Nothing happened, however, and when the Argentinians had left I took my drawing material and found my way to gardens in the city's outskirts where I began to draw. Within an hour I was surrounded by eager and curious boys, many of them art students who pulled materials out of the folds of their garments and industrially went to work copying my mode of procedure, which was the separating of the flowers' details and the drawing of them, separately and assembled. Many of these students spoke more or less English and between them and a few artists of academic education and training I spent a full week in pleasant occupation and occasional jaunts to nearby sections of the countryside. It was my first acquaintance with non-official Japan or with the class of the population that does not earn its living by trading with transients and I was delighted with the students.

Those who seek their profits in dealing with transients are the same the world over. Always intent on getting the better of a customer whom they never expect to see again, their

business ethics naturally are affected. To judge a nation by them is wrong, and the best class of the inhabitants of any country are the native rank and file.

I proceeded to Tokyo, where the American ambassador refused to extend my passport to include Siberia, and I could do nothing but report the fact to Shanghai and await further orders. The mode of secret correspondence we had adopted was simple. It was the old trick of splitting a paper by pasting it between two handkerchiefs. Pulling them apart after they are perfectly dry will split any paper in two. After writing the message on the inside of either or both pieces, we pasted them together again under pressure and they readily came apart when soaked in water. By using ordinary souvenir postal cards we were assured of reasonable safety.

A Korean patriot, a man of high intelligence and education who had served as a lieutenant in the German army, was my faithful though secret companion. He spoke Japanese and a Chinese dialect and was able to pass as either. Together we went to Niigata, Kanasawa and Takata, all of them on the west coast, and garnered what news we could from

seafaring people. Some Americans returning from Siberia also volunteered a lot of information. The most important of what we thus heard was the following: "Japanese manufacturers of ammunition had continually sold Russia such a poor quality of explosives that the Russian government no longer was willing to accept it, much less clutter its only railway with such unserviceable material. The Japanese, having large contracts, continued to deliver in Vladivostok, where vast stores were lying, but for which Russia refused payment, contending rightly that neither shells nor cartridges were reliable. To avoid the possibility of any tests being made, the Japanese sent emissaries to Vladivostok to set fire to the entire stock. They succeeded to some extent, though a good many of the explosives turned out to be fireproof. This conflagration was credited to an atrocious and criminal German spy system."

While sitting in the botanical garden of Tokyo, sketching the beautiful leaf of the Gingko tree, the name of which was up to then unknown to me, I was accosted by an undersized and bespectacled Japanese, who, looking at my work, said: "*Gingko biloba*." I did

not know what he meant and ever on the alert for police agents I continued my work and merely said, "I guess so." After drawing his breath through his teeth he said: "*Sprechen Sie Deutsch?*"

"What's that?" I said.

"Ah, you no speak German?"

"No," was my rejoinder, "I should say not."

He continued to ply me with questions.

"Do you read Goethe?"

"Goethe?" I said. "Who is he?"

"Ah, he one big writer."

"Oh, yes," I replied, "I know who you mean. He writes for the Saturday Evening Post, does he not?"

"No, no; him long time dead."

After a bit more of talk I asked him to spell the name for me. He wrote it on a piece of paper and I said:

"Sure I know him. We pronounce the name *Go-ethy*. I did not not recognize the name in your pronunciation." I was just about to ask him if Goethe had not written Schiller's *Glocke* but caught myself in time and silently listened to the Japanese's story.

He told me that the leaf I was sketching was from the Ginkgo tree. One of the first of its species to be taken to Europe had been planted in Montpellier in France, but as it was a male it bore no fruit until a female branch had been grafted into it. Goethe saw it and being struck by the beauty of the leaf sent a small branch accompanied with a few verses to a woman friend in Weimar. If I returned to the park the next day, he said, he would bring me a copy. I was sorry I had humbugged this man, who was evidently a gentleman and a scholar, but it was too late now.

Next morning I again came to the botanical garden and was awaited by my new acquaintance. He gave me a sheet of paper on which he had written the promised verses, which in a translation by Dr. Paul Carus read:

*Leaf of Eastern tree transplanted
Here into my garden's field
Hast me secret meaning granted,
Which adepts delight will yield.*

*Art thou one—one living being
Now divided into two?
Art thou two, who joined agreeing
And in one united grew?*

*To the question, pondered duly,
Have I found the right reply:
In my poems you see truly,
Twofold and yet one am I.*

I still have the paper in my possession. The writing is in the Latin script as it is taught in German schools. I spent some memorable hours with this man and found that he was a sincere friend of the German cause, had studied in Germany and obtained a doctor's degree at Heidelberg. I was itching to disclose myself to him, but dared not as I had learned to beware of a peeved Japanese. They cannot forgive being made sport of.

The glorious Fourth was drawing near and the local Americans wanted to hold a befitting celebration. At a luncheon of the American Noonday Club one of the members, named Fleischer, owner of the *Japan Advertiser*, the only American newspaper in Japan, spoke and enjoined all present to abstain from any celebration in consideration of the feelings of "our British brothers." Most of those present seemed much in favor of suitably remembering the Fourth, but not one dared say a word. Barring the offering to its readers of the ballad, "Casey at the Bat" as light Fourth of

July reading, the only American newspaper in Japan, owned by Mr. Fleischer, made no mention of the anniversary of our Declaration of Independence.

The American colony in Yokohama, however, celebrated with a ball game, refreshments, speeches and a dance, which was given on the spacious veranda of the Grand Hotel. I took an early train thither and at the ball game met Mr. Thompson, a sub-editor of the *Advertiser*, and his wife, whom I had first met crossing the Pacific on the *Manchuria*. I chided him about the absence of any reference to the day in his paper. "You must be pro-German," was his reply. "Sure I am; aren't you?" I answered. Both he and his wife then spoke up energetically, berating the leading Americans in the Orient for their cowardice and their lickspittle behavior toward the British. The treatment accorded to Americans by English men and women in social affairs is ever one of contempt and neglect, and the leading Americans, mostly men and women with a pronounced ambition to shine in society, submit to it.

The big veranda of the Grand Hotel in Yokohama was draped with the colors of

America and the Allied nations—few Japanese, but many British. Two large flags, American and British, covered the entire wall in the rear where the speakers had their platform. An American bluejacket, a recovered patient from the American Marine Hospital, saw no reason why the British flag should be honored equally with the Stars and Stripes on such an occasion. He tore the English emblem down, was arrested, taken to Shanghai and received the drastic punishment of eight years of imprisonment, I was told.

After the celebration was ended I went back to Tokyo. I traveled to many places, stayed as long as I cared, saw a good deal of the country and kept up a lively correspondence with Shanghai. One day I had joined two Americans, one a school man and the other an eastern buyer, Mac-something, on a trip from Yokohama to Mianoshita. When we returned to our hotel we were informed by another buyer, named Cohn, that the hotel was closely watched for a German spy and that no one knew which one of the many guests was under suspicion. Asking for my mail, I was given a picture postal from Shanghai. I at once proceeded to my room and putting the

card into my wash basin poured water on it. While waiting for the two pieces to separate I partly undressed for a wash. There was a knock at the door and two officials in civilian dress entered. After asking a number of questions they demanded my passport, which I handed over at once. They then insisted on a thorough search of my baggage and person. I gave them the keys to my trunk and cases, told them to go to it, but referring to my early trip on the railroad, begged to be allowed to finish the ablution I was about to perform when they interrupted me by their unexpected visit. They graciously granted permission. Bending over my basin I separated the two pieces comprising the postal card, read its contents and rubbed them to bits between my hands. The officials had no eyes for me and saw nothing.

A thorough search failed to reveal anything suspicious and they left. Within a half an hour I went downstairs to breakfast. It became important now to get out of the country but I dared not go so long as there was mail for me on the way from Shanghai. Neither could I safely cable my friends, for if their address were revealed, my mail on the way to

Shanghai would certainly be stopped, scrutinized, and its secret message be discovered. The Japs are notorious for inflicting extreme punishment, and the best I could hope for was a firing squad.

It was on a Monday and I quickly figured out that the mail I had forwarded would be delivered to my correspondent in Shanghai on Wednesday evening or Thursday morning. The card I had just received contained an order for me to proceed to a certain small village on the base of the Fujiyama, where I was to expect further communication. If I could get someone to cable for me on Thursday morning, signing the message with the cryptic name "Haw," I might be safe. But I had nobody I could trust, as my Korean companion had succeeded in joining the crew of a steamer plying between Japanese ports and Vladivostok.

Cohn, the buyer I spoke of, though of American birth, claimed to be intensely pro-German and had often defended the German cause in heated arguments with Mac, the Easterner, who was rabidly anti-German. I saw Cohn and after getting his promise to stay "mum," asked him to send the cable for me, giving

him the written message and the price of cabling. He agreed, but after a short while the school man came to me and excitedly told me that Cohn had told my secret to Mac. A confounded situation! Before long Cohn approached me, returned the paper and money, and said he could not comply with my request. I considered him unworthy of any reply and merely sat down and thought of some way of getting out of my dilemma.

Mac sent me word he wanted to see me in his room. I went and faced him. He was a man! Using no bitter words of scorn about Germans, he asked if I really was the man under suspicion. I admitted it, and as he evidently did not care to see a white man executed by yellow people and expressing contempt for Cohn's behavior, promised to send the cable himself. He kept his word.

But I had to go; I could not stay at that hotel. Checking out, I ordered my large trunk to be sent to Kobe, and calling an automobile had myself and small baggage transferred to the railway station, where I took the next train to the small town from where I was to begin my wandering around the base of the glorious mountain Fujiyama, which was re-

vered by the ancient Japanese as the Goddess of Fire. It was a wonderful trip, though I was continually followed by secret agents. I think it was at Gotimba where I received the last mail and after it was safely disposed of I felt myself secure at last.

In due time I took the steamer in Kobe unmolested and saw no more of Japanese officials except at Shimonoseki, where an officer came on board merely to make sure that I was there and earnestly advised me, in good English, not to honor Japan with my presence again.

I arrived safely in China and after a few weeks' stay in Shanghai was called to Peking to write editorials in an English language paper under German control. Every morning I proceeded to the German Embassy, where Admiral von Hintze gave orders as to what to write. Nothing was ever printed without his approval. We entered into a hopeless fight for continued Chinese neutrality and the times were critical.

One day I told von Hintze of the Fourth of July celebration in Yokohama and of the American who was so severely punished for tearing the British colors from the wall. After a few days he handed me a bound volume

of a six months' collection of *The Strand Magazine*, pointed out a sketch of the life of Admiral Beresford, told me to read it and write an article comparing a certain occurrence in the Admiral's career with the flag-pulling affair in Yokohama. The sketch described at some length, and in the self-satisfied manner that makes the Britisher so beloved, how Beresford, when still a young officer, came to Honolulu. Feeling indignant at seeing the Stars and Stripes flying on the mast at the American consulate, he jumped over the fence, pulled the flag down and throwing it into the dirt went his pleased way. The American Consul must have had considerable gall, for he actually complained to Beresford's superiors and otherwise made a lot of noise about it. Beresford refused to comply with his commander's request that he return the flag to its proper position and continued in his refusal until his mother cabled him, begging him to obey.

I was to write on this occurrence and draw a parallel between a common sailor of a democracy tearing a flag from a place where it had no business to be and an officer pulling an emblem from its proper place. I did as

I was told, my article received the ambassador's approval and had already been set in type when he ordered its withdrawal on account of not wishing to hurt the feelings of the Americans in Peking.

Another instance of Hintze's friendly attitude toward America was the following: My neighbor, Quartermaster-Sergeant Lytle of the American Embassy Guard, came to me on New Year's eve, 1916, and related in uncontrollable anger that he had just met two Japanese officers driving past him in rickshaws. He saluted as was his duty. One of the Japanese merely stared at him, without returning the greeting. The other one, in passing, turned and spat at him. I advised the sergeant to report the matter to his superior, which he did. He had no witnesses, and as the word of a noncommissioned officer could weigh nothing against the words of two commissioned officers no action was taken.

I reported this affair to Hintze and suggested making use of it in our paper. Hintze, however, declined, saying that he would do nothing displeasing to the American commander, Colonel Neville, of whom he added:

"He is so good a man, you could not find a better without cheating."

Highly amusing to me were Japanese-British relations in Peking. Their embassies, surrounded by high walls, are situated opposite each other, but so that their entrances do not face and are quite a distance apart. The Japanese, ever curious, distrustful and deliberately insulting, made an opening into their wall directly fronting the British entrance and kept continual tally upon all who entered or left their ally's embassy.

I sincerely hope that our American marines, the Embassy Guard and its officers were not foolish enough to believe that I either could or would have harmed the American cause or that I possessed secrets which were at all worth knowing. But it appeared often as though they were setting spies on my track. It may have been done in an attempt to catch me in some illegal deed. If they did watch me I played them a trick.

It was difficult for us to get the vernacular press to publish our version of the news. You must not offend the British, you know, and I was at my wits' end trying to find a way to get the German version of affairs into Chinese

language papers. Then came Mr. T., a god-send, and my path was made easy.

Mr. T., a man of family with an ambition to become a writer of short stories, was chief steward of the American Marine Hospital. in Peking. He was always short of money and had an idea that he might increase his income by peddling pretended news. There is a wireless station at the local American barracks which is in constant communication with the wireless stations on United States battle-ships stationed at or near Shanghai. News items are taken from the daily Shanghai papers and flashed through the ether for practice, as I understand it. Important events of course are also telegraphed to the capital and to its newspapers, but as minor items are sent by mail the American embassy receives them by wireless two days ahead of train schedule.

To furnish this news to newspapers was T.'s idea, but as the news was too inconsequential no paper cared to buy it. He managed to get a month's subscription here and there but there were no repeaters. He told me of his troubles and I, suspecting everybody, advised him to go to work and make unimportant news appear

important. To invent news, I insisted, would be too dangerous and would undoubtedly have evil consequences. He offered to go fifty-fifty with me if I would obtain patrons. I accepted and we worked together. He would never permit me to help him in getting up our daily bulletin, typewritten in six or seven copies, and he also attended to the distribution. Oh, he was careful, was this ranking sergeant-major, chief steward of the American Marine Hospital, but I beat him to it.

Getting out my own bulletins precisely as he got up his, I distributed them as often as the circumstances required as additions to the first bulletin and succeeded in getting our version of such important events as the Russian revolution and other matter into the native papers, much to the discomfiture of the British ambassador.

Our fight for Chinese neutrality was a lost hope and one day von Hintze sent for me. He said that it was only a question of time until America would join the Allies against Germany and that he expected China also to sever diplomatic relations, which would necessitate his and all other German representatives' departure. He thanked me for my services, paid

me the compliment of saying that I had served as well as anybody could have served, and added: "You as an American of German birth and blood are in a predicament. No doubt you feel that Germany is not guilty of the crimes laid against her and will continue to extend your sympathies to us. You cannot maintain yourself in China, for the British would hound you to death, and when you return to America you will find that sooner or later you will succumb to the war spirit and will begin to doubt the justice of Germany's side. You cannot serve two masters, and to what extent you will be able to serve a new master and still keep your faith with the former one depends on yourself. You do not possess any secrets that could be of any possible military value, but you will be approached by many people who, imagining that a war can be won by calumny, will urge you to give them material for propaganda. I do not believe that you would willingly comply, but you may be inclined to tell them truthfully of things with which you are acquainted. Take my advice and say nothing. Whatever you say, you may be sure that your words will

be distorted and will be used to calumniate your own mother."

"You will never regret holding your tongue," he continued. "To speak would certainly cause you sorrow. I personally always saw in America the common offspring of European nations, and believing in the historic missions of peoples, I hoped that through America's efforts European nations would settle their many and often utterly foolish disputes peaceably. It seems to me that the leaders of America fail to appreciate this mission. Enduring peace can never be made by America's assistance in vanquishing any faction. It is a sad mistake to think otherwise, and no matter how this war may end, American participation bodes evil for the entire world, and Wilson and his supporters will find it impossible to justify their act in future years, even if they should remain victorious."

We conversed for more than an hour and I bade him farewell.

On the same day China severed diplomatic relations with Germany, and our fight was lost.

By far the greater percentage of the Chinese population was obviously pro-German. Undoubtedly the majority would have resisted

all British pressure and remained neutral, but American influence in the flowery kingdom is powerful and upon a hint, combined with threats from Washington, the Allied wishes were complied with.

The *Open Door to China* is a phrase as vicious as it is hypocritical, and is merely a pact between thieves for the spoliation of a people. The Chinese people have suffered from oppression by their mandarins through ages until they consider every government their natural enemy. Establishment of a republic has not changed matters at all. The reins of government are still held by the same corrupt element that ruled under the empire, and under the guise of foreign loans they accept bribes eagerly offered by "bankers' syndicates" in return for their country's resources and the blood, sweat and lives of their nationals.

Having become distrustful, the Chinese people take no interest in politics and consider that they owe no allegiance to any government. Combining in guilds for mutual protection, they show an antagonistic spirit to so-called national leaders. Foreign big capital, sanctimonious and hypocritical, and its blind, un-

knowing helpers, the missionaries, prate about elevating poor John and getting him out of bondage, as though liberty could be bestowed upon a people and did not have to be self-achieved. Every little sign of an awakening of China is at once combated by a further "loan" and the fetters are tightened. The cry of the yellow peril is raised every once in a while and the horrors of an Asiatic invasion of Europe is painted in vivid colors.

Groundless fear. Before such an invasion could take place China would have to awaken thoroughly; would have to learn to build roads and machinery, develop its own vast resources, and train its men. For mere coolies, primitively armed, no matter how numerous, could never hope to get very far in an attempt to overrun a modern army. The mere fact of awakening, of developing resources in men and material, would at once lift the great mass of the people out of its present misery and poverty. All the filth, superstition and dirt now prevailing, naturally accompanying such conditions, would disappear of themselves, leaving the Chinaman what he really is—an honest, faithful, lovable and kind-hearted human being.

I have so often in these pages taken up the colored man's battle that the reader may think me an anti-white. Such is not the case. I have merely learned not to draw any line at color, creed, race or nationality. I know good people and I know bad people, and that is all the distinction I make.

CHAPTER XXXII.

We Sail for Honolulu With a Stowaway in Another Man's Clothes Locker.

LEAVING Peking at once for Shanghai, I luckily succeeded in obtaining the last berth to be had on the steamer *Ecuador*, due to leave in ten days. America had not yet declared war, and while I deemed it wisdom to discontinue temporarily the so far pleasant social relations with my many German friends, I saw no harm in meeting a few of them. There was the consul-general, Knipping, of whom I had grown very fond. In his younger days he had been in the German Department of Justice and had occupied the bench of the court in German Samoa. He had known Robert Louis Stevenson and had many fascinating tales to tell of that romancer. I visited Knipping, merely intending to bid him farewell. During my visit he asked me if I could assist him in obtaining passage to America for a certain man who had just arrived in Shanghai from the interior. I hesitated, but after a while agreed to meet the man in ques-

tion and talk it over with him. A meeting was arranged and during the ensuing conversation I became determined to do all I possibly could to help him through.

His name was Werner-Otto von Hentig, an athletic young man, clean-cut, perfect of manner and soft of speech. I took to him at first sight and listened to his story with rapt attention.

He had been secretary to the German Legation in Peking some years before, then had been transferred to Teheran in Persia, where he occupied the position of attaché when the World War broke out. Traveling overland, he reached Germany, joined his regiment, the *Cuirassiers*, and saw service in Russia.

Great Britain has always compelled Afghanistan not to hold intercourse with other nations except through British diplomatic channels, an imposition silently though reluctantly obeyed by the world. At the war's outbreak Germany saw the desirability of establishing diplomatic relations with this forbidden land, and organizing an expedition of military and diplomatic representatives, placed von Hentig in charge. After unheard-of hardships the caravan reached its destina-

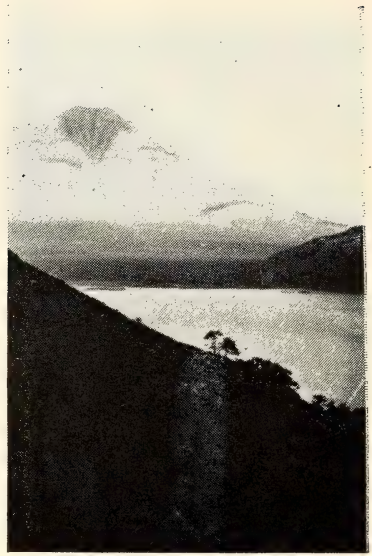
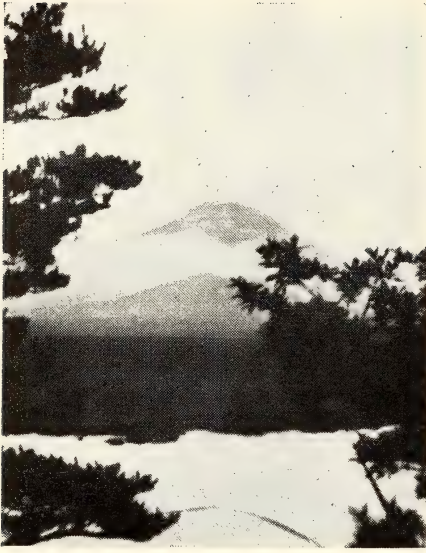
tion, and it became incumbent upon Hentig to return to Germany alone to report on conditions found. It was impossible to return over the route he had come by, as his voyage had not remained a secret to the allied Russian and British forces, who had pursued him closely. The only possibility of reaching home was by way of China, the Pacific Ocean and the United States, and von Hentig made the attempt. He has written a book about "*My Journey into the Closed Land*," a narrative of the most remarkable trip I ever heard of. It is not a war book in the usual sense, but the description of travel in desert and wilderness told with restraint. No mention is made in his book of the small part I took in his transportation from Shanghai to Honolulu, as its revelation would have seriously embarrassed me at the time of the narrative's appearance.

Von Hentig, as a recognized member of the German diplomatic corps, under the law of nations, was entitled to safe conduct home, but this the British declined to permit. In spite of their continual persecution he had succeeded in reaching Shanghai and was supposedly no longer dependent on the British



ARTISTIC ANALYSIS OF FAR EASTERN FLORA.

IT WAS THIS WHICH SERVED AS A PLAUSIBLE REASON FOR THE AUTHOR'S LINGERING IN JAPAN, AT A TIME WHEN EVERY STRANGER WAS SUBJECT TO SUSPICION.



FUJIYAMA, SEEN IN A HIKE AROUND ITS BASE.

THIS MOUNTAIN, NAMED "GODDESS OF FIRE" BY THE ANCIENT JAPANESE, RISES 12,000 FEET ABOVE THE SEA. ITS SNOW-CLAD PEAK, GOLDEN UNDER THE SUN, IS A SIGHT FOR THE GODS.



THE STOWAWAY IN ANOTHER
MAN'S CLOTHES LOCKER.

DR. WERNER - OTTO VON HENTIG, WHO VOYAGED SECRETLY ON THE STEAMSHIP ECUADOR FROM SHANGHAI TO HONOLULU.

for the grant of passage. It was up to the American consul-general to accord that which international law demanded should be accorded to him.

He made the necessary application, presenting himself to the American representative, who said frankly that America would issue his passport only with British permission.

It was hard for me to curb my indignation when I heard this. The man's attitude was clearly illegal. We were not yet at war and nothing on earth could have prevented my taking a hand.

The *Ecuador* was to sail on April 1 and was lying at anchor at the river's mouth. Von Hentig had a letter to the ship's barber, a German, and hoped to be able to stow away or otherwise manage to make the trip with his help. The barber was willing enough but lacked the nerve to act. I went aboard ahead of sailing time and nosed about for a hiding place. I tried to induce the purser to carry another passenger, but he would not. The cargo was being put on board, and in one of the freight lighters came Hentig, dressed in the coarse garb of a stevedore. He boarded the ship and tried to get a job as helper to the

butcher and in other capacities, but there were no jobs.

I knew that among the passengers were several Germans and Austrians, escaped prisoners of war from Siberia, and singling out two likely looking young fellows who had a state-room to themselves—I shared mine with a missionary—I approached them at the last minute and put the issue squarely before them. I took them to their cabin and talked and pleaded as hard as I could. They were evidently distrustful, thinking me an *agent provocateur*, but when I suggested that we call Hentig in and give him a chance to identify himself they agreed, and I knew I had won. Hentig was summoned and I withdrew. They fixed it up between themselves and recalled me. The roomboy was bribed easily enough, though he appeared badly frightened. When the *Ecuador* hoisted her anchor and left her mooring we were happy.

During the first night out Hentig wanted to visit the bathroom and in the corridor encountered the barber, who recognized him at once. This poor fellow, feeling sure that Hentig was stowed away in some secret place

unprovided with food, and being anxious to prevent his suffering, searched diligently day after day and, finally feeling that he might safely disclose his apparent secret to the Austrians, told them of it. I induced these two to have the barber confide in me also and was thus given a chance to quiet his fears.

It was not advisable to keep the door to the stateroom harboring Hentig locked at all times, and he was compelled to spend many hours in the clothes locker. A great strain for a man of his size. All of us did our share to keep him provided with fruit and sandwiches, and I made it a point to spend a few hours with him every day.

We arrived at Kobe and were visited by about ten officials, who checked the passengers with greater care than I had ever noted before. The ship was well guarded within and without, sentries marching up and down the corridors all the time.

The officials were seated in the dining room and the passengers, standing in long lines, approached one by one for examination of their passports. I volunteered to be interpreter for those Germans and Austrians who were unable to speak English and had therefore an

opportunity of seeing the list before being examined myself. I saw my name and as I also noticed it to be specially marked with some Japanese characters I knew I was in for some extra attention.

My turn came and I assisted in finding my name. The official said: "Ah, you the German-American?" I answered, "Yes; you have heard of me, have you not?" The official addressed a short remark to his confreres and every one of them took a good look at me. I was then told to retire for the present as my examination was to be the last one.

When I was called on the carpet I was subjected to many questions regarding my previous visits to Japan. I gave answers as I pleased and while every other passenger, according to nationality, had been told that he might go on shore or that he would not be allowed to go on shore, I was asked: "Do you intend to go on shore?" I denied any such intention and was left in peace.

Within a couple of days we reached Yokohama where we were subjected to similar examination, and again I was asked to wait until the last. The only perceivable difference was in the officials saying: "And you said you did

not care to go ashore?" Evidently my previous answer had been communicated to them and I affirmed it.

We remained in Yokohama two days, and our watchers never left us. The chief of the secret police, a tall man, heavily mustached for a Japanese, approached me several times. He could not speak any English, but through an interpreter, also a police officer, was persistent in inviting me to come on shore with him, saying he wanted to show me the cherry blossoms then in bloom. I declined repeatedly, but talked the matter over with Hentig. As he was much in need of clothing it was decided that I should accept the chief's invitation and while on shore procure the necessary garments. I therefore accepted and, calling a couple of rickshaws, we rode off.

We stopped for a few minutes at a building of official appearance. The chief exchanged a few remarks with somebody who entered the house and reappeared with a Japanese wearing European dress and a silk hat. He eyed me intently. After a greeting in broken English and a short conversation between the newcomer and the chief, the latter and I drove to the park. Leaving our rickshaws, we walked

across it, regaining them at another entrance, where we also met the gentleman with the silk hat. It was difficult to understand the sentences uttered by the two, spoken cryptically in broken English. But there could be no doubt about it, I was being probed as to my willingness to enter the Japanese secret service.

It took me by surprise and I knew not what to do. There was a possibility of adventure and of serving the white race by pretending to serve its bitterest enemy. My regard for the high qualities of the Japanese as a people does not extend to officialdom, military or civilian. White men are pleased to compare them to monkeys. It is a mistake; they are rats. Some day they will bite, and their bite will prove infectious. If it had not been for Hentig I might have seriously considered the question now before me, but he needed me and I had no intention of leaving him to an uncertain fate. Therefore I pretended not to understand what my two companions were driving at and returned to the ship.

The *Ecuador* proceeded on her journey and a good many things occurred that were calculated to make the two Austrians nervous.

During a general conversation in the saloon the subject drifted to "blind" passengers and the purser told a good many of his experiences with them. The Austrians considered themselves discovered and in order to dispel their misgivings I quartered von Hentig with two other Austrians. He had not been in the new stateroom long when his presence was discovered by the roomboy and we had to find a third hiding place.

This time it was in the stateroom of a German and a Dane. The former was also an escaped prisoner of war from Siberia, where he should have stayed to rot rather than endanger the safety of better men. He was a member of a wealthy and prominent German family and had been taken prisoner early in the war. His mother had engaged the services of the Dane to assist him in gaining his freedom. That Dane was a wonder. He managed to get the best set of papers I ever saw. They included a Swiss passport and other means of identification, properly viséd and stamped in a few dozen cities of neutral countries and Russia-Siberia. Invariably successful in carrying out his operations, he was now trying to take his protégé home. The

German was a thankless, overbearing creature who wasted his money and behaved in such an outrageous and carelessly defiant manner as to arouse everybody's suspicion.

It was our last resort, and both Hentig and I owe large gratitude to the Dane for living up to every promise made and being instrumental in insuring Hentig's safety and comfort.

We made Honolulu in eighteen days and thinking that Hentig might go ashore there and being then on American soil, could continue his journey as an ordinary passenger on any convenient steamer, it was agreed that I should interrupt my journey and assist him. So far we had not received word of America's declaration of war, which occurred the day after our departure for Yokohama, and we did not think there would be any minute examination of passports or passengers. We were soon undeceived, for such a careful watch was maintained that no one could leave the ship without a close scrutiny. Those passengers not in possession of the proper papers or unable to identify themselves as "friendly" were not permitted to step ashore.

My papers were clear. I passed the scrutiny of officials, passed the customs and registered at a hotel. Returning to the *Ecuador*, I told Hentig of the impossibility of his getting by the chain of examining officials and it was agreed that he should jump overboard during the night and swim to Waikiki beach, where I would meet him with dry clothes. And so it was done. About midnight and with the Dane's help he slid into the water so as to make no splashing noise. Whoever knows what a swim it is from the piers to Waikiki, alone at night, avoiding the many cliffs and breaker-beaten rocks, the government buildings with their sentries, the possible sharks and other dangers, will testify that von Hentig needs no tonic for his nerves.

He made it, but while swimming lost his money, about eight hundred dollars in American paper currency which he carried in a bag hung about his neck. We searched the beach thoroughly but found no trace of it.

Still he had obstacles before him. It was impossible to procure passage for the United States, as a law had been passed compelling every intended traveler to submit to an investigation by the board of emigration and Hentig

had nothing to show and no way to prove that he had arrived in Hawaii at any certain time, had lived there, or followed an occupation. His intention was to proceed to Washington and there to deliver himself over to the authorities through the Swiss ambassador, demanding the safe conduct home that was due him.

There being no Swiss representative in Honolulu, von Hentig consulted the Spanish consul and between them it was agreed that he should present himself to the District Attorney. So it was done. That functionary cabled to Washington and in due time received word to send Hentig on to San Francisco.

Hentig had pledged himself to secrecy concerning my participation in his escapade and he kept his pledge faithfully through many examinations.

Detained in San Francisco, he was given the opportunity of acquainting the Swiss consul with his predicament and making through him the proper representations to the Swiss legation in Washington he was finally conceded that which the American consul-general in Shanghai should have at once accorded to him—a passport for Germany.

Upon arrival in San Francisco the two Austrians who rendered us such signal service were arrested as alien enemies, as well as all other *Ecuador* passengers who were unable to identify themselves as friends or neutrals. All the Germans and Austrians on board were rigidly examined in an effort to get them to disclose knowledge of von Hentig. But there was not a weakling in the lot. The two Austrians subsequently escaped and with three others succeeded in reaching the Mexican frontier. Three of these five lost their lives while swimming the Rio Grande and among them was one of the Austrians. He had called himself Hainich. They all had assumed fictitious names, unnecessarily, and his right name has escaped my memory.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

I Am Arrested on a Presidential Warrant, Regardless of Facts, and Am Transported to Chicago.

THREE days after von Hentig's departure I received an unannounced visit from three gentlemen. United States Marshal J. J. Smiddy, accompanied by a special agent of the Department of Justice and by a captain of artillery, called to examine me. It developed that a presidential warrant had been sworn out for my arrest, the charge being that I had violated Section 13 of the Criminal Code of the United States, which says:

"Whoever within the territory or the jurisdiction of the United States, begins, or sets on foot or provides or prepares the means for any military expedition or enterprise to be carried on from thence against the territory of any foreign prince or state, or of any colony, district, or people, with whom the United States are at peace, shall be fined not more than ten thousand dollars and be imprisoned for not more than three years."

For two years the American government had known precisely what I had set out to do. I had been within American jurisdiction almost all of that time; had carefully avoided violating any law, and had done merely what my status as an American citizen permitted me to do and what many statements, issued in the White House, had emphatically declared Germany was entitled to, to-wit: *To use the seven seas for the transportation of arms.* But not a word was ever said, not even a warning issued. As soon as the United States entered the war warrants were sworn out, though the American authorities were well aware of the fact that I was homeward bound immediately after America severed diplomatic relations with Germany.

I could see in it nothing but a deliberate discrimination against men of German birth. So far I felt no resentment, as I foolishly thought that the American sense of justice had not been utterly warped during the two years of my sojourn in the Orient. I did not know the dire effects of insidious and constant Allied propaganda.

Besides the above mentioned violation of Section 13, I was also charged with having

conspired to commit such a crime. When I consider that I had been enjoined by all German agents not to violate any law, to do only that which I was privileged to do, and to consult counsel whenever I was in doubt, I fail to see where a charge of conspiracy could be upheld. It is clearly not possible to "conspire to obey the laws."

The specific charge against me and my co-defendants, which included Messrs. Jacobsen, Boehm, Gupta and many others, was that we had attempted to overthrow British government in India.

Think of the millions of Irishmen in America who have contributed toward the funds, prepared and furnished the means, for overthrowing British government in Ireland; the numerous similar endeavors to overthrow Spanish government in Cuba; the many expeditions fitted out and enterprises concocted in the United States to overthrow friendly governments in Latin America—and the downright dishonesty of our Department of Justice in the Year of our Lord 1917 becomes at once apparent.

Mind this, not one of my deeds, actual or attempted, after my departure from America

has ever been made the subject of a charge. Merely the fact of having "laid plans" before leaving America was held against me. As if it had been humanly possible to decide on any definite action to be taken thousands of miles away, in a remote future, and under unknowable conditions.

My three visitors behaved decently enough. Marshal Smiddy took me in charge and I accompanied him to the office of the District Attorney, Huber, where I made a general statement of what I had done, precisely as recorded in these pages, though much more briefly. What had occurred in Japan or China was not discussed at all. My questioners seemed mostly interested in my trip with the *Henry S.* Telling the absolute truth about it, I also made it clear that I had intended to sail to Dutch India, there to succor Captains von Moeller and Lauterbach and under their guidance to deliver war material to the German troops in East Africa.

I was treated with the utmost leniency. I surrendered what money I had in my possession, barring a small amount needed for daily use, and promised to stay in Honolulu until Washington had been heard from.

Within a few days orders were received to transport me to Chicago and as the steamer *Matsonia* was to leave next day, Marshal Smiddy and I made hurried preparations for departure.

"Say nothing, I shall say nothing, and nobody will know that you are my prisoner," said Smiddy, and he kept his word. Of course, most of the passengers, being residents of Honolulu, knew that Smiddy was the United States Marshal and could easily guess that he was conducting a prisoner. On the first day, this question formed the subject of general conversation in which I took part freely. One of the passengers, a rather tough looking subject, displaying a blackened eye, kept aloof from everybody else and I suggested that this fellow looked as if he might be in trouble. "Maybe he is it," I said to the company. The poor fellow was shunned by everybody during the entire voyage.

Among the passengers was a mining engineer with his family, including a pretty daughter, about eighteen. The father was an intemperate German-baiter, who insisted that the German seamen of the ships interned in Honolulu should be hanged for having crip-

pled their engines. He delighted in showing an unreasonable attitude. The daughter and I became quite friendly and we spent many hours playing shuffleboard. On one occasion we required a fourth player and as the suspected stranger happened to be near, I suggested that we invite him. The young woman objected decidedly and confided to me that this person was a German spy in charge of Marshal Smiddy. She also told me that she used to have a German girl friend, but that now she hated all Germans, declared that she could tell a German any time and anywhere, and would never again have anything to do with them.

We reached San Francisco early one morning, and I was turned over to the local U. S. marshal, being held incommunicado in his office all day. Smiddy and I took an evening train for Chicago. The daily papers allotted me ample space on their front pages and stamped me as the most dangerous spy in the German service.

When Smiddy and I entered the dining car for breakfast after our first night on the train, we found the mining engineer with his family, including my good friend, his daughter, seated

at one of the tables. Now that they saw who the prisoner was, they fairly oozed hatred.

At last Chicago was reached and we proceeded to the federal building, where we were at once ushered into the presence of Hinton Clabaugh, chief of the local bureau of investigation, a unit of the Department of Justice. When I state that he reminded me forcibly of von Hintze, it follows that I took a liking to him. He impressed me as a man of fairness, energy and courage, of a highly imaginative mind and venturesome spirit. But I have not retained my regard for him, for later on, during my trial, he wronged me by pretending to have no recollection of a certain occurrence which it would be impossible to have forgotten. But what good patriot did not tell lies in 1917? Did not our government need liars then as badly as it needed soldiers? And did not Woodrow Wilson fill the want he created to the utmost perfection?

The District Attorney also put in an appearance and I was turned over to the tender mercies of American officialdom. Smiddy produced a document containing my statement made to him in Honolulu, but written from memory a day or two after my examination.

I was asked if this statement was correct. I replied in the affirmative, but pointed out that a good deal had been omitted and insisted that my statement regarding the reason for my trip with the *Henry S.* be added. My audience seemed much surprised, but the addition was made.

And here the delinquency of Clabaugh comes in. When during my trial he took the stand against me and was asked if such an addition had been made, he claimed not to remember anything about it, though he did remember other and most insignificant details. The government saw fit to withhold the statement. The prosecution was not interested in the truth; all it cared for was a verdict of guilty.

Fortunately I have a letter in my possession written by Smiddy, almost two years after the occurrence, in which he acknowledges that I am entirely correct in this matter.

As I had no other statement to make, I was permitted to consult counsel which my friends had retained for me, Attorney Henry W. Freeman, and on his advice I said nothing further. Hoping I would soon be able to regain my liberty, I awaited developments.

Bail was fixed at \$20,000, extravagantly high, and as the government saw fit to discourage every possible bondsman and refused to accept the bail offered by several friends who responded to our call, it became apparent that I would not merely suffer a reasonable and legal *prosecution*, but a vindictive, spiteful and persistently malicious *persecution*.

As the afternoon waned, I realized that I would not be able to keep out of jail. This did not matter so much, but what did grieve me was the government's persistent refusal to permit me to telephone a greeting to my mother. Needless cruelty, but not unusual, I learned.

I had been turned over to a deputy marshal and toward evening we two took a train for Joliet, where I was to be locked up in the county jail. The deputy was ordered not to permit me to speak to anybody, and my confinement was to be solitary. Joliet is 40 miles from Chicago and includes one of the Illinois state prisons.

When we arrived at our destination I was immediately taken to a cell that reeked with filth. My quarters were in a steel-barred compartment. On one side were two cots, one

above the other. In front of them a narrow space, about three feet wide, elbowed toward the rear, where there was a bathtub and toilet "facilities." Everything was filthy. The bedding, nothing but a blackish-blue blanket, was stiff with dirt and evil-smelling with the perspiration of former users. The building is close to a railroad, and floor, cots and blanket were covered thickly with cinders and soot.

The food was served in a dirty tin trough, which was shoved through a lockable opening in the bars just above the floor—precisely as a hog is fed. In the morning I received a piece of dry bread and a tincup of some substitute for coffee. At noon came a tin trough, with two partitions, filled with something looking so unappetizing that I refrained from tasting it. There was a piece of meat, mostly fat and gristle, stewed with vegetables. It might have been edible if it had been served in a manner fit for a human being. In the absence of knife and fork, plates and table, a man can eat only as animals eat, not as a human should. At night came a repetition of the morning meal.

The next morning a visitor came to look at me—a young woman, who appeared in the company of the jailer and another male companion. They spoke in whispers and what they said was beyond my understanding. I stood behind the bars and met her gaze, but could not out-stare her shameless eyes. In *Faust*, Goethe describes a witches' sabbath on Walpurgis Night and besides speaking of he-goats and hags he tells of a young woman, fair to see, from whose mouth jumps a red mouse at every word she speaks. Whenever I see a vicious woman I think of that figure and am filled with loathing. The same thought occurred to me when this one satisfied her curiosity by staring at me.

But what about the jailer who brought her? Not satisfied with penning a man up like a beast and feeding him like a beast, which the law apparently requires him to do, he brings morbid-minded women to stare at his prisoner, and that he does of his own free will.

My compartment was divided from the main corridor by a solid steel sliding door which at first was left open, allowing an agreeable draft to pass through my cage. On the second day of my imprisonment two young

women, street walkers, were brought in and without being immediately put into cells, were given the freedom of the corridor. For a short moment I imagined that I would at last have an opportunity to break my enforced silence, but it was not to be. One of them had just time to smile at me cheerfully and to exclaim, "We only got a hundred and costs so we'll get out in a hurry," when the assistant jailer closed the door and enjoined the two girls not to speak to me. I could hear his every word. The official seemed to enjoy his new charges, who themselves appeared in high spirits. They were not to remain in the corridor, however, as I heard the jailer say that he was going to bring up a trusty to clean up their room and make it cozy. A nice distinction, this, in the treatment of an unconvicted prisoner, not even charged with any deed indicating moral turpitude, and of two common street-walkers.

I was able to buy food and newspapers, which were brought to me from the outside, and this relieved the situation somewhat. When I read in one of the papers that a Chicago woman, unknown to me, had signed my bond and had been accepted as good se-

curity I hoped for early freedom. On Monday afternoon, Thomas Sheehan, the deputy in whose charge I had been put, made a welcome appearance and told me a second bondsman also had been found and I was to accompany him to Chicago and probably to liberty.

We went and I was taken into Judge Kene-saw Mountain Landis' chambers, where the second bondsman scheduled some \$60,000 in unobjectionable security—real estate. The Assistant District Attorney objected and claimed it to be his duty to investigate the intended bondsman. The judge ruled in his favor and I had to return to jail.

Judge Landis impressed me as a man full of human sympathy. I thought I could perceive a certain benevolence in his facial expression and imagined that he viewed me with friendliness. But his amiability turned out to be nothing but that ogreish delight a cannibal experiences at meeting some particularly toothsome looking human morsel.

When we returned to Joliet and arrived at the jail, a boy had just been brought in, a lad not over fifteen. He was crying hysterically. Little sympathy was shown him. He was booked in the routine way, charged with ma-

licious mischief in having broken some windows. His arrest was caused by a woman neighbor. I wanted to speak to him, but was not allowed to. He remained unconsolated, and I was horrified to see him locked up, to mingle with vicious and hardened men.

Tom Sheehan returned on Tuesday afternoon, bringing the glad tidings that my bond had finally been definitely arranged, and after a few formalities I was free to go home to my mother and the other loved ones.

Sister Elsé had married soon after my departure for the Orient and as the stork had made his appearance in due time she was compelled to close the studio. Thus I was deprived of any opportunity of earning a livelihood, and as most people feared the government's vengeance if they should give me employment, I soon saw myself in need of money. The District Attorney had unreasonably and illegally confiscated every cent I had in my possession. It took a lawyer and a big fee to get it out of his clutches, but we finally succeeded.

The German government had always kept me adequately supplied with funds, but as I never drew more than I was in actual need

of, I laid nothing aside. Had I asked for a few thousand dollars before leaving Peking, no doubt it would have been given to me, but as I never dreamed of the persecution I eventually had to suffer, and feeling myself capable of making a living such as I was accustomed to at any time, I asked for nothing.

Von Hintze and others under whom I had worked were correct in their view that any man rendering patriotic service must do so for love of the cause, not for money. He who serves for pelf will never run the needed risk; he wants to live to enjoy his reward. He will never give himself entirely.

My understanding with the German consul in Chicago was simply that I would be no worse off financially at the war's conclusion than I was when my service began, and that in any event my mother would be well cared for.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Four of Us Are Sentenced on a Charge of Attempting To Overthrow the British Government in India.

SUMMER passed and in October of 1917 we were called to trial before United States Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis. We had engaged able counsel, William S. Forrest joining forces with Henry W. Freeman in our behalf. Both of them had gone into the case thoroughly, and I made it a point to tell them the absolute truth. Neither entertained any hope for an acquittal in the trial court, though they were positive we had not violated the letter of the law. America was in the throes of war-mania. Men of German birth and with German names were thrown into jail on trumped-up charges, were ostracised, boycotted, and even lynched. We could not expect justice. But our attorneys hoped to prevent our being railroaded to the penitentiary, to keep us free on bail, to carry the case to the higher courts, and there finally to obtain an acquittal.

We did not deny having attempted to render service to Germany and to assist East Indian patriots in their fight to achieve liberty, but insisted that in so doing we had not violated the law. The question: *What constitutes a military enterprise?* became the chief issue. An enterprise, to be a military enterprise, must consist of a body of men under some recognized leader. A certain degree of discipline must be established. The men must be armed or preparations must have been made to obtain arms for their use. None of these circumstances had been present in our case.

For a long time previous to our trial, Boehm, one of my fellow-defendants, had been compelled to undergo great suffering. You will remember that I was forced to leave him in Celebes. He was too sick then to withstand the strain of such services as were necessarily required, though he never failed to show the right spirit. From Celebes he proceeded to Batavia. His condition compelled him to go home to the States and he engaged passage on a steamer, unfortunately sailing by route of Singapore. There he was arrested by British authorities and kept in a noisome prison for almost two years. No charges were pre-

ferred against him, and his American citizenship availed him nothing. In the summer of 1917 he was transported to Chicago to be put on trial with us.

Heramba L. Gupta, the Hindu, had left America for the Orient shortly after my departure. While passing through Japan he and several compatriots were feasted by Japanese friends of their cause. During a banquet a Japanese official drank a toast to Indian freedom. Hearing of this, the British ambassador made complaint and after energetic remonstrations succeeded in getting Gupta and his Indian friends expelled from the resplendant realm of the Mikado. It was agreed between the Japanese government and the British ambassador that these men should be deported on a Japanese vessel bound for Manila. The ship was to be overhauled by the *Laurentic*, the British auxiliary cruiser stationed in those waters, and the king's enemies were to be taken off and dealt with according to British war-time justice.

No doubt Gupta and his companions would have ended their careers in short order if a prominent Japanese diplomat had not seen fit to befriend India's cause. The patriots were

taken into hiding in some Japanese mountain village. After a couple of months they were given safe passage to Amercia. As substitutes a few inoffensive Hindu dock laborers were put on board the Japanese liner and taken off by the *Laurentic* in due time and as per program. What became of them I do not know.

I have already mentioned Hinton Clabaugh's lapse of memory, and as another government official claimed the same lack of mental power, I soon saw that the prosecution cared nothing about the truth. They wanted our conviction and stopped at nothing to obtain it.

After the jury, duly accepted, had retired to the juryroom, and before any evidence had been heard, one juror sent word to the judge saying that not being an American citizen he was not eligible for jury duty. The defense at once asked for his dismissal but was opposed by the prosecution. Judge Landis's ruling favored the prosecution, and the fate of Americans on trial in an American court of justice on charges of having threatened the interests of his British Majesty was decided, not by their peers, but by a jury including a loyal subject of England.

Not only that, but the trial was attended daily by the British consul, accompanied by a British army officer in full uniform.

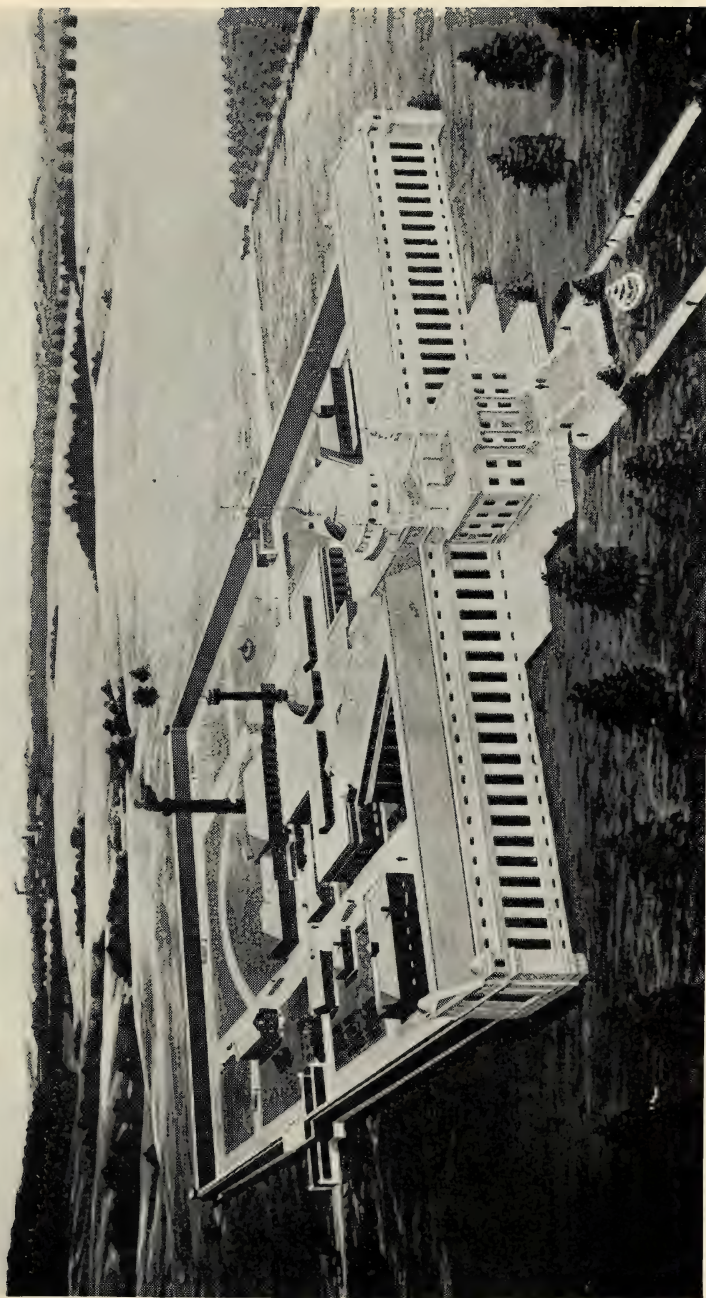
My faith in governmental desire to be fair was completely shattered when I heard the testimony of one Jarrosch, a witness for the prosecution. This man appeared in the uniform of a sergeant of the American army. He was German by birth and had attended our few meetings in Jacobsen's house before our departure for the Orient. He had claimed to be a German patriot, willing to go with us or in any other manner assist the German cause. We had trusted him and he had full knowledge of every intention and prospective move. On the witness stand he admitted that he, at that time, had been a spy in American pay and had reported our meetings to the authorities, keeping them informed on all our doings. He also admitted having forged Jacobsen's signature to various checks.

In spite of the intimate knowledge thus gained, the government had issued our passports and in no way hindered our departure. Is it not clear that it would and should have stopped us if our enterprise could rightly have

been called a *military* enterprise and would therefore have been illegal?

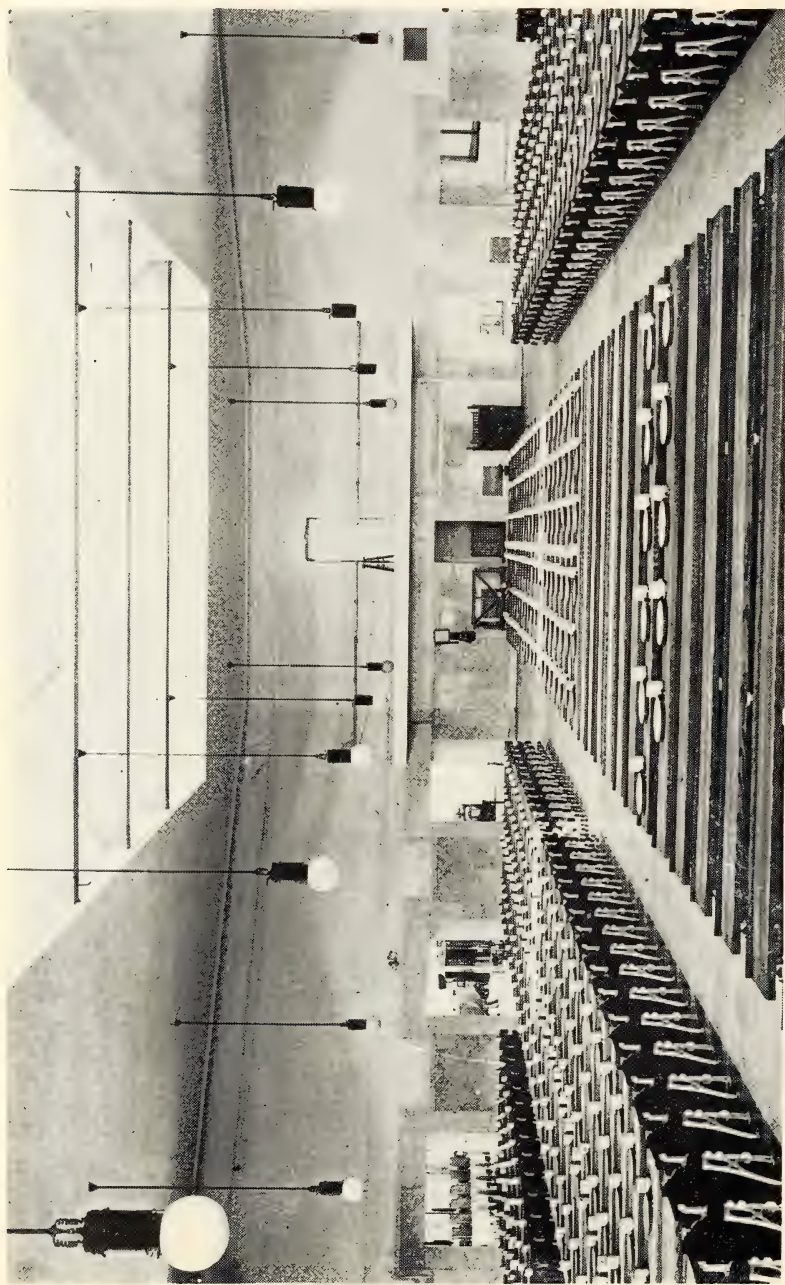
Jodh Singh appeared on the witness stand. He was the Indian patriot I had met in New York. Kidnapped by the British from the neutral soil of Siam, he was taken to the same prison where Boehm lingered for so many months. He was a co-defendant in our case, though he did not know it; the prosecution was not honest enough to tell him, and we were denied the opportunity of informing him. He was a prisoner in the hands of British officials and had been transported to Chicago under the impression that he was a witness. He told an awful story of torture by deprivation of food and sleep, as well as physical ill-treatment. He declared that British officials in India had rammed red pepper into the rectums of captives suspected of being malcontents and had by this and other methods broken his spirit until he agreed to give false testimony against his compatriots. He was taken to various parts of India, and on his false testimony, which the government knew to be false, many men were hanged and others imprisoned.

And an American judge, Kenesaw Mountain Landis, an American jury, and American



UNITED STATES PENITENTIARY AT LEAVENWORTH, KANSAS.

THIS IS A PHOTOGRAPH OF A DRAWING BY THE ARCHITECT. THIRTY OR MORE ACRES ARE COM-
PRISED IN THE PRISON GROUNDS. THE WALLS ARE FORTY FEET HIGH. CELLHOUSE B, WHERE
THE AUTHOR WAS FIRST HOUSED, IS IN THE FOREGROUND AT THE RIGHT. CELLHOUSE A, WHERE HE
WAS LATER CONFINED WITH THE POLITICALS, IS AT THE LEFT TOWARD THE FRONT. THE ENTRANCE
OF THE PRISON FACES SOUTH.



MESS HALL IN LEAVENWORTH FEDERAL PENITENTIARY.

HERE THE PRISONERS ARE FED IN TWO BIG MESSES, THE SEATING CAPACITY BEING 1290. THE NEAT APPEARANCE OF THE HALL IN THIS PHOTOGRAPH BELIES THE ACTUALITY WHEN THE MEN ARE FED. COFFEE IS SWISHED INTO MANY CUPS FROM A SINGLE STREAM, WITH WHICH IS MINGLED SWEAT FROM THE SERVERS' BODIES. PLATES ARE FOUL WITH FOOD-RESTS FROM PREVIOUS MEALS; FOOD IS BADLY COOKED, AND THE MEALS PROCEED WITH A RUSH. NEWCOMERS, IF THEY BE SENSITIVE, ARE NAUSEATED BY IT ALL.

government representatives listened to such a horrible tale and were not nauseated by it, did not kick the perpetrators of such outrages out of our temple of justice. They did not even inform fear-crazed Jodh Singh that he need not fear any longer, that he was on American soil, and under the American flag, consecrated to justice and humanity.

Unhappy Jodh Singh! After our trial he was transported to San Francisco, there to give testimony in a similar case. Somebody managed to inform him of his status as a defendant. When he was put on the stand in California he refused to speak, but took his proper place among his fellows and co-defendants.

Jodh Singh was led from the courtroom, and no one saw him again for weeks. Then a demand was made by the Hindus that he be placed with them in the same prison. They were fearful for him. They did not trust even "democratic" American officials.

Eventually he was brought into the local United States marshal's office. He was emaciated and weak. His black eyes, sunk deeply into his head, gave him a fearful appearance. His clothes were torn, and it was said that he—not the British secret service

men—had torn them. One Hindu, also a Sikh like Jodh, spoke to him in his native tongue. Jodh then ripped open the front of his shirt and forced up the sleeves of his coat. He bent down and touched his knees. On his breast and on his wrists were dark brown splotches—burnt skin. The Hindu who was watching turned his head and his face went white. He turned to talk and to question again. But Jodh Singh did not see him. His eyes had lost their gleam of intelligence, and it was only upon occasion that it revived.

Jodh Singh was insane!*

How unjust our daily press is in belittling the East Indians. They are generally spoken of as anemic and starved beggars, niggers and the like. I have found so much modest heroism among them, so much unreserved surrender of their very selves to attain their ideals, that I am filled with admiration for them. Dhirendrah Nat Sen and others, whose names I have forgotten—with what infinite patience did they submit to the hardest labors and with what quiet courage did they embark on under-

*All this is borne out by the New York *Nation* of March 22, 1922, in an article by Agnes Smedley. She records that in the summer of 1921 Jodh Singh's father arrived in the United States and through the assistance of the Hindustan Gadar Party of San Francisco obtained the release of his son on September 3. Jodh Singh was taken home mentally dead and physically ruined.

takings where nothing but death seemed to await them. Courage, especially physical courage, depends to a great extent on physical condition. The well-fed white race surely ought not to lag behind, but in unobtrusive, unheralded, patient, plodding heroism the East Indian is our superior by far.

During the San Francisco trial, just alluded to, it developed that one of the Hindus had betrayed his fellows. *He was killed immediately, in open court. A bullet from another defendant pierced his heart.* The daily papers, ever anxious to elaborate on American prowess and bravery, printed long stories about a United States marshal, claiming that he, with one shot fired from the far corner of the courtroom and over the heads of numerous people, had killed the assassin. *Braggadocio!* The slayer, knowing himself to be doomed, committed suicide on the spot.

But to return to our own trial. The newspapers had featured it sensationally, and the courtroom was filled with a curious throng. One more gala day for the mob. Up to the actual beginning of that trial, I had let myself be optimistic, drinking in comfort from the cheerful assurances voiced by my attorneys.

There is no denying that they did everything they could to win our case, and it was all right for them to find hope in any chance breeze that floated their way. But as I watched the wheels of the law's machinery in operation, as I observed the judge's attitudes, studied the jury and the audience, and weighed what the newspapers were saying in their news and editorial columns, I realized that we hadn't a chance. The cards were stacked against us.

In the street below, a military band was playing. Around the corner I had seen movie posters depicting "Huns" in the act of ravaging a town, the film obviously made in the United States. Across the land, I knew from dispatches in the press, men were being mobbed, brutalized, even murdered, for disagreeing with the advertised aims of the Allies in the war, for refusing to buy liberty bonds, for going on strike in war time—not by any means the same offenses with which we were charged, but generally placed in the same category by those who were making speeches or writing editorials.

And on the first day of trial I learned how juries are selected in the federal courts. One

who had long knowledge explained the system. I refer now not to the form of selection which goes on in the presence of the defendant and his counsel, but to what has already gone on behind the scenes before they enter the picture. Under the law every man is supposed to be tried by a "jury of his peers." But how do the constituted officials choose the talesmen from which such a jury shall be chosen? Until then I had never given that question any thought, for it had never concerned me until that hour. The fact is that the lists of talesmen are supplied by an individual of political power in each county comprised in the federal district in which a given case is to be heard; that individual may be the postmaster, the sheriff, or the county central committeeman of the party then reigning at Washington. In any case, he can be relied upon to put on the list for the current court calendar only such persons as would be apt to please the prosecuting officials of the district. Thus staunch, dependable residents of "Main Street" are picked out, men calculated to convict automatically any one who assails the existing order.

Thus in the anti-war cases, such as those of the I. W. W., the prosecution was able to pack the jury with citizens who would play the game exactly as the authorities wanted it played—men who had no vision and no understanding of the issues they were called upon to decide, who might under oath deny prejudice against those on trial, and who might honestly believe that they could weigh the matters before them according to the evidence, but in whom prejudice against the class or type of persons on trial was ingrained to the marrow of their bones. Brought in many cases from the smaller towns, as in ours, the trial in point is more often than not the greatest event in their lives. They sit and listen with grave mien, and act as if they were free agents, and as if they understood. They are victims of an evil system quite as much as we whom they send to prison. Their solemn attitudes would be comic if the whole thing were not so pathetic. . . . Yes, the prosecution has all the advantage, for it controls the machinery of selection and investigation. Long before the defense has any chance to delve into the antecedents of a talesman, the prosecution has access, if need be, to the whole

life history of that man. The system of which the prosecution is a part *made that man!* It can be sure of him because the control of the system is sure; its influence permeates his life, like an invisible anaesthetic that he cannot even smell. In the case of the Chicago I. W. W., which comes to my mind often because it was of far greater magnitude than ours, the tragedy of the jury box takes on the bulk of a mountain. For there a hundred men were on trial for five months for industrial offenses (largely strikes or labor propaganda alleged to have interfered with conduct of the war), and were sent to prison for terms ranging up to twenty years. In that case, as in ours, most of the jurors were from small towns, or had small minds. Discussing the affair afterward, the foreman, who lives in an Illinois town of 5,000, stoutly maintained that he had never been swayed by a single drop of prejudice, that all the evidence had been assayed with scientific precision, and that nobody had ever tried to *approach* that jury. Farther on he mentioned that his ancestors had come over in one of the pioneer ships, that some of them had fought in the American Revolution, and that he was proud of the heri-

tage that he was able to pass on to his children and grandchildren. Then he produced a little red notebook, opened it and exhibited the names of the I. W. W. defendants in pencil. Some of the names had check marks in front of them.

"Those are the only notes I made during all those five months," said the jury foreman.

"What do the check marks mean?" he was asked.

"Those men," he said, with a hoarseness coming into his voice, "*those men were foreigners.*"

That foreman was looked up to by the other jurors. He was sixty-five years old, the dean of the group. He was a ready conversationalist, being of a philosophic turn, and the others liked to listen to him. It was a monotonous grind, and the twelve were locked up for all those weeks, and this man had a large fund of anecdote and reminiscence with which to regale them.

And Judge Landis was the ideal judge, from the prosecution's standpoint, to try war cases. He reveled in his job and had as many poses as an old-time Shakesperean actor. One day in court, watching him, was as revealing

as if somebody had turned a white light on his mind and soul. He loved to hear the sound of his own voice; delighted in sticking his white head under the green lampshade on his bench, so that his face might be illumined; and had a fondness for stopping court proceedings by sudden unique questioning or comment. There were times when he appeared to doze, and would rouse out of these trances like some one sitting in a conversation near a fire, who, fearing he has missed something, straightens up with a jerk, and insists on dominating the discussion. I remembered the patriotic speeches by Landis, religiously reported in the press; his words of contempt for "everything that had to do with the Huns," and what I had heard about his apparent magnanimity to the defense in the I. W. W. case, a magnanimity that disappeared when he came to sentence the industrialists.

On the wall of the Landis courtroom was the old wooden clock by which the judge learned to tell time in the Ohio cabin where he was born, and he was immensely proud of it. During lulls in the proceedings that first day, I fell to listening to the tick of that clock. A haunting sound, with a sense

of inevitability in it. What could we expect from that jury, that judge, the mob outside the railing, the movie around the corner, the military band in the street, the newspapers, and that inexorable clock, except conviction and prison? Sacrifices had to be offered up by the high priests to the god of war, and we were logical offerings. It mattered not that our activities in hampering Great Britain and her European allies had occurred before the United States entered the war, and that we had actually violated no law. We had aided the German cause, and everything German was anathema to the dominant class in the United States in October, 1917.

Whenever there was conflict between the attorneys, for the prosecution and defense in our case, Landis invariably ruled in favor of the prosecution. I cannot recall that he ruled once in our favor. He may have followed the letter of the law; certainly he didn't follow the spirit of it.

Our case might easily have been disposed of in two days; but the prosecutors stretched it out for a week, straining every possible effort to lend a sensational aspect to it. They undeniably hoped that I would take the wit-

ness stand. And indeed I wanted to testify, wanted to laugh the case out of court by reciting the story of *King Cole of Missouri* and showing up the stupidity of official Japan and Great Britain, but our counsel would not permit it. Of course if I had testified I would have been compelled to admit my delinquency in the first passport incident, which enabled me to render a service of love for the land of my birth. And I wasn't ready then to tell that.

After the first two days of our trial my interest lagged, and I paid more attention to various other cases disposed of during many recesses. One case particularly opened my eyes about Judge Landis's idiosyncrasies. A half-witted negro was brought before him on a charge of having stolen canned goods and toilet paper from the military reservation at Fort Sheridan. Arranged like pyramids, the cans and rolls were standing on the judge's table, greatly adding to the court's dignity. From behind these decorations radiated the dramatic and pleased face of the judge. Some wag in my neighborhood whispered: "If some newspaper photographer will now take his picture he will be in a good humor all day,

and will let everybody off easy." But there was no photographer.

The negro spoke in a rambling way, saying that the Lord had appeared to him in his cell at night and had advised him to tell the truth and of his—the negro, I mean; not the Lord—having written the judge to that effect. He insisted that he was not the thief, but merely the receiver of the stolen property. He conducted a little tailor shop at the fort and had bought all kinds of goods from one of the kitchen men.

The man accused by the negro was sent for at once. He was an Englishman and had been in America about a year. A slacker he was, undoubtedly, who had left his country when his country needed him most. Able-bodied but slattern and unprepossessing in appearance, the Englishman insisted that the negro was a liar, but the offish, leering manner of his address did not make a good impression. Nevertheless, there was no inquiry as to how the defendant managed to gain access to a government warehouse and he was given a few months in the bridewell.

The Englishman's standing was not inquired into. It was importune then to reveal the

fact that there were such things as British slackers in this country. It might have hurt conscription. I shudder to think what would have happened if this kitchen man had been a German.

As everything comes to an end, so did our trial, and as we had expected, we were found guilty on both counts. Judge Landis imposed the maximum penalty, with a great air of gratification—three and two years at Leavenworth penitentiary each, the two terms to run concurrently, and thirteen thousand dollars fine each. Only Gupta was let off easier. But he was not a German. Later Gupta forfeited his bail and fled to Mexico.

It was the consensus of opinion among lawyers and other observers that Landis had never tried so hard to have a defendant state a reason why sentence should not be pronounced upon him than he did in our case. We disappointed him. On two points we were of one mind. We would rot in prison rather than waste one word soliciting His Honor's favor, or in asking executive clemency from Woodrow Wilson.

Equally disappointed was First Assistant District Attorney Joseph B. Fleming, who led

the prosecution. He told a mutual acquaintance that my failure to take the stand was the greatest disappointment of his life.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Our Appeal Fails, and We Are Sent to Prison.

ALMOST four years passed following our trial and conviction. The court of appeals approved the verdict and the supreme court refused us a rehearing. We had to bow to fate.

The local authorities were not illiberal and gave us reasonable time to wind up business and private affairs. When at the last moment Mrs. Jacobsen was taken seriously ill her husband was given still more time while Boehm and I resigned ourselves to a sojourn in the penitentiary.

We had promised to present ourselves at the marshal's office on a Sunday afternoon in the middle of August, 1921, and went accompanied by our attorney, Freeman.

Klein, the deputy who was to accompany us to Leavenworth, awaited us at the office. He had appointed two special deputies, who were trying the locks of two pairs of shackles. The sight of the handcuffs disturbed me a little, but I soon found that they were not in-

tended for us but for two other prisoners who were to accompany us. Both of them were confined in the county jail, from which they were soon brought by the two assistants.

One of the prisoners was a starved, undersized, ragged man of thirty-five or so, the personification of mental and physical misery. His wife was hourly expecting to be delivered of a child and after coming to the marshal's office he was allowed to telephone a last message to her through some neighbor. He had robbed a mailbox. The proceeds were eighteen cents, the punishment two years' imprisonment.

The other prisoner was a well-preserved man of sixty or more, well dressed, white haired, rosy cheeked. His proud boast was that he had never done a day's work in his life. A pickpocket by profession, he had foolishly ventured into a new field of endeavor, was caught sending narcotics through the mails, and was to do a three-year term in prison for it. He had a long record, having served time in many jails and state penal institutions, but was now to make his first entry into a federal penitentiary.

Half an hour before train time we walked leisurely to the station and soon pulled out of Chicago for Kansas City, where we changed trains for Leavenworth. Arriving there, we took a dilapidated interurban car and after half an hour reached our destination.

I am writing this within prison walls. Not being able to remember much of the outside appearance of the institution, I cannot give an accurate description of it. I was not in the mood for making close observations when I entered, and whenever the time of departure arrives I shall not look back. May the fate of Lot's wife befall me if I do.

It is a place of infamy and stupidity, a breeding ground for vice and degeneracy, a chamber of torture for the clean of mind and body, a battening place for the brutal and swinish, dehumanizing and contaminating all who come under its influence, guards no less than prisoners.

Fronting the big iron gate, as I remember, stands a tower. Guards upon its platform lower a basket and the officers in charge of new arrivals place their weapons within it. Not until the basket is hoisted again and its contents are safely in the hands of the guards

is the gate opened. A small court is passed where the surrender of prisoners is made and receipts are given. Then another gate opens and the prison proper is entered.

Guards lingering about paid little attention to us. A cleanly dressed negro trusty approached, addressed us in short and snappy tones and told us to take off our hats, form in line, and to follow him.

This negro—let us call him Joe—is one of several trusties assigned to conduct newcomers through the various departments where the process of *dressing in* is gone through. Imbued with the importance of his office, he has developed into a bureaucrat *par excellence*. He is not a bad sort, however. Keen and discerning, he sees at a glance whether his new charge has any means with which to procure the few permitted luxuries. Though his department undergoes no change that any but the closest observer may notice, many a kind word whispered or an encouraging hand laid on the shoulder of the more prosperous looking ones tends to cheer and is well worth the bit of tobacco Joe manages to exact.

We were conducted into a room and ordered to sit down, place our hats in front of

us on the floor, empty our pockets, and to put their contents into the hats. One by one we were then required to take our personal property to a counter where it was taken in charge and duly booked.

Joe assisted in emptying our pockets. He felt of them, unceasingly and tersely commanding and admonishing. When he came to me he espied a few boxes of cigarettes. Between brief, loud and entirely superfluous directions he whispered beseechingly, low, but with incredible rapidity: "Give me those cigarettes!" I complied and Kellar or Hermann would have envied Joe's dexterity in causing them to disappear.

Kansas culture permits the use of tobacco only when it is stuffed into stinkpot pipes, made into cigars or ground into snuff. Chewing it and expectorating, of course, is quite proper, but rolled daintily into cigarettes its use offends law and morals.

Next we were taken to the photograph gallery where our pictures in civilian clothes were taken. After we had received complete prison garb we were taken to the hospital, bathed, shaved and dressed in our numbered blue overalls and hickory shirts. Then we were photo-

graphed again, and our Bertillon measurements and finger prints recorded.

The dinner hour approached. At a quarter to twelve a steam whistle gave the signal to stop work. We stepped out into the yard and joined a thousand or more prisoners who assembled along the brick-paved courts adjoining the two entrances to the main building and the dining room. Smoking, laughing, jesting, a more carefree appearing lot of men I never saw. There were boys of sixteen or seventeen and gray-haired men bent with age. White and black, Orientals, Indians and Mexicans.

Since my days on the Mississippi where I first admired the steamboat mate's vocabulary I had not heard such classic profanity nor so much of it. "Verily," I thought, "if a penitentiary is an abiding place for penitent souls, this surely is not a penitentiary." A few guards strutted about looking disinterested, unhappy, life-weary and thoroughly miserable. Guards always look that way.

At another blow of the whistle the vast crowd quieted down and formed lines. From the mess hall came sounds of orchestral din, the lines began to move in strict order and

within the incredible space of ten minutes the vast crowd was seated in the large dining-room.

There are rows of tables, eighteen inches wide, five in a row and forty-three rows deep. Each table accommodates six men. The seats are hinged to the tables in the rear, giving the entire layout of furniture an aspect of school benches. In front of every seat a cover is laid consisting of one plate and precisely such an instrument as is incontrovertibly needed to manage whatever food is served. No extra dishes are given out and all food is served on one plate and at the same time.

Men occupying end seats must pass their neighbors' plates along as the latter cannot be reached by the waiters themselves.

My plate was befilmed with grease and partly encrusted with foodrests. I saw other prisoners produce toilet paper with which they proceeded to polish plates, forks and spoons. Fingernails and shirtsleeves had to do for me.

At the upper end of the hall is a balcony from which visitors may witness the feeding. It does not appear to be an unadulterated pleasure, at least not during the hot season. The heat, the smell of food and of the per-

spiration of unbathed thousands is probably too much for the average sightseeker. I never knew a visitor to stay until the end of a meal.

I say *unbathed*, and I say it advisedly. Be it known that in Leavenworth, the model prison of America, each prisoner is allowed but one weekly bath! Think of June, July and August in Kansas, and only one weekly shower! Only the kitchen men may bathe twice a week, while the firemen in the engine rooms are allowed to bathe daily. These are the sole exceptions.

Fronting the balcony, facing the eaters and to one side of the orchestra is a *cathedra* occupied by the captain of the guards. After all men are seated he gives the signal and the attendants begin to serve food.

These men, half of them negroes, pass up and down between the aisles. Large tin vessels hang drum-like from their necks and streams of sweat run down their faces and upper bodies into the food, which is served in unstinted dippersful.

Three heavy china cups stand at each end of the tables ready to be filled with sweetened coffee *au lait*. The attendant does not tip his large tin container from cup to cup.

Without stopping he swishes a flow from one to the other, spilling the liquid over the table. My first dinner was typical of all that were to come. It included lima beans which were not bad at all and boiled potatoes of dirty appearance and more than half spoiled. A potroast was served which might have been good if it had not consisted mostly of gristle and bones; brown, insipid gravy; bread, good; and coffee or water.

All inedible parts of the meat were simply raked off the plates onto the tables and the plates were then held out for more. The tables were so short that the prisoners sat elbow to elbow. Their narrowness also impeded us. Splashed with coffee and littered with the discarded parts of the food, a comparison to a swine trough was not farfetched.

About twenty minutes was sufficient time for eating and upon another signal from the captain row after row arose and silently left the hall. Marching in, getting seated, eating and marching out again did not occupy more than thirty-five minutes.

Dinner over, Boehm and I were taken to cells and remained locked up until one o'clock, when the whistle gave the signal to go back to

work. The process of *dressing in* was then finished, we were given our bedding, and, proceeding to the office of the deputy, Fletcher, were assigned to cells and to our places of employment.

A former prisoner who had held a position in the deputy's office had written a letter to the deputy recommending me, and as Boehm and I feared to be put into cells with vicious elements I asked the favor of being allowed to cell with Boehm. The deputy readily assented and we were much relieved.

We were assigned to a cell on the top tier of Cellhouse B and at once put our new domicile in order. The cell measured less than five feet wide by nine feet long. It contained two beds, one above the other, a toilet with sanitary plumbing, a washbowl with running cold water and a locker twenty inches high, sixteen inches wide and six inches deep.

Boehm was my cellmate for three months. Then I was moved to Cellhouse A, where I had three mates—a political prisoner named William Madison Hicks, a white slaver, and a dope fiend. When the white slaver was reduced to third grade because of his degenerate tendencies, a highway robber named

Dewey Howard came in, who later made room for a train robber. When the dooper moved out he was replaced by another white slaver, who in time left to let Boehm in.

By the time our beds were made that first day, the whistle blew again and Boehm and I joined the groups of prisoners awaiting the second signal and supper. At four-thirty the men marched into the dining hall, precisely as at dinnertime. The food consisted of boiled beans, stewed figs, bread and sweetened tea. Only one plate and one spoon were served to each man. The beans were cooked as a thick soup and I noticed that the mixture of stewed figs and bean soup seemingly was relished by my neighbors. To me it was obnoxious.

The prison orchestra plays at dinner and supper. The program consists mainly of jazz and usually its productions are simply beneath all criticism. Only at dinner is an occasional number from some light opera played.

After the evening meal all inmates have to retire to their cells, where a count takes place. If all men are present or accounted for the cells are opened again and the men enjoy a brief hour of liberty. This is the rule, at least during the summer season. They are *given*

the yard, as it is called. Here all kinds of games are played and sports are indulged in until the shadows lengthen, when the signal is given to return to the cells. At nine-thirty the lights are put out and silence is enforced.

When I entered the institution in the forenoon I thought little of the appearance of the men. It was worktime on a workday and the looks of the prisoners did not differ much from the looks of free workmen. I had a notion that the prison rules would compel neatness, cleanliness and tidiness in attire. Descending the stairs, I felt that the old, patched, ragged and ill-fitting shirt and trousers I wore would look out of place amid a lot of men uniformly groomed and clean as workmen after their day of toil should look. I erred. The men looked like vagabonds. A polished pair of shoes was an exception.

The fact is that I was under many misapprehensions. A sentence to Leavenworth presupposes hard labor. There is no such thing. All the work done by convicts consists of keeping the place in order. A new building is being constructed, Cellhouse A, a six months' job for an energetic contractor. A prison gang has been marking time on it for six years. It

neared completion a couple of years ago, but was burned down. A wing of it is now occupied. There is no work to be done and anyone with the habit of industry is bound to lose it in short order.

To a visitor it may appear that the men are kept busy. In fact, everybody stalls. Though the rockpile is no myth, *making little ones out of big ones*, as prison parlance describes rock breaking, is not the hard labor it is generally supposed to be. Neither is it a *pile*, but a comfortable shed with long benches or troughs erected at a convenient height. Should the guard incline to compel the men to real effort the labor might be made hard indeed. Most of them may have a natural inclination to do so, but are soon conquered by a major inclination to sleep, to drowse and to dream. Prison guards are constitutionally devoid of all ambition. They are the *sine qua non* of worthlessness.

Idleness of prisoners and keepers alike is the scourge of Leavenworth prison. Individual industry is officially discouraged. Many of the men occupy themselves with the making of handbags, embroidery or weaving. They are permitted to procure only a limited

amount of raw material and may send out only one made article per month. Trading with fellow prisoners is forbidden.

At seven-thirty we returned to our cells. I was agreeably surprised by receiving a package of fruit from a thoughtful friend, Fritz Neef, a German who also had fallen a victim of war-mania and who had in consequence spent two years behind prison walls. Hungry though we were, we had no appetite for anything.

At nine-thirty a bugle call was sounded, the lights in our cells were extinguished, and silence reigned. The incandescents on the walls outside the cells burn all night and give enough light for a man to read average print if he isn't bothered.

We went to bed and tried to sleep. After fifteen minutes or so Boehm almost shouted: "By Jove, I smell something! I think it's bedbugs."

"Silence up there!" commanded a guard.

Boehm, who was occupying the upper bunk, tumbled out of bed.

"What's up?" I whispered. "Did one of them kick you?" Instead of answering he began to examine his sheets. I felt something

crawl along my leg, and something else across my diaphragm, pursuing a steady zig-zag course. I felt here and I felt there, but caught nothing. Suddenly something touched my forehead and commenced to promenade over my bald head. I applied a firm hand and between its toil-hardened epidermis and the ivory of my brain case the offending something was ground to pulp. Applying my hand to my nostrils, I, too, smelled something. Boehm was right.

We spent a miserable night hunting and killing bedbugs, and neither of us found a minute's sleep or forgetfulness. It took us almost all that week to clean our cell thoroughly. It had been vacant for some time and its previous occupants were Mexican Indians whose lack of cleanliness was responsible for its condition.

Every two weeks the word is passed along: "Bedbugging in the morning!" and before leaving their cells the prisoners take all straw-sacks out and hang them over the railing in front. The orderly, armed with a gasoline torch, burns the iron bed frames. If it were well done, of course it would be effective. But nothing is ever well done in a prison.

Loyal work cannot be expected from a slave or a prisoner, and the presence of a somnambulant guard doesn't improve matters. Our straw-sacks were infested with vermin. No fresh straw was to be had, and it was four **days before** we could induce the guard in charge of the cellhouse to find other sacks for us.

At six-thirty a. m. a bugle call is sounded, lights are turned on, and a new day begins. Each man makes his bed, sweeps his cell, and soon after seven tier after tier is emptied. The men form lines and march to the mess hall for breakfast.

The morning meal is the only one that can be relished by any one not too fastidious. It consists of rolls, coffeecake or biscuits, changing from day to day. Butterine and molasses, a cereal and coffee complete the menu. Absence of music is another feature which makes this meal more tolerable than the others. Chipped beef is served each Monday.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

*I Discover that Finger-Prints Can Be Forged,
But the News Is Withheld from Burns.*

HAVING broken our fast, we repaired to our jobs. Boehm, being an engineer of ability, had been assigned to the construction engineer's office, while my assignment was with the record clerk, W. M. Fisher, who at once put me to work in the photographic department. We had been fortunate in our assignments. My work proved absorbing, and Fisher a man under whom work was decidedly agreeable.

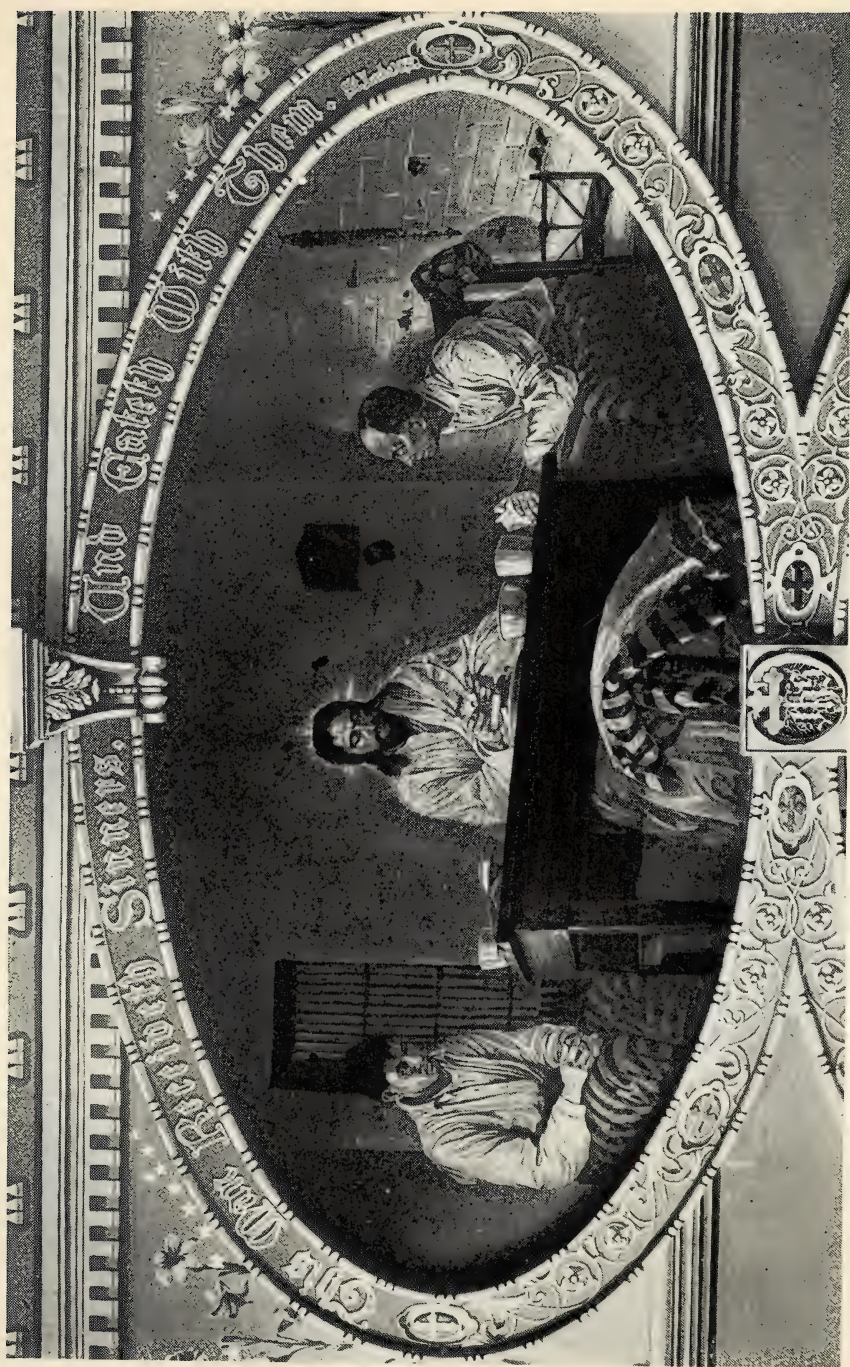
I had to learn to make halftone cuts and line etchings for printing purposes, something of which I had always craved knowledge. Articles handled in the commission of crime were sent to us to be examined for fingerprints, which I had to develop and photograph. Having a liking for such work, I soon mastered enough of the trade to enable me to work independently. The essential instruments were at my disposal, as were also the needed chemicals, and I spent most of my

recreation hours in the laboratory. I worked quite as hard as ever I did in my own studio and time passed rapidly and not altogether unpleasantly.

The study of finger prints is an engaging pursuit. The system of classification appears extremely difficult to the uninitiated, yet in fact it is as simple as it is effective. As a means of registration and identification nothing better has ever been found. But although finger-print votaries insist that forgery is impossible, a finger-print actually may be forged much more readily than any signature.

Few requisites are needed, and generally speaking the process employed is identical with that used in making a line etching. A sensitized metal plate is exposed to the light under a negative taken from the finger-print to be forged. After development the plate is slightly etched. A paper transfer, such as jewelers use for transferring designs, is then made and a perfect replica of the original finger-print is put upon any object capable of holding a genuine impression.

Though I demonstrated the truth of this assertion again and again, our finger-print ex-



MURAL PAINTING IN THE CATHOLIC CHAPEL OF THE PRISON AT LEAVENWORTH.

THIS WAS CONCEIVED AND PAINTED BY A MAN IMPRISONED FOR COUNTERFEITING. HE WAS A RUSSIAN, SURNAMED LEON.



INTERIOR OF CELLHOUSE C IN WHICH THE AUTHOR WAS TONSORIALY BELABORED.
THE CELLS ARE IN FOUR TIERS. USUALLY TWO MEN OCCUPY EACH CELL. LIGHTS ARE OUT AT 9:30 P. M. ALL PRISONERS ARE AWAKENED BY BUGLE-CALL AT 6:30. ONLY ONE BATH PER WEEK IS ALLOWED EACH MAN.

perts in the penitentiary were loath to admit my success.

Fearful that their pet doctrine might lose some of its glamor, professional finger-print men have tried to discourage experiments in forgery, and have frowned upon every announced intention of making public the facts about successful forging. The process is so simple that there is no good reason to suppose that counterfeiters or other shady characters, or private detectives with a little knowledge of laboratory work, cannot and do not readily apply it. Like all counterfeits, a forged finger-print can be thought of only as serving illegitimate purposes. It is easy to "frame up" an enemy by placing his finger-prints in some place where a crime was committed. High rewards occasionally offered may tempt unscrupulous men to do this, as may also personal spite. As court evidence, finger-prints can be no more than corroborative, and public safety demands the relegation of their importance within proper limits.

Here is an instance of official dishonesty in connection with this topic: I experimented at length with finger-print forgery and succeeded perfectly. None of the numerous ex-

perts at Leavenworth were able to distinguish the genuine from the forged. The principal expert there, A. J. Renoe, a special agent of the Department of Justice, received a demand from William J. Burns, chief of the service in Washington, in which he was asked to give his candid opinion of the possibility of such counterfeiting. The letter was turned over to Harrison George, a political prisoner who was Renoe's secretary, to be answered. George came to me and asked what he should write. I said:

"Tell him we can do it to defy detection."

"That won't do," said George. "The agent wants me to write a negative answer."

So between us we formulated a letter in which we solemnly asserted the impossibility of doing what I had no trouble in doing whenever I wished.

Fear of having an established theory lose its weight, fear of losing an impressive and comfortable job, the visioned evanescence of a pleasant way to make money, are doubtless the causes of thus denying an easily demonstrated fact.

And men have been hanged solely on fingerprint evidence!*

My experiments were prompted by this incident:

Some time in November or December, 1921, a flask was sent to us in which train robbers in Oklahoma had carried nitroglycerine. We found several latent finger-prints, developed and photographed them, and returned them to the proper authorities. Several weeks later an official named Murphy came from Oklahoma and announced his intention of staying with us for a few days in order to prepare the finger-prints we had found on the flask for use at the approaching trial.

This man entertained us with a story that was open to suspicion. He claimed that friends of the suspects, introducing themselves as employes of the Department of Justice, had paid him a visit. The train robbery was discussed and the evidence examined. Somebody passed cigarettes around and Murphy, while

*One notable instance in the United States is that of Thomas Jennings, convicted in Chicago in 1910 of murdering Clarence B. Hiller. He was hanged in 1912. One of the jurors who tried Jennings said: "The finger-prints, and the finger-prints only, convinced us that Jennings was guilty." This statement and further details of the Jennings case will be found in "Personal Identification," by Harris Hawthorne Wilder, Ph. D., and Bert Wentworth (Badger, 1918), and in "Finger-Print Classification," by Lee Seymour, published by the author in Los Angeles in 1913.

smoking one of them, became unconscious. When he regained his senses both visitors and evidence had disappeared. Only one photograph of a finger-print, Murphy said, had been overlooked and was still in his possession.

He showed it to me, asserting that it was a print made by me and forwarded to him. I saw at once that this was not true, as this print manifestly had been taken from a mechanically retouched plate. I spoke about it to my chief, Fisher, who stated that he also had seen it and believed the negative to have been retouched.

For two weeks the Oklahoma official remained with us, incessantly photographing, enlarging, reducing and re-photographing the one print that was in his possession. Retouching a finger-print negative is clearly illegal; whatever legitimate work can be done to such a photograph can be done in a few hours.

Both Fisher and Renoe were called upon to give expert testimony at the trial in Oklahoma. Upon returning, both stated that the prosecution had not made a very good showing. Fisher agreed that our opinion regarding the retouching of the photograph had been correct, as the prosecution had been compelled

to admit that such retouching had been done. The picture accordingly was discredited as evidence. It appears, however, that the results of Murphy's endeavors at Leavenworth, copies of the doubtful photograph, the sharply drawn pencil-retouching of which had been softened by many enlargements and reductions, were admitted by the court.

Our experts came away from Oklahoma before the trial was concluded. Within a few days the defendants in the train robbery case also came to Leavenworth, having been found guilty. Each was sentenced to serve twenty-five years.

I venture no opinion as to their guilt or innocence, but I do know that a deliberate attempt was made to obtain a conviction upon manufactured evidence. The reward for apprehension and conviction of the guilty parties amounted to \$33,000.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Prison Is No Place To Learn How To Be Honest—"Who Put the Scars on Dewey Howard?"

CELLING conditions in Leavenworth are appalling. The cells in Cellhouse B, as I have mentioned, are less than five by nine feet, the ceiling being less than seven feet high. Between bed and wall is a space so narrow that two men have difficulty in passing each other. There is no privacy. The windowed walls are far away from the cages and no draught of fresh air ever enters into their depths. Stench of human exhalations is always in one's nostrils, and it is impossible to move without having one's own sweat-reeking body come into intimate contact with the sweat-reeking body of one's cellmate. And only one weekly bath!

Cellhouses C and D are worse. The cells there are still smaller. Cellhouse A is better. Here the cells were designed to accommodate four men and are about five times as large as the ones in B. Owing to crowded condi-

tions, however, eight men were put into them during the early months of 1922.

Most prisoners have to thank some moral or spiritual weakness for their condition. Think of the necessary evil consequences attending the enforced intimate association of men of defective mentality or morality. Is reform even remotely possible under such conditions? Degeneracy is an unsavory subject, but I must dwell on it briefly.

According to printed annual reports Leavenworth penitentiary in 1915 harbored one man charged with degeneracy. In 1918 this number had increased to twenty-eight. A war condition perhaps. I found no further printed reports, but as a simple card index is kept of all military prisoners I took the trouble to check them. It was in September, 1921, and the institution on that day harbored 623 military prisoners among the 2,600 who comprised the entire prison population. Thirty-eight of them were charged with crimes of a nature unfit for publication. In the spring of 1922 the house reserved for isolation cells became filled to capacity and a section of another cellhouse had to be set aside for these

victims of a dehumanizing system. Its official name is the *Degenerate Colony*.

If deliberate creation of degeneracy were intended, Leavenworth could not be beaten. Our courts are undoubtedly aware of this, yet they persist in sending weaklings to places where their abnormality is bound to increase. In Leavenworth perversion is so common its addicts soon lose all restraint and shame and often commercialize their viciousness, contaminating fellow-prisoners and guards.

Punishment must be reformatory and preventive if it is to have any merit. Sadistic revengefulness debases society quite as much as it does its victims. And the cost in treasure and human lives? How much is it?

Within this "model" prison there is not a thing that could possibly work in a beneficial manner upon the inmate's senses. Everything within it is deadening to the mind, crushing to the soul—all except one thing, the picture above the altar in the Catholic chapel. It is a painting of Christ breaking bread with two sinners in the conventional prison garb. The artist was a convict, a foreigner, a counterfeiter.

Delinquency in the personnel of the Department of Justice ranging from mere lack of understanding to insincerity and downright dishonesty is responsible for almost every case of repeated criminality. It is human nature to excuse one's misdeeds by comparing them with the misdeeds of others. And if these others happen to be framers or guardians of the law, such comparison becomes particularly pleasing to the delinquent, encouraging him to further misdeeds. Most disastrous is the widespread belief in marketable justice, a belief not confined to inmates of a penitentiary. Many cases smacking of shameless barter are on record, though few come to public knowledge.

The case of Charles W. Morse, who for a consideration of \$25,000 obtained a full pardon through the efforts of Harry M. Daugherty, now United States Attorney General, has had some attention from the Senate, and more from the press. Jelke, butterine swindler, sentenced to a long term in Leavenworth, served not a day; Dorsey, seller of diseased cattle, served barely four months of an eight-year sentence; Matters, Omaha bank breaker, boastfully slapped his pocket,

saying: "I have the stuff Washington will listen to." Surely enough, he served only forty-five days of a five-year term, though one of his victims, far less culpable but without cash, is still languishing in prison.

Only small fry goes to the penitentiary or is compelled to stay there. If justice lack equity it is not justice and every such displayed lack embitters the average convict and causes him to plan and plot to get even with society.

The authorities show much hypocrisy in granting parole or commutation. Theoretically, no prisoner may obtain either consideration if there be a probability of his becoming a menace to the community. The truth is, however, that neither one's antecedents nor one's behavior in prison govern the question of pardon or parole if political expediency enters or if such leniency would please some high governmental functionary.

I have seen men go out on executive clemency who boasted of the profitableness of their misdeeds. Questions of restitution of fraudulently obtained money generally elicit the answer: "We are making restitution by doing time."

How immaterial bad behavior in prison is can be shown by the following case: M. E. for a time was my cellmate. He was a white-slaver, doing three years. In his place of employment he had access to a typewriter and used it to copy obscene stories for the delectation of degenerates. He was caught and reduced to the third grade, a disciplinary punishment depriving the prisoner of all ordinary privileges for a period of three months. Outwardly these third-graders are recognizable by a red figure 3 stamped on their clothes. The entry on the record shows that M. E. was proven to be degenerate. Nevertheless, he went home unconditionally on a pardon signed by President Harding even before the three months of his disciplinary punishment had passed. Lest it be thought that the authorities in Washington might not have been acquainted with the record, let me explain that before extending clemency a copy of the record as well as a statement of physical condition is always sent for. This is supposed to "guide" the powers above in selecting men worthy of consideration.

Another of my cellmates was sent home because it served certain interests. Here are the

circumstances: Dewey Howard of Oklahoma and a companion, both military prisoners convicted of robbery, were each serving eight years. Their congressman, McClintic, succeeded in obtaining a reduction to five years, which was not yet sufficiently pleasing. It seems that Howard had been physically abused while under detention in the guard-house. He made affidavit to that effect and claimed that certain scars on his body had resulted therefrom. Guardhouses have secrets which the military are anxious to keep from being publicly discussed. After the congressman's polite request for his constituent's complete pardon had been definitely denied he changed his tactics. He caused the home paper to come out with big headlines, "Who Put the Scars on Dewey Howard?" An investigation was threatened and the War Department came to terms. Both prisoners were sent home unconditionally.

Administrative subtle underhandedness was amply demonstrated in the pardoning of political prisoners at Christmas time, 1921. A statement was given out for public consumption that clemency had been extended to all those who had recanted, repented and prom-

ised reform. In fact to all "good" politicals. The selection included the staunchest believers in radicalism, the most aggressive element, in fact. Not one of those who went out were recanters, while several men who long since abandoned their radical affiliations are still in prison. Of other politicals, convicted of sedition or pro-Germanism, et cetera, a similar incongruous selection was made. Pastor Schumann, for instance, had positively and proudly refused to accept liberty on parole and remains a staunch supporter of Germany to this day. He was one of the few favored ones. There is much justification for the belief that these men were picked out because it was hoped they would continue an aggressive policy and thereby give the administration apparent reason for denying general amnesty.

My co-defendant Jacobsen also was pardoned on that Christmas Day. Of course, I was glad to see him go out, but could see no justice in his preferment.

During our trial it was shown that he had been a leader in various activities directed against munition plants in Canada, matters of which Boehm and I knew nothing. Charges had been brought against him and others in

Detroit. His co-defendants in that case were duly brought to trial, convicted and finally sent to federal prison. Jacobsen himself could not be produced for trial in Detroit and the indictment against him was still pending. There was hardly a page in the court records of our case in which Jacobsen's major involvement was not made evident. Many times was the jury enjoined to consider certain testimony as weighing against Jacobsen only. Under these circumstances he probably felt the need of explaining why he was pardoned in preference to Boehm or myself. He stated repeatedly and in front of witnesses that his release had cost him \$25,000.

Through friends we made suitable representations to Attorney General Daugherty. His reply stated that Jacobsen had been pardoned because he was considered the lesser culprit.

We obtained a written statement from First Assistant District Attorney Fleming, who had conducted our prosecution. Fleming set forth that Jacobsen had been the local leader of our so-called conspiracy and was also considered the main defendant. It also cited the Detroit indictment still pending.

A copy of this was sent to Daugherty, who replied that he had been unaware of the extent of Jacobsen's guilt. No reference was made to the Detroit indictment, which in the meantime had been quashed. Consider these various statements and actions in the light of the publicly-made announcement by President Harding as well as by Daugherty that the records of each case had been closely examined!

Naturally, Boehm and myself felt ourselves unjustly dealt with and when we became eligible for parole we indignantly refused to take advantage of it. We wanted justice, nothing else. The parole officer before whom I was called demanded to know my reasons for declining. I had to give them. He wrote them down and I signed my name to the document. "Because I am a victim of malignant racial persecution," it read.

Parole, it seems, is extended rather arbitrarily. A parole board meets every so often. Warden and physician are members, but the presiding officer, the inspector of prisons, is chairman and his word goes. Under the present regime it is the Rev. Heber Votaw, brother-in-law of President Harding. It does

UNITED STATES PENITENTIARY	
LEAVENWORTH, KANSAS	
PHYSICIAN'S OFFICE	
OCT - 1 1921 192	
Admit	Whelde 16576
To	Bread and Milk Diet only Hospital Light Diet only Regular Hospital Diet
Account of	Old Age
Until	NOV - 1 1921
	Physician

ONE FORM OF GRAFT IN THE FEDERAL PRISON AT LEAVENWORTH.

FOR THIS SPECIAL PERMIT TO HAVE HOSPITAL FOOD "ON ACCOUNT OF OLD AGE," WEHDE PAID \$10 A MONTH TO A TRUSTY, WHO WAS LATER PAROLED. THE AUTHOR WAS THEN ONLY 53 YEARS OLD, AND IN GOOD PHYSICAL CONDITION.

not appear that he closely examines the records. He seems to function by intuition, somewhat like a Mexican *jefe politico* under Porfirio Diaz. And so it happens that the favored ones are often the worst types in prison. I could quote a good many such instances, but will confine myself to one.

One B. had a previous prison record. Likewise, he was wanted on other charges, which explains why he did not apply for parole when

he first became eligible. For what would it profit him to go out and be met at the gate by some officer of the law? His gang managed to have the pending charges quashed. B. applied to the next board and obtained freedom at once. In Leavenworth he held an assignment for work where he could levy graft on other prisoners. I paid him for the privilege of eating at the hospital mess. I took occasion to complain about it to an official. This man said: "I told the warden once, but he will not believe it." The reason for the warden's expression of disbelief was that B. was a stool pigeon, a ready informer, and as such was useful to the prison administration.

The cases I quote are not exceptional ones. Miscarriage of justice and the stupid, careless and often deliberate mal-execution of such humane measures as the parole law are the rule rather than the exception. Examination of the records and a willing hearing given to intelligent officials regarding the character of their charges would reveal hundreds of deserving cases and undoubtedly result in many releases.

It seems to be an annual custom to grant Christmas pardons to recommendable prison-

ers. The prison officials then give the names of deserving men, of which a list is forwarded to Washington. The number thus released is pitifully small, compared to the number of those whose further imprisonment is naught but a crime before God and man, and justifies the belief that if executive clemency is a marketable commodity its cheapening by free dispensation is not in the interest of the holders of the monopoly.

There are many stories of intramural graft, varying from the use of government gasoline and ice to large misappropriations of foodstuffs.*

Warden W. I. Biddle himself is open to severe criticism at least. In March, 1922, he personally conducted a newspaper woman through the institution. An article written by her was published in the Kansas City (Mo.) *Journal* on April 2, too late to be considered a seasonable joke. It was highly laudatory to the warden and to the institution. The pity is that the truth did not abide in it.

You will remember my description of the debasing housing conditions in Cellhouse B.

*Since the above was written these reports have been justified by an official investigation which resulted in the discharge of one of the malefactors.

According to the *Journal*, the influence of Leavenworth is wholesome and refining. The cells in B are described in part as follows: "Each cell is equipped with hot and cold water . . . writing table . . . Fresh air system with a register in each cell which changes the air every three minutes." There is scarcely a statement in the whole story that is not untrue or misleading in its deduction.

It might be thought that the warden was taken advantage of by the scribe. Not so. Her article was reprinted word for word in the Leavenworth *Daily Times*, of which Warden Biddle is owner and editor-in-fact.

Such prevarication might do little harm were it not for the widely spread belief that money for modern installations and improvements had been appropriated by Congress and misused by contractors and officials. This undoubtedly inspired news story is grist upon the mills of the prisoners.

May came and I was still in prison. My attitude toward parole had not increased my chances for liberty. No matter! "*In the land of the blind, the one-eyed man is king.*" I harbored such contempt for officialdom, especially in the Department of Justice, from the

highest functionary to the most degenerate penitentiary guard, that I felt myself their superior, even if I did have to obey their orders.

Talk of liberty of speech and thought! Why, people on the outside have not nearly the liberty poor prisoners enjoy. There I could speak my mind freely. Nobody stopped nor gainsaid me. Indeed, my mates would have gone me one better, if that were possible.

A friend had approached Senator McCormick in my behalf. He answered that he had seen both President Harding and Daugherty and had found both of them firmly set against showing me any consideration whatever.

On the other hand, German-American organizations bade me be of good cheer. Notably the Steuben Society was getting busy. The primary elections in Indiana and in Pennsylvania might make the administration sit up and take notice.

Then I was moved into other quarters. Among my seven cellmates were three politicals—J. A. MacDonald, Dan Buckley and Ralph Chaplin, poet and artist. It was worth while to go to prison to meet such men. The

three mentioned were members of the Industrial Workers of the World, or I. W. W., of whom there were almost a hundred in Leavenworth. They were convicted in three major trials in Illinois, Kansas and California, on charges of having conspired to obstruct the war. Any one who looks into the circumstances surrounding those trials, and the court procedure employed, will readily see that the war charges were simply a blind. Back of the prosecutions were big corporate interests, bitterly determined to smash a labor organization that endangered profits. Sentences up to twenty years were dealt out to the I. W. W.s, and they took their medicine without a whimper. They held true to their ideals in the face of all efforts by the prison officials to break their morale. They were clean and fine; mostly self-educated, they added to their education daily; and when they got out they would go back to the fight to make the world better for the working class.*

*Completion of sentences and commutations have reduced the number of politicals in federal prisons to forty-one. Some of the commutations were issued by President Harding shortly before his death, and thus Ralph Chaplin, among others, became a free man again. Dan Buckley was liberated on commutation several months ago.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

We Go Out in Shabby Clothes and a Policeman Assails the United States Government.

MY full pardon arrived unexpectedly, after all. Boehm was released also, as was Joseph G. Gordon, another political. I had served nine months and seven days.

We were *dressed out* together. Shabby, cheap, ill-fitting suits, a shirt, one pair of socks, shoes, one suit of underwear and a hat. We were also given carfare to the village, tickets to Chicago, and a United States Treasury check for five dollars. The money taken from us on our arrival was returned to us in another check.

"The station agent will cash the checks for you," we were told. At our request a taxi was called and thus we left the penitentiary in style.

The chauffeur took us to the wrong depot. When we finally arrived at the right one the ticket agent was not able to cash our checks, one of which went in payment for the taxi. Our train was just about to pull out. We

climbed aboard and arrived in Kansas City without money.

We wanted to wire home and we wanted to buy food. The young woman at the accommodation desk in the Union Station was willing to cash the checks for us, but a policeman who apparently guessed from our appearance that we came from prison interfered. "Who are you?" he asked Gordon. "We are politicals just released from Leavenworth," he was informed. He at once advised the girl not to accommodate us.

"They should have given you the cash," he yelled at me.

"Uncle Sam does many a fool thing he should not do," was my equally loud reply.

"Yes," said he, "and the damnedest fool thing he ever did was to turn you out," was his last shot.

Boehm and I induced the station druggist to cash two small checks for us, though the policeman had followed us into the store bent on harassing us further. We received just money enough to wire home and to eat the first meal decently served in more than nine months.

I have seen nature at her best and am blessed with a keen appreciation of her beauties. All her grandest scenes are incomparable to the beauty of even such a modest vista as spread itself with but slight undulations before my eyes as our train sped through the Mississippi valley and on into Illinois.

After months of viewing the straight lines of a red brick-paved prison court, the high red brick walls surrounding it, red brick buildings built on straight lines broken only by rectangular windows heavily barred, I eagerly drank in all the beauty the landscape offered.

In the dining car at a neighboring table sat a family with three children—two girls, five to seven years old, and a boy of three or so.

Since my incarceration I had not seen a child nor listened to any talk not insulting to my ear. Hardly ever had I heard a sentence not richly interspersed with vulgarity—so-called prison pleasantries.

Men I had seen in prison, guard and prisoner alike—with few exceptions—seemed to have been made in the likeness of Satan. Out here were young humans made in the likeness of God.

I longed to step over to their table, to talk to them. But I dared not. I knew that every passenger knew that we three were released convicts. The colored porter in the smoker told us so. He knew it. Our clothes would have shown it if our tickets had not.

So I said nothing, ate in silence, and mused.

In conversation about our check, the waiter referred to me as "that gentleman." My impulse was to correct him, a standing jest of Leavenworth being on my mind. This:

Some visitors came to the prison and were being conducted through it by a guard. One of them, a woman, noticing a prisoner in some act or attitude arousing her curiosity, asked the guard:

"What's that gentleman doing?"

To which the guard replied:

"There ain't no gentlemen here, lady; nobody but prisoners and guards!"

Dinner over, we returned to the smoker. The porter quite insistently tried to rent pillows to us. When I told him that I did not have the rental—twenty-five cents—he offered it gratis. Good fellow! I declined with thanks. My head never rested softer than on the leather upholstered seat of the smoker.

And I dreamed of home and my friends awaiting me in Chicago and I thought of the countless wrecks turned out of prison friendless and homeless.

The gaunt figure of one convict rose before my eye, a man who had *gone out* on expiration a few weeks previous. He was a foreigner from somewhere in Eastern Europe. As a boy he went to Alaska and to judge from his appearance he must have been a handsome lad. An American miner's wife fell in love with him. The husband caught the couple in a compromising position. A fight followed. The husband was killed. Thirty years was the sentence and he served his term with the usual deduction for good behavior, so he was inside for about twenty years.

As the time approached for his release, he grew frantic with dread of the great outside, of "freedom."

Not a friend to welcome him; unacquainted with the country and its people; unskilled and untrained in any profitable vocation; forced out into an unsympathetic world, the prison stain on body and soul—what could there be in store for him?

Twenty years! How fortunate are they who never live to get back into life's vortex, who find their rest under a numbered slab of stone on Peckerwood Hill. This is a slight rise of the soil just outside the big prison. A few rows of whitish glistening stones, set in straight lines, mark the spot where the disinherited sleep.

And then my thoughts took a pleasanter turn. I contemplated the friends waiting for me. My maladventure with justice had rid me of the pretended friendship of mere acquaintances who crumbled under the test of crisis, and it brought many new people of nobility into my life. Men and women I had known but slightly before the war, and others I had never even heard of before, had come forward during my trial and afterward to offer not only words of encouragement but material aid.

I never knew until those dark days that there were so many fine people in the world. It made me think anew of Morris Rachelman and his wife in Mississippi and their unselfish giving to a vagabond lad they would never see again. Men can endure the gruelling

hardships of prison, even blithely, when they have spiritual reinforcement from outside. Strength comes through the air, to make him who receives it unbeatable.

EPILOGUE.

Bitter Fruit in the Harvest.

AND now I am home again with my dear ones.

My absence has been very hard for Mother. Never shall I leave her again. She is failing, a lamp burning low.

There was a job waiting for me when I came back; and real friends, old and new—anchorages. My work bench is set up facing a window on the thirteenth floor of a skyscraper. Here I busy myself through the days, quite as I did during the last years before I started on my jaunt to the Orient, creating objects of beauty as I see and feel beauty. Platinum, gold, and silver—what a world of possibilities is in them! They can be made to *sing* of far countries, they form links with fantastic regions where life moves along under eerie light of which the western hemisphere knows naught. . . . From the throbbing street far below my window comes the hum of wheels and hoofs and voices; it is like a sea of distant music on which dreams may

float; it swells and ebbs; and sometimes the sea's voice is like that of a woman with a sob in her throat.

Thoughts carry me back often to the past; my mind dwells on a long succession of episodes, which are startling clear and vivid. Some of those episodes seem almost incredible to me now, as if they must have happened to another man while I stood looking on. But no—I have to admit the reality to myself. Danger and crisis! One can never foretell what he would do in any given circumstance which involves peril, or on which success or failure of a cherished cause may depend. He may have physical courage and faltering judgment; or he may have clear vision and lack the strength to carry out his mission. Or again, he may drive heedlessly through every obstruction, like a wind from the north, and his very audacity carry him through.

Strangely, it is the dark hours that seem the sweetest now; the times when I was penniless, and cold rain was falling, and I knew not where to sleep; when I was lost and broken by panic in the forest; when Death touched my sleeve or my cheek. Those are my *golden*

apples, those hours, those tests, and the survival of them.

But there is bitter fruit also in my harvest. Acrid is my realization of the world's wrongs, like aloe my doubt of the sincerity of those hailed as leaders of mankind.

"Peace! Give us peace!" cry the working masses of the earth. Conventions are held, speeches are made by men who coo like doves, and solemn resolutions are passed; but the tramp of armies still is heard. The mood of the buccaneers is dominant in the halls of state; only the costuming has changed, and the cutlass is no longer used.

Wars drain hearts' blood from the multitudes and change it into gold for the few. Glib statesmen pour out explanations, making the wars plausible, veiling the real causes, lulling the people into acceptance, committing them to the gigantic cost under which generations must stagger along. If here or there an articulate voice rises, it is snuffed out like a candle disturbing the work of robbers in the night.

Where are we going? I wonder.

THE END.

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RALPH WALDO LIN

Poet, Artist, and Ex-Political Prisoner in Leavenworth, writes of *Since Leaving Home*:

"In an age which has for its ideal the meaningless pursuit of meaningless wealth, Albert Wehde has seen fit to follow the shining road of adventure — lead where it might. I knew, of course, that this restless old-timer could spin an across-the-bunk yarn with the best of them. His tales lightened our days behind the bars. But for him to have written it all out and sustained interest throughout 575 pages — frankly, I wouldn't have believed he could do the trick.

"*Since Leaving Home* is saturated with the salt-tang of the sea and the heavy odor of tropical jungles. Wehde's adventures, ashore or ashore, in hut or palace, in wilderness or prison, are described with a realism which at times takes one's breath away. There are sojourns among forgotten races in dim lands, terrific fights and tender love-making, Central American revolutions and intrigues in the Far East. And the whole work is woven together with consummate artistry.

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"Adventurer, aristocrat and craftsman, Wehde has given the world something of genuine worth in this book, a contribution which belongs on the permanent shelves of the libraries. No form of writing is more difficult than autobiography, for usually the author is too close to his subject and gets the story out of perspective. But Wehde has had due regard for the proportions. And his years have been rich in circumstance; he has gone out and met life on its own ground, and looked it squarely in the eye. He has taken the big chances, spurred on by desire to see what lay behind the veil of destiny, or by a cause which pushed all thought of self into the background."

IRENE SARGENT, Professor of the History of Fine Arts at the University of Syracuse, in an article in *The Keystone*, says of Albert Wehde:

"During sixteen years he followed the call of imperious desire to roam, remaining always 'four-square to the blows of Fortune,' and showing a temper as capricious as that of the mistress of human destinies herself. No phase of vagabondia seems to have been unknown to him, and he recalls types like those of 'Gringoire' and 'Don Caesar de Bazan,' whom Victor Hugo created. . . . Painter of signs for descendants of pre-Columbian Americans, placer-miner, soldier of fortune in Central America, he ended this period by two years' residence in the ancient palace-district of Yucatan. It would be difficult to imagine a setting more adapted to a hero of melodrama, whom we might picture as a portrait-figure of Franz Hals, brilliantly self-confident, memories of his experiences scintillating in his eyes, and smiling at threats of perils yet to come."
